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THE Boys in Blue.

"It still waves."

"Forever float that Standard Sheet."

New York:
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Chicago, Ill.:
C. W. LILLEY.

THE

BOYS IN BLUE;

OR

G. S. Gale

HEROES OF THE "RANK AND FILE."

COMPRISING

INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES FROM CAMP, BATTLE-FIELD, AND HOSPITAL,
WITH NARRATIVES OF THE SACRIFICE SUFFERING,
AND TRIUMPHS OF THE

Soldiers of the Republic.

BY

MRS. A. H. HOGE, ASSOCIATE MANAGER
Of the North-western Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, Chicago.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By THOMAS M. EDDY, D.D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS OF THE MOST STRIKING SCENES OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

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TO

THE RETURNED, TRIUMPHANT SOLDIERS OF

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

AND TO THE MEMORY OF

THE HONORED DEAD

WHOSE PRECIOUS DUST LIES SCATTERED FROM

MAINE TO TEXAS,

The Work is Dedicated.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE been repeatedly solicited to publish the experiences of my three years' army life while laboring in connection with the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and have only consented to do so through renewed importunities from quarters eminently entitled to consideration. It has been urged, that sketches of the interior and every-day life of the great Union Army, in hospital and in the field, can alone convey a just idea of its animus and morale; that this work should be done at once, before facts become dim outlines in the vista of memory, or engulfed in the ocean of the past; that these simple sketches should be furnished by those who witnessed and became part of them; so that in the future, they may be gathered by the hand of some skilful artist, and wrought into the mighty warp of the rebellion, embellishing its naked outlines and bloody scenes, more richly than the gold and silver figures of the famous gobelin art. My narrative is a simple statement of *facts*, more eloquent than *words*, and *deeds* more thrilling than *fiction*. The title of the book denotes its prevailing character. It is an indisputable fact, that while our great military leaders conceived and planned campaigns unparalleled in history, which eventuated in such triumphant success, the "rank and file" of the army largely endured their hardships, and with unflagging zeal

conquered for us a glorious and honorable peace. None declare this more boldly and persistently than our leading military men, and none feel more desirous, that the patience, suffering, and heroism of these brave men should be recorded.

I should be unwilling, now that the war has closed, to say aught to revivify, what *should be* buried issues; but justice to the soldier, and historical accuracy, compel me to represent affairs as they were, thus placing the honor and the shame where they justly belong. The South, when it attacked the flag, threw down the gauntlet, and unloosed tongues as well as swords. Without malice or bitterness, the record should be made, as a warning to future generations. The brave men who upheld the Government in her hour of trial should be justified and magnified, while those who inaugurated four years' fratricidal war, that robbed the Union of half a million of freemen, broke unnumbered hearts, wrecked as many homes, imposed a vast national debt, requiring heavy taxation, and clad the nation in mourning, should be severely condemned, no matter how mistaken, prejudiced or sincere in their course.

It was my rare privilege to become personally acquainted with many of our great military leaders, at their posts of honor and danger. During the progress of the war, I had also the opportunity of meeting and corresponding with our lamented President, and distinguished statesmen at Washington, with regard to the interests of the army.

Whenever the incidents of these interviews, or their letters, have a bearing on the narrative, they are introduced. I also give sketches of heroic wives and mothers, who laid more than their lives upon their country's altar, and record some of the deeds of the brave women, who followed the soldiers to camp and hospital, to alleviate their sufferings—even to die, that

they might live. The self-denying liberality, labor and zeal of thousands of our countrywomen are known of all men. Special notice, however, of the women of the North-West, with whom I labored for three years, must be admitted here, else should I fail to offer an example, calculated to stimulate and encourage women in all time to come.

In carrying out this plan, I have a long-coveted opportunity to testify what I saw and heard of the various benevolent and patriotic schemes for the benefit of the army, especially of the glorious work of that heaven-born charity, the U. S. Sanitary Commission, with which I labored from the beginning to the close of the war.

The two years that have elapsed since the close of my active war life, form a vista through which past events and impressions assume more just proportions, and have afforded time and opportunity for more calm reflection and correct estimates than could have been made at an earlier period. The people feel this, and are now prepared to accept what has been winnowed by time, and tested by absolute results. With these explanations I submit the "Boys in Blue" to the soldiers and their friends, concluding with a quotation from the speech of our lamented President at the Philadelphia Fair. After praising the women of the war, he added, truly: "*Say what you will, after all the most is due to the soldier, who takes his life in his hand and goes to fight the battles of his country.*"

INTRODUCTION.

By Rev. T. M. Eddy, D.D.

He who keeps his guest shivering upon an exposed veranda, or in a dreary hall, instead of admitting him at once to his cheerful fireside, extends poor hospitality and questionable courtesy. Let us not imitate the cold blunder, but make this introduction a narrow one, and giving the "Open Sesame," admit the reader at once to the good cheer which awaits him.

Of "War-books" there may have been an overstock, yet this one stands alone, has no competitor, trenches on no other, was needed, and because needed, is here. The record of our recent eventful days was sadly incomplete without such a volume, and who else should write it? Gentlemen of eminence

in military, political, professional, and business life, have urged Mrs. Hoge to undertake its preparation, and, after personal inspection, have given her work their enthusiastic approval, because of what it is.

She could not write an ordinary or dull book. She has too much brain to be a prosy collector; too strong originality to be an imitator; and has had an experience too eventful to permit her to expend her strength in collecting chronological memoranda, or repeating worn-out details.

Mrs. Hoge is one of those women called into active duty by the war, whose memory will remain. Born where the shadow of Old Independence Hall fell almost across her cradle, educated in an intense patriotism, no wonder that her soul thrilled when the Nation's great struggle came! No wonder that her eminent executive ability soon saw a work to be done, and how women could do, for the country, what men could not.

In the work of supply, in the arrangement and outfit of hospitals, in preparing and forwarding stores, such as the Government was incapable of furnishing, in nursing the sick and wounded, she saw the work of Women-patriots, and to it she addressed herself

with marvellous industry and success. Capable of seeing her way to the accomplishment of whatever ought to be done, incapable of being discouraged by official or unofficial neglect or opposition, she, with others, worked out results so grand as to be matter of wonder on both sides the Ocean. We will not recite her history, nor trace her path from hospital to hospital, from one department to another, nor tell how she wrote, and journeyed, and talked and organized for the sake of the Army of the Union.

It will be a wonderful story, if ever some one shall write, as it should be written, "Woman's deeds in the War," and tell, as it should be told, the story of her heroic toil. Enough *is* known, enough *has been* told to excite the world's admiration, but much remains untold.

From personal participation the Author is capable of writing what few others can. She can tell the story of the gradual upgrowth of the Sanitary Commission, the formation of Soldiers' Aid Societies, Field and River relief, Soldiers' Homes, in short, all the varied methods by which Motherly, Wifely, Sisterly, and Affianced love expressed itself, and much of it she has so told in these chapters as to start tears

from eyes which shall read them. We know not where so much valuable information, as to the relief work of the Army, is so well sketched, or in so brief a compass.

It was well that a woman should tell the story, for it was woman's work.

The title "The Boys in Blue," gives a key to the Author's spirit. We saw her when the land was ringing with the great names of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Farragut, Porter, and other illustrious chieftains. She had glowing admiration for their genius, and honored their grand achievements, but her sympathies were for "The Boys," the brave fellows who stood on the picket line, who went out as scouts and skirmishers, who charged on blazing batteries, or against lines of steel. She believed that nowhere were there truer or nobler heroes than among enlisted men, who without the insignia or emoluments of rank, fought the hard battles of the nation. And when she came to write, they were still first, and she tells how she found them, what they did, and what the love of a great loyal people did for them.

Not a professional history of the Sanitary Com-

mission, this volume is yet one of the best accounts yet published of that gigantic national agency. Indeed, it will be henceforth essential to a correct understanding of its method and machinery.

It is not a history of woman's part in our war, yet nowhere else is *that* so well told, so touchingly and truthfully.

It was not her design to write a history of the war, yet the reader will find, as he passes through its chapters, that he has been through the great campaigns between 1861 and 1865.

It was not designed to be a book of anecdotes, but almost every page is rich with incident. The Presidential Mansion, the Departments of Government, the Field, the River, the Hospital, the Battle, the Retreat, the Great Fair, the final Return—each contributes its proportion, so that the volume becomes a genuine picture-gallery.

We commend it as a valuable contribution to the historic materials of the War for the Union; as a repertory of facts too important to be lost; as a testimonial to the devotion of the common soldier in camp and hospital, as a record of woman's love and woman's deeds, and as showing how a people, in

earnest to save their country, took up and carried, additional to their enormous taxation, a financial burden amounting to untold thousands, that they might aid "The Boys in Blue," and keep them, in their hearts, ever *a citizen soldiery*, an army, not of "privates," but of husbands, sons, and brothers.

Some *fascinating* sketches are from the pen of Mrs. Livermore. She and the Author were closely identified in work and sympathy; they were together in the same narrow office; together they traveled, spoke, wrote and worked. So far differing that each was supplemental of the other, yet so far resembling as to secure unity of place and action, the service they rendered jointly was of inestimable value.

Mrs. Livermore visited some portions of the field unattended by her colaborer, and her graceful pen having recorded some scenes she witnessed, she has kindly furnished them for this volume, adding to its interest, and giving it, in the most effectual manner, her indorsement and commendation.

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Leaving Home and Friends for the War.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

CHAPTER I.

The *personnel* of the Union Army—illustrated by White River Expedition.—Patience of soldiers illustrated.—First visit to a military hospital at Mound City.—Wounded soldiers from Fort Donelson.—French boy-soldier.—Wounded man from gunboat.—Convalescent ward.—Rebel surgeon and his wounded men.—Rebel surgeon on naval hospital boat.—Rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas, Chicago.

When the echo of the first rebel gun reached the nation's ear, the uprising of the loyal masses of this great Republic was not only an inspiration, but a prophecy—not only a foretelling, but foreshadowing of the redemption that drew nigh, and has now been fulfilled by God's overruling power and the strong arms and brave hearts of the "Boys in Blue."

When husbands left their wives and little ones, praying and weeping between the porch and the altar; when boys sprang heroes from their mothers' arms to the front ranks of battle; when lovers buckled on their armor, looking aloft to the emblem of freedom, and deferred the day of hope fulfilled till the old flag should be vindicated, or their union made

eternal beyond the grave, God moved the hearts of men as they had never been moved before.

The *personnel* of the Union army differed from all others, except that of the army of the Revolution. Not only did hills and valleys, cities and hamlets, pour forth a stream of volunteers, till the Government said, "It is enough," but the best blood of the land filled up its rank and file. Judges, lawyers, legislators, professors, students, merchants and farmers, stood shoulder to shoulder with artisans, mechanics and laboring men, in this great struggle for the maintenance of our nationality, and for the establishment of free principles throughout the world.

I recall a steamer on an expedition which I accompanied, that contained an Iowa regiment, which numbered in its rank and file judges, county clerks, lawyers, professors and ministers. I saw these educated, noble men, eating hard-tack and raw pork from the heads of unsightly barrels, with no modern conveniences save a jack-knife; while those who had graced society at home, controlled votes and shaped public opinion, lay on the hurricane-deck and open guards of a transport during a pelting storm of sleet and snow, with no protection but a soldier's blanket, and no pillow but a knapsack. I saw these men refuse the tin-cup of warm tea, and treat of soft biscuit, when they were covered with the mud and snow of an Arkansas march, because, as they said, their fellow-soldiers needed it more.

They impressed me with awe, amounting almost to reverence, on that occasion. All their plebeian surroundings could not conceal the scholar and the gentleman. At the time I knew not whence they came, or who they were, but

felt their power, as they sat in silence and bodily weakness; and when they bade me pass on to the more needy, I obeyed without remonstrance. Could such men be conquered? Could such inspiration, such indomitable will, such stern principle, be subdued? The memory of our soldiers' heroism is inspiring, the recollection of their long-suffering and patience, overwhelming. They form the most striking human exemplification of divine patience the world has ever seen.

During the war, the shadow of death passed over almost every household in the land, and left desolate hearth-stones and vacant chairs. Shots at long range entered dwellings even in the most sequestered vales, and on the loftiest mountain ranges. Thousands of mothers, wives and sisters at home, died and made no sign, while their loved ones were hidden in southern hospitals, prisons or graves; and all this, that our nation might be perpetuated, the principles of human freedom established, and the hand of the world's dial-plate moved forward a degree, even though it cost the lives of half a million of freemen to accomplish it. A simple incident will illustrate this determined patriotism more strikingly than a thousand general statements.

When the 113th Illinois Regiment was stationed at Camp Douglas, Chicago, my son being its colonel, I visited it frequently, to administer to the wants of the sick. On one occasion, I saw a member of that regiment sitting on a bench with a son on either side of him, of ten and twelve years old, lovingly leaning on their father's bosom. It was a touching sight, and at his request I sat beside them. I said, "Are these your only children?" "No," he replied, "I have

a wife and seven children." "Was your wife willing to have you leave your home?" "We had many talks together before she consented. She could not, at the first call; but when the second came, we concluded 'twas better to run the risk of leaving her a widow and the children fatherless, than to risk losing this blessed country, with all its institutions. I keep these boys with me to the last, and go home every Sunday in the neighborhood, to teach Sabbath-school. I have made great sacrifices to come. I have a fine stock-farm, and had as happy a home as man could desire here below. I have pushed off my stock at a sacrifice, rented my farm, and my wife has gone to her father's house, to remain in my absence. I have started to fight for my country, and with God's help do not mean to look back and never return, till I can come home victorious or in my coffin." I followed that man's course, and he kept his word to the letter. He was in the first advance on Vicksburg, and when the army retired to the transports he believed his country lost. He said he had no desire to live, and his great heart broke. He lay down in silence, and, without any apparent disease, breathed out his consecrated life on his country's altar. He was carried back in his coffin, and the God of the widow and fatherless has wonderfully sustained his widow and children.

The war has now ended, the larger portion of the army is disbanded, and already absorbed in the pursuits of civil life, exhibiting even a greater marvel than its inspired gathering and organization. Mothers, wives and maidens, have received their sons, husbands and lovers back again, some unharmed in body and untainted in soul. But alas! how many have

opened their hearts and arms to receive the battered remnants of a once vigorous manhood, rendered dearer and more sacred by the mark of the destroyer, and the tokens of suffering and heroism. Those of us who had drifted into positions new and hitherto untried, accepting duty in whatever shape offered, have also been mustered out, returned to the homes won for us by our brave army, and are turning our efforts into other benevolent channels, or recuperating overwrought powers for future labors. The earnestness of life has been so thoroughly realized by those who participated in army labors, that the sham and frivolities of society seem insufferably tame and insipid. Sitting beside my sanitary desk, the daily companion of three years' toil, unless when absent in the army or in its interests, I involuntarily slip out of the present, and lapse into the past, so full of great events, of thrilling scenes, of busy work and earnest living. A letter, a memorandum, a sanitary or military report, a wounded soldier, or suffering soldier's widow or orphan, is the magician's wand to lift the curtain of the past, and bring a throng of sad and sublime memories, scenes and persons, passed away forever, but never to be forgotten.

I propose in this narrative to tell the simple story of the soldiers. Abler pens have recorded the lives and deeds of our great military leaders. The political aspects of this terrific struggle have been, and will be, discussed by statesmen and historians. My aim shall be to give a photographic view of 100,000 men, whom I have seen in hospitals, and tell the story of their heroism, long-suffering and patience, even unto death. I would sketch our great Western army, as it lay in the swamps at Young's Point, and was encamped in

the ravines and ensconced in the rifle-pits at Vicksburg. I desire to give a correct idea of the transport life of our soldiers, from the hour they went forth in the freshness of youthful vigor, and "all the pomp and panoply of war," till hundreds lay prostrate with the exposure and fatigue of transport life and Arkansas marches. I seem to-day, as I read a letter written by me from Mound City Hospital, to be entering it for the first time. 'Twas on an April day I made my first visit to a military hospital. The apple-trees were in full bloom, and the time for the singing of birds had come. It was soft, balmy, and verdant as June.

Various reports of abuses in the hospitals and the division of sanitary supplies, had reached the ears of the Hon. Mark Skinner, the foster-father of the North-western Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and E. W. Blatchford, its indefatigable and efficient Treasurer. These gentlemen urged Mrs. Livermore and myself to visit the hospitals at Cairo and Mound City, investigate carefully their administration and condition, and report to the Commission on our return. This we did, to the best of our ability. It is not necessary here to say more, than that we were satisfied that the sanitary stores were wisely appropriated, under the supervision of Mother Angela, at Mound City, and by Miss Safford (*yclept* the "Cairo Angel," by the soldiers), in the hospitals of Cairo. I confess to a sinking heart as I first entered the wards of this hospital at Mound City. It was a huge brick structure, three stories high, whose walls alone had been erected before the war for a warehouse. At the breaking out of the rebellion, the Government fitted it up as a hospital for our sick and wounded soldiers. It contained 1,200 beds, its various wards

communicating by doors and passage-ways, so arranged that the eye could take in several at a glance.

The first view revealed a succession of cots covered with the dainty-looking sheets and pillow-slips of the Sanitary Commission, and white counterpanes from Government. The inmates of these cots lay white, silent, immovable as marble statues. Beside each bed stood a small table, containing a sick cup, tumbler of water, and medicine. Over the head of each hung a slip of pasteboard with the inmate's number marked upon it, for men in hospitals were nameless, and became mere numerals. A warm sun shone through the open windows, and the balmy air rustled the soft white curtains that shaded them. The gentle touch of the hand of woman was visible everywhere, and on many of the cots were laid boughs of fresh apple-blossoms, that made the air fragrant, and spoke of life and hope to the mangled and languid heroes beneath them. 'Twould fill this volume were I to tell all I saw and heard this first day in the hospital. We paused at each cot, pressed each hand, *when there was one to press*, smoothed each brow, and said as many brave and tender words as our burdened hearts would permit.

Our solemn round was stopped, and the current of our feelings changed, by the sunny smile of a Saxon-faced boy, with eyes as blue, and hair as fair, as though he had never heard the din of battle, nor mingled in its scenes of blood and carnage. He looked as I fancy David did when he went out to tend his father's flocks, for he was "fair of countenance," and had a smile, such as makes a mother's heart leap with joy and pride. He had scarce seen nineteen summers; yet there he lay as a mummy, legs and arms bandaged. And there he

had lain five weeks, as the sister told us, and had been that day turned on his side for the first time. "My boy," I said, as I passed my fingers through the damp curls that clustered round his brow, "do you suffer much?" "Not as much as I did," he replied. The nurse said, "We call this boy our miracle, for through all his long weeks of suffering, he has never uttered a murmur, and is almost always as you see him now—smiling, happy and grateful." "Why shouldn't I be?" said he; "I've the best of care, and I'm suffering for the old flag." "Tell me," I said, "when and where were you wounded? But first tell me, have you a mother?" The bright blue eyes moistened, as he said softly, "Yes, and I hear from her often; but she hasn't the money to come to me, and I send her word never to mind, for I have almost a mother here. "We," looking at a boy in the adjoining cot, "are farmers' sons from Illinois. We lived neighbors, went to school together, and enlisted at the same time, in the same company. We were wounded about the same hour, in the attack on Donelson. We fell near together, and lay from Saturday morning till Sunday afternoon, before we were picked up." "How did that happen?" I asked, quickly. "Why, you see," said he, "they were so busy taking the fort, they had no time to bother with us." "But did you not think it monstrous to be left so long without help?" "Of course not," said he, with a look of astonishment, "*how could they help it, they had to take the fort;*" and his eye kindled as he said, "and when she was taken, and we heard the cheering of the boys in the front, I *tell you*, not a man of us that could speak, but cheered, and even the men with only stumps tried to raise them and huzza." "Did you suffer much?" He bit his lip. "I don't

like to think about that," he said. "We had to be chopped out, we were frozen so fast in the mud; and then the rebels, the devils, had stripped us almost naked; but we were thankful they didn't serve us as they served some we saw. Jem," said he, as his sunny face was clouded with wrath, "didn't we see them pin some poor fellows to the earth with their bayonets, because they tried to hold on to their watches and pocket-books?" "Aye, aye," said Jem; "I want to get up and make them sweat for it, I do." "Well, boys, you've had a hard time, and got more than you bargained for. Do you rue it?" "Not a bit of it; we came in for better or worse, and if we got the worse we oughtn't to complain." Thus talked this boy, nine months only from his mother's wing.

As I turned, I heard a groan, a rare sound in a military hospital. It proceeded from a French boy, who had been wounded at Donelson, placed in an ambulance with his feet projecting, and was thus carried several miles. In consequence of this treatment, his feet were frightfully frozen. Every device of medical skill had been tried in vain to save them. The physician had just decided they must be amputated, and the boy, with quivering lips, was begging for the operation to take place.

Opposite the French boy lay a stalwart man, an Ajax in proportions and muscular development. The death-like pallor of his skin contrasted painfully with the blood-stained clothes upon his breast. He had just been brought in from a gunboat, where he had been struck by a piece of shell. His dark eyes gazed wistfully into mine as I bathed his temples, and he essayed to speak; but the tongue was stilled forever. He was slipping silently, but surely, into eternity. None

knew his history, or whether he had wife, mother, or child to mourn for him. I fancied that his imploring eye told the story of loved ones at home, and as I sat beside him felt assured, from the pressure of his hand, that their memory was mingling with his prayers and hopes beyond the grave.

All scenes were not as sad as these. While we were yet lingering in the convalescent ward, a nurse approached with a basket of oranges, and the eager hands of scores of convalescents were reached forth to take the tempting fruit. All of the men were clad in the comfortable dressing-gowns of the Sanitary Commission; some were resting on their cots, or in their chairs; some writing to absent friends; some chatting merrily; some reading, and some playing checkers. I could but bless God for the munificence of the good people at home, who kept the coffers of the noble institution supplied.

I saw here many rebel prisoners, enjoying the same comforts and privileges as our men. We conversed freely with them, and they bore uniform testimony to the liberality and kindness of their treatment. A rebel surgeon had voluntarily given himself up as prisoner, that he might attend to the men of his division. He was permitted to do so, and furnished with medicine. At that time, none had conceived of the atrocities to be practised on our brave men, in wretched Southern prison-pens. God be praised! no such inhumanity rests upon our skirts. In almost every hospital that I have visited, I have seen sick or wounded rebels, and can unhesitatingly affirm, that in all respects they were as well treated as our men.

On one occasion, when visiting the naval hospital at Young's Point, I was taken by the surgeon to see an invention

of his skill to save a terribly shattered arm that could not bear any pressure. A plaster-of-paris cast had been made, and so nicely adjusted to the arm that it could rest and have soothing and cooling applications made, without the slightest movement of the limb. I was delighted with the ingenuity and success of the plan, and said, in the cheerful tones with which I always addressed soldiers, "Why, my dear fellow, your right arm, that has fought so nobly for the old flag, will soon be all right, and you will be ready before long to try it again!" The bright smile and animated response failed to come as usual—moody silence and a scowl were my only answers. I looked inquiringly at the surgeon, and saw mischief in his eye. As I walked away, he said, chuckling, "You gave the rebel Major a pretty hard hit." "I am glad I did," I replied; "but why did you not tell me?" "'Twas too good to spoil," he said, rubbing his hands in glee, "and he needs it."

While on this subject I will state, that, during the winter of 1865, Mrs. Livermore and myself visited Camp Douglas, in the vicinity of Chicago, where there were 10,000 rebel prisoners. General Sweet, with his usual courtesy, furnished us an escort to the camp, although at the time visitors were not allowed; but he knew our object was to procure correct information. We spent the entire morning in examining the camp; visited the barracks, the laundry, the bakery, the kitchen, the hospital, and found all studiously clean, well ventilated, and well supplied. The odor of the soup for dinner was appetizing, and the neatness of the kitchen inviting. The men looked healthy and contented. The number of men sick was not large in proportion

to the huge camp, and the hospital was in excellent order. In all respects, it equalled in comfort the camp of the Federal soldiers, and filled us with wonder at the godlike magnanimity of a government that could and would thus return good for evil done to our prisoners, then suffering and dying by thousands in Southern prison-pens. Some of the fearful tragedies of those charnel-houses have been made known, and stand as a fearful blot on the civilization of the 19th century; or, rather, an exemplification of the "barbarism of slavery." The recording angel has written them where they must one day be met, in the sight of angels and men, when the tears and groans of these martyrs of liberty will cry aloud for vengeance. Such fearful witnesses might well appall the stoutest heart. "Behold the tears of the oppressed, and they had no comforter." (See Appendix.)

CHAPTER II.

Surrender of Fort Donelson.—Military aspect of Cairo and Mississippi River.—Battle of Pittsburg Landing.—Military aspect of St. Louis.—Five thousand troops marching through St. Louis.—Southwest Missouri the earliest battle-ground of the war.—The wounded after the battles of Boonville, Dug Spring, Carthage, and Wilson's Creek.—Formation of Western Sanitary Commission.—Work of Western Sanitary Commission in St. Louis.—Hospital work of St. Louis ladies in hospital wards.—Incidents in St. Louis Hospitals.

No one living in the North-West, can forget the wild enthusiasm occasioned by the surrender of Fort Donelson. It was the first decisive victory of the Union arms, and was felt by the people to be the pledge and forerunner of many to follow. In the garden City, Chicago, all the bells were madly rung, salutes were fired, schools dismissed, business suspended, men embraced each other in the streets and wept, processions were extemporized, omnibuses, express wagons, teams and drays, filled with the shouting multitude, drove through the principal thoroughfares, always stopping before the rooms of the Sanitary Commission to give three hearty cheers. This battle was fought on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of February, 1862. At that inclement season, our brave troops lay outside the intrenchments of the fort three successive days and nights, in a pelting storm of sleet and snow. They fought their way to the breastworks, and over them, inch by inch; only stop-

ping when darkness covered them. At the close of the third day, victory perched on the banner of freedom; but not until it had been dyed in the blood of its defenders. Gen. Grant received the surrender of 10,000 men, under the rebel Gen. Buckner; and thus commenced that series of successes that placed the rank and file of our army in the foremost line of the world's armies, and its gallant leader at the very height of military renown—the Commanding General of the unparalleled armies of the Union.

In the midst of the hosannas of the multitude, a pang shot through my heart when I thought of the sacrifice the victory had cost, of the mangled bodies, open graves, broken hearts, and scattered hopes that must follow in its train. I had not, however, comprehended the full reality of the war till I reached Cairo. At home, society was undisturbed, business prosperous, places of amusement filled, churches sustained, schools well patronized, people marrying and given in marriage, one going to his farm, and another to his merchandise, as though the voice of war had not been heard n the land, and no sacrifices were necessary. The second call *for* 300,000 *more, had not yet been heard in almost every home in the land.*

At Cairo, every step kept time to martial law and music. The tramp, tramp, tramp, of the Boys in Blue muttered from morn till night. Military sentinels met us at every turn. The fife and drum piped and rolled incessantly. Transports, laden to the guards with their precious living freight, were constantly arriving from above, and leaving for the Tennessee, where the Western army was massing for a prospective conflict—none knew when nor where.

It proved to be Pittsburg Landing, which bloody battle was fought soon after, on the 6th and 7th of April, when the Western Union Army, under Gen. Grant, and the flower of the rebel army, under Gens. Johnston and Beauregard, met and tested their strength, and fought with desperation, both sides feeling that the result of that battle would, to a great extent, settle the question of the Western campaign. The rebel force had the advantage of the *attack*, under their chosen leaders, and perfect confidence of victory, which for the first day appeared to favor them. Troops less brave and staunch than ours, would have been faint-hearted; perhaps surrendered. But *No Fail* was there; and when the artillery was massed and skilfully disposed by Gen. Webster, the able chief of artillery, the gunboats brought into action, and Buell's command came up double-quick, after a forced march of forty miles, and rushed into action with an eagerness and enthusiasm that inspired the army, the tide turned. A battle-field miles in circumference, watered with human blood, and strewn with the mangled frames of 20,000 men on both sides, told the story of the desperation of the fight, and the value of the victory.

I was surprised when visiting the East, the following autumn, to find that the importance and magnitude of this fearful struggle, which commenced at Shiloh and culminated at Pittsburg Landing, was not appreciated there, as it was nearer to the scene of action. It must be remembered that representative portions of the flower of the Southern army, magnificently drilled and equipped, were there. I heard an officer who was engaged in the first brigade that met the foe, say, that in the midst of all the excitement of a sudden call

to meet the outnumbering force, he could but admire the advancing host as it marched forward in line of battle, three deep, with the artillery at stated intervals, well covered, the silver equipments of the New Orleans Crescent Brigade glittering in the morning sunlight, and the well-drilled divisions, with their banners aloft, moving almost as one man, without a sound or a cry, although our musketry was pouring into them. They did not return the fire till within a hundred and fifty yards, when every weapon of war was let loose on both sides, and such a fire of musketry poured out as literally *drowned the artillery*, and cut off the tops of an acre of saplings not thicker than a man's thumb, till they looked as though they had been mown by a giant reaper. The people of the South had, has it were, staked their all on this battle, and were sure to win, they thought. Their plans were adroitly laid. Home traitors in the Northern States were their sworn allies, and stood ready to aid and abet them when they should have wiped out the Union Army, or so effectually crippled it that they could "carry the war into Africa." Telegraph wires were to be cut, transports and rolling-stock of the railroads seized, great pork and grain warehouses, and government stores, appropriated for future operations, with the prestige of victory to inspire their men. It may be said, this could not be; nevertheless, the raids into Pennsylvania and Maryland, admonish us that if the victory of Shiloh had been a defeat, the soil of our loyal North Western States would have been drenched with the blood of her brave volunteers, an immense amount of property destroyed, treason inspired and strengthened, and the glorious consummation deferred, God only knows how long.

The gloom that pervaded the country before the victory at Donelson, was but a faint shadow of the gloom that defeat at Shiloh would have caused. All honor then to the heroes of these bloody fights! They stood like a living wall of adamant between us and destruction, and silenced forever the vain boast, that "one rebel could whip five Yankees." Every blue-coat should be sacred, and the wives and children of every man who fell in our defense, be considered as *our own* charge, to be cared for and trained for usefulness. The day of this fearful battle of Pittsburg Landing we spent at Mound City Hospital, whose beds were soon after filled with its suffering heroes.

But to return to our journey and a point of time prior to this memorable battle. We found the warlike atmosphere and military display at St. Louis, our next point, still more imposing and thrilling. The business of the city was prostrated by the closing of the Mississippi, and by the treason of a large portion of her citizens. Whole blocks of stores were occupied as hospitals or military headquarters. Five thousand men, fully equipped, and two batteries with their guns, carriages and horses, passed through the main streets of St. Louis, on their way to the Tennessee, the day after our arrival there. The sight was not only novel, but sublime. The determined and solemn tread of the men, the grim looks of the "war-dogs," and the tearful interest and solemn silence of the crowd of spectators, said that this was no holiday parade, but a stake for life or death. One young captain, who had travelled from Centralia with us, lightly touched his cap as he passed the Planters' House; but even his joyous face was sobered. These troops reached

Pittsburg Landing just in time for the battle, and their ranks were fearfully thinned by those *two long days of stand-up fight, without intrenchments on either side—the only such instance on the record of the war of the rebellion.* The loss to the Union Army is variously estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000 men, and on the enemy's side an equal number put "*hors de combat.*"

The fortifications of St. Louis were complete and sightly. General Fremont had spared neither pains nor expense in their erection and perfection. The breastworks were sodded like hanging gardens, and the trenches, with their budding green borders, looked peaceful and inviting. The huge guns were polished to silvery brightness, and stood with open mouths gaping at the city, ready to pour a storm of iron hail into her bosom, if she raised her hand against the stars and stripes. These peacemakers proved their right to the title. Our chief interest and occupation, however, were our visits to the numerous hospitals, then filled and in successful operation, in St. Louis; and the Soldiers' Home, just inaugurated.

South-west Missouri had become the earliest battle-ground of the war, owing to the persistent treason of a large portion of her inhabitants, under the lead and inspiration of General Price. St. Louis, consequently, became the Headquarters of the Military Department of the West. During the summer of 1861, the battles of Boonville, Dug Spring, Carthage, and Wilson's Creek (the monument and mausoleum of the renowned Gen. Lyon), had been fought with desperate valor and bloody results. The spontaneous creation, organization and immediate action of so large an army, fully accounted for the small amount of preparation for the care of the sick

and wounded. The absence of railroad facilities in the immediate neighborhood of these battles, added greatly to their horrors. After the battle of Wilson's Creek, which was to Missouri what Shiloh was to the West, several hundred of our wounded men were carried in ambulances and army-wagons from Springfield to Rolla, over rough roads, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. At this point, the terminus of the south-west branch of the Pacific Railroad, they were transferred to cars, in which they could be more easily moved to St. Louis, where the hospital accommodations were found to be entirely inadequate to their comfortable reception.

At this particular time, Miss D. L. Dix, a lady whose eminence in the cause of suffering humanity is well known to the public, was providentially in St. Louis. After a conference with her, Gen. Fremont issued an order for the establishment of a Western Sanitary Commission. James E. Yeatman, Esq., was President of the organization, and Rev. W. Eliot, D.D., his able and faithful co-laborer. C. S. Greely, Esq., J. B. Johnson, M.D., and George Partridge, Esq., composed the remainder of the board.

From the commencement to the close of the war our soldiers endured untold hardships, and manifested unflinching courage and patience. There was a large balance, however, in favor of those engaged in the campaigns of the last two years of the war. The thorough organization of the Medical Bureau, and increase of the supply-table, the complete arrangements and facilities for the transportation of the sick and wounded, greatly mitigated the sufferings of the patients. The growing confidence of the people in the Sanitary

Commissions, and the substantial aid afforded them, enabled their officers to coöperate much more efficiently with the medical staff of the army, and render them that aid they so much required in the discharge of their multiform and arduous duties. The later battles were also mainly fought within the reach of facilities for transportation by rail or water, and thus the poor boys were saved torturing journeys in army wagons, or at best, in ambulances, over roads almost impassable, over hills almost mountains, over corduroy roads, or bridgeless streams, through a country infested with guerillas, and stripped as bare of food for men or horses, as if an army of locusts had swept over it. There were then comparatively few hospital garments, delicacies, or even stimulants or sedatives, to nerve the poor fellows for frightful operations, or the indescribable tortures of these rough journeys.

At the battle of Pea Ridge, which was fought on the 7th of March, 1862, when the Union army, led by General Curtis, whipped the rebels, who were thrice their number, we had about a thousand killed and wounded. The battle-field was two hundred and fifty miles beyond Rolla; badly wounded men could not be removed such a distance, with such insufficient transportation, and were consequently obliged to depend on extemporized hospitals, consisting of churches, barns, public buildings, or the dwellings of their enemies, totally unsuited to their necessities; or were sent forward to Springfield, one hundred and thirty miles distant, because there was no place for them at a nearer point. My blood chills as I pen these lines; for I remember the agony of those whom I have seen carefully borne on stretchers,

properly stimulated, skilfully treated, and supplied with all the comforts and delicacies of the Sanitary Commissions. What must have been the sufferings of these earlier heroes of the war, when racked and torn with joltings that taxed my utmost strength, when in perfect health, in a few miles' ride, God and themselves only know; but through all this, their patience failed not, and their fortitude remained unshaken. I well remember, while in St. Louis, meeting a sanitary agent who had just returned from a journey to take supplies to the sufferers at Pea Ridge. He said he had seen a deal of war before, but never such a mass of mangled, parched, filthy, unshaven and unshorn humanity as he saw at Pea Ridge. I asked how they bore this accumulation of horrors. "Like angels, not men," he said; "and were as grateful for the supplies I took them as if they had been convicts, not *heroes who had earned them!*" This spirit was born with the army, and remained with it from the beginning to the end, and has baffled all investigation to discover its cause. It was one manifestation of God's power in the work of our national redemption.

But to the hospitals. In some respects, the arrangements of those in St. Louis differed from any that we have seen elsewhere during the war. A large marble front building, five stories high, had been rented at a nominal price, and fitted up as a military hospital. In the nature of the case, the ventilation could not be as perfect as in a building erected for the purpose; but the admirable arrangements for bathing, diet-kitchens, and all possibilities of light and air, marvellously supplied the deficiency. An efficient, intelligent, and refined female was placed in charge of the diet-kitchen, which means

simply a room, range, and cooking-utensils, suitable for the preparation of delicacies for the sick. The specialty to which I refer is this: over the wards of these hospitals presided tender, earnest women, from the best families of the city, who had volunteered to visit them daily, administer to the comfort and welfare of their inmates in various ways, and see that each man was supplied with all that he required or desired, if suitable for him. The effect of this arrangement was more easily felt than described.

I have visited many institutions more spacious, complete, scientific, and inviting in their externals; but have never seen one that had such a home-like air, such an *abandon* of manner among the inmates, such a perfect confidence, manly independence, and manifest sense of motherly and sisterly kindness, as the St. Louis Fifth Street Hospital, except Mother Bickerdyke's hospital at the Gayoso Block, Memphis—in fact, wherever she was found. We had an admirable opportunity of witnessing the routine of these noble women's daily hospital labors, as we sojourned under the roof of an old and dear friend at St. Louis, who not only stood firm when patriotism was at a discount, but devoted herself and her abundant means to the relief of the suffering soldiers. A daughter at home conducted the correspondence for the ward, notified wives and mothers that their loved ones were smitten with disease, or prostrate with wounds, or perchance sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. A precious lock was clipped from each weary head before it was laid away to rest. The cherished photograph of wife or mother, that had been carried next his heart or clasped in his dying hand, the porte-monnaie, the watch,

the chain, the knife, the Testament—almost the only treasures a soldier can cling to through the march and fight—were carefully secured and transmitted, with words of love and sympathy, as if from the pen of kindred.

Each day, as we sat at breakfast, large covered baskets were brought in, filled with choice dainties from the bountiful table, and a raid made on the well-filled larder of the cook. She received her orders for so many gallons of soup at noon, or fresh boiled eggs, or rice puddings, or sago, or jelly, as the case might be, for each man had been consulted, his wants recorded and gratified, unless forbidden by the surgeon. The sons were delegated to purchase oranges and grapes, to be carried to the ward at such an hour. The carriage was ready to convey us thither when we rose from the table, the mistress of the mansion, oftentimes, not to return to her luxurious home till daylight had departed. Within a stone's throw dwelt two noble women of large means, who had come from Philadelphia and joined in this labor of love and patriotism. Years afterwards they had the mournful privilege of sheltering one of St. Louis's noblest hospital laborers in their Philadelphia home, when she had contracted a fatal disease in a hospital of that city, where she was studying surgical nursing for the purpose of laboring as nurse for the soldiers more efficiently than ever. The very countenances of the men told the tale of such womanly, refined, unselfish devotion to their interests. When no minister of God was near, these holy women read the Bible and prayed with the humble, oft penitent heroes, and went down with them to the shores of the silent river.

One morning, when walking a ward of the Fifth Street

Hospital, we noticed a mutilated and attenuated form, his foot amputated, and his face literally turned to the wall. Mortification had commenced, a secondary operation had been declared useless, and he had been told he must die before the rising of another sun. His spirit rose in rebellion. He said he could not die without seeing his wife and child. The doctor must save him that long, and then he relapsed into gloomy silence. The gentle woman in charge of the ward bent over him till the big tears plashed on his despairing face. She did not speak for some minutes; then, clasping her hands, in a low tone she prayed for him. The heavenly medicine reached the heart; the stern will was subdued. He joined in her petition for resignation, and at the close devoutly said, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." He then requested that a letter might be written to his wife, containing his last message of love and hopes of heaven, where he was sure to meet her; and added, "Don't forget to send her a lock of my hair; she'll think a sight of it." He asked one more favor: "Won't you stay with me to the last, dear lady, if you can stand it?" "I will," she replied; and she did. As the shades of evening gathered, she clipped the lock of hair and closed the sightless eyes, and then went home to write to Mary and the little one.

In a ward of the Fourth Street Hospital lay a rebel drummer-boy. He had evidently been trained by a tender mother, and received a mother's care in the hospital. After many fluctuations between life and death, the scale went down, and the surgeon told the lady visitor she must tell her young charge he had but a few days to live. With a faint heart, but with motherly tenderness, she fulfilled

the sad task. He was greatly distressed at first, and said, "*O! can't I see my mother?*" "No, my boy," she replied, "but *I* will be your mother, and write to her and tell her all about you, and just what you tell me." He was comforted; and after lying silent for a while, looked up. "Tell her," he said, drawing his little Testament from under his pillow, "I have read this whenever I could, and never forgotten what she taught me about Jesus. Tell her I love Him, and hope to meet her in heaven." He then looked earnestly at the lady and said, "Can you love me when I am on the other side?" "Surely I can, my dear boy; you knew not what you did." She saw there was something unasked that he wanted, and she pressed him to tell her. "Lady," said he, "will you kiss me like my mother, every day while I live, and when I come to die will you stay with me and kiss me at the last?" "I will," she said, stooping over, and giving him his mother's kiss. And so she did daily, and it always brought a grateful smile of love. At last the shadow of the sable-winged messenger deepened, and the boy sank rapidly. The surgeon endeavored to persuade the faithful watcher to leave, as she was weary, and the boy unconscious. She refused, for she had given her word she would remain till the last, and she did. When the spirit seemed almost gone, earth receding, and heaven opening, she bent over him and imprinted one last kiss on the marble brow. The thin fingers that she held quivered, the eyes faintly opened, and the shadow of a smile flitted over the pale face.

I cannot take leave of St. Louis and its noble men and women, without bearing my feeble testimony to the admira-

ble organization and efficient management of the various branches of hospital relief under their care. James E. Yeatman, Esq., devoted his entire time to the work of the Commission, and brought all his rare executive ability, large business experience, and humane heart, to bear upon this great scheme of benevolence and patriotism. Not satisfied with incessant labor at home, he visited the active field of almost the entire Western army, and from personal inspection and contact with the men, became infused with their spirit, appreciated and understood them and their necessities. His courtesies, and the opportunities afforded to us as delegates of the North-Western branch of the United States Commission, were of much value, and were gratefully appreciated. Dr. Eliot, his co-laborer, is so extensively known for his ability, earnestness, and single-heartedness, that it will be readily understood that two such men, sustained and surrounded by the noble band of women with whom we met, and of whom we heard, were able to perform a work and bless our Union army, so as to turn back the stealthy foe, and with God's blessing save thousands of lives and incalculable suffering. I will only add, that from the beginning to the end of the war, the Western Commission and the United States Sanitary Commission, of which I shall soon speak, walked side by side in the Western armies, and maintained to the last good-fellowship and wholesome rivalry without jealousy or vituperation.

CHAPTER III.

Sketch of U. S. Sanitary Commission.—Its origin.—Its work in hospital cars and at the battles of Eastern and Western armies.—Poetic contribution by a private.—Dr. Bellows and Mr. Yeatman.

FROM the fact that the supplies of the United States Sanitary Commission were found not to be keeping pace with the expansion of the army, it was determined by the members of that Commission to call together the female representatives of its various branches, in order to organize more thoroughly the work of supply, and secure a steady, reliable stream of those comforts, found by the experience of almost two years, to be so indispensable to the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. Mrs. Livermore and myself were selected by the Board of the Chicago, or North-Western Branch, to represent them in the Woman's Council, held at Washington, November, 1862. In the face of almost insuperable obstacles of a domestic character, we yielded to their urgent wishes and attended the meeting.

We had both labored with the Commission from the beginning of the war, as occasion demanded, but were not familiar with its history or plans; content to work as opportunity offered. At Washington we met the representative women of all the Eastern branches, but none from the West. We had the privilege, while there, of ascertaining the cause and

facts of the origin of this great organization, its *animus* and *modus operandi*. A brief sketch of what we learned on these matters, will be a proper introduction to the account of our visit to Washington, which was fraught with interesting incidents, and led us into the war life, which occupied all our powers of body and mind, from that time till the collapse of the rebellion. The necessity for an organized effort to mitigate the horrors of war, and prevent or alleviate the sufferings of our brave volunteers, who had so promptly rushed to arms, occasioned the establishment of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. The experiment of rendering some such assistance had been successfully made in the Crimean war, and had saved thousands of lives, elevated the *morale* of the army, and made the name of Florence Nightingale not only immortal, but a household word wherever Christianity prevails, as the pioneer of female effort and relief in camps and hospitals.

It is with some excusable pride I record the fact, that the first meeting in the United States, to consider and act upon the necessities of our soldiers and plan for their relief, was one of fifty or sixty women, called in New York, April 25, 1861, just ten days after the fall of Sumter. D. D. Field, Esq., was its chairman. The Rev. Dr. Bellows explained the objects of the meeting. The nation was then trembling in the balance. Men's hearts failed them, and their knees smote one against another. Vice-President Hamlin was in New York, it was said, to make such arrangements as it was feared would be necessary to transfer the official power of the Government to that city, for the rebel forces threatened to interpose and cut off communication with Washington. No wonder he made an eloquent speech on that occasion. The national

pulse was quickened, patriotism aroused, and in its holy enthusiasm burst over all boundaries, and went on increasing till, on April 15, 1865, the Stars and Stripes waved again in triumph over the sea-girt walls of Sumter, as the nation had declared they should.

At this woman's meeting a committee of organization was appointed, that brought in articles which united the women of New York in a society, called the "Woman's Central Relief Association," which continued its faithful labors to the end of the war. Dr. Bellows, who has advised and shaped to a considerable extent the benevolence of thousands of the women of the land engaged in sanitary work, went on to Washington to ascertain what aid was needed by the Government in this emergency, and what it would permit a voluntary association to do. While there, to use the words of another, he arrived at the basis of the Sanitary Commission, and thus "the wisdom and devotion of one man gained on that day the greatest relief to suffering humanity, ever wrought out by any human organization." In the face of overwhelming labors already pressing upon him, Dr. Bellows accepted the position of President of the United States Sanitary Commission, and performed its herculean labors to the end of the war, never relaxing his zeal or efforts, and has received as the only reward for this self-sacrificing labor, the approval of his own conscience, and a knowledge of the vast amount of relief the Commission has been able to bestow on our sick and suffering army.

On the 9th of June, 1861, the Commission was ordered by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, and approved by the President. The Board of the United States Sanitary Commission

added to its numbers from time to time, till they increased to twenty-one. The doctor was singularly favored in his associates. They were such men as Dr. Elisha Harris, Professors A. D. Bache and Wolcott Gibbs, the able and administrative Drs. Van Buren and Agnew, the skilful financier and faithful treasurer, George T. Strong, Esq., &c., and that marvellous genius of organization, F. Law Olmstead, who took the great conception of the Commission, moulded and elaborated it into an almost perfect system. Thus managed, it went forward in its labor of love, with a widening, deepening channel; its wants fully supplied to the end, by the increased confidence and love of the people. The munificence of California to the United States Sanitary Commission was remarkable. She pledged herself for the sum of $25,000 monthly during the war, and expressed entire confidence in the wisdom of its management, placing no limitation as to the distribution of her funds. This prompt and liberal assistance, and constant support in the early history of the Commission, enabled it to continue its disbursements, and carry out its great and varied plans of relief, until success had secured the confidence of the people, and stimulated supplies in proportion to necessities.

The work of the U. S. Sanitary Commission was twofold —prevention and relief. Although in the prosecution of its vast labors, the system was greatly extended and elaborated, its entire work might properly be classed under these two heads, thus proving the breadth and wisdom of its conception.

The Sanitary Commission was never intended to supplant or interfere with the Government in its care of the troops. It was the supplement to the Medical Department, and was

rendered necessary by the sudden expansion of the army and the incapacity of the Medical Bureau to meet the resulting exigency. It proposed by careful inspection and research, to ascertain the most approved methods of sanitary reform in camps and hospitals, and by tracts, personal effort, and counsel with the medical staff, to introduce them into the army. It aimed to be, and was, the handmaiden of our beneficent government; not her critic or her foe. It was the golden link that bound "the boys in blue" to their homes of love and comfort. It was the magnetic zone that encircled the army, and by establishing the silent but significant intercourse that reached everywhere, and was constantly maintained, elevated the *morale* of our unexampled army, and made them feel, though they had gone out from us they were still of us.

I shall endeavor to show the *modus operandi* of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, by representative cases, as I proceed with this narrative, believing that these illustrations will better prove its work than bare statistics or general statements.

Whenever I visited the army, it was under the auspices of this Commission, consequently the scenes I portray, and the incidents I relate, were met in connection with that organization. My statements of the extensive relief and comfort that I saw given to our suffering soldiers, are the best refutation I can furnish of the industriously circulated slanders that nothing scarcely reached the soldiers. The most emphatic denial that I can offer to the sweeping denunciations of surgeons, female nurses, and hospital stewards, is to state what I witnessed of their laborious and faithful efforts in behalf of the army. The most comprehensive view I can im-

part of the women's portion of this work, is to photograph an aid society, and ask you to multiply it by 15,000. The best idea I can convey of the sacrifices of wives and mothers, is to hold up isolated cases, and ask you to multiply them indefinitely.

At the close of this brief and imperfect outline of the conception, organization and intentions of the Commission, I proceed to give a rapid sketch of its relief work in different departments of the Union army. In the commencement of its work, the U. S. Sanitary Commission confined its distribution of supplies to the sick of the fresh regiments, constantly arriving at Washington.

From the confusion and inexperience consequent on a new and sudden organization, it was impossible for the officers of the army to meet these exigencies. After the disastrous flight at Bull Run, the relief work began, by supplying the fainting fugitives with cold water. While the Army of the Potomac lay around Washington, the Commission gave relief to each regiment, and sent supplies to the wounded after the battles of Edwards' Ferry, Ball's Bluff, and Drainesville. The full strength of the newly-fledged powers of the Sanitary Commission in the relief work, were not developed and exercised till the Peninsular campaign of the spring and summer of 1862. At that time the Commission applied to the Quartermaster-General for a steamer, to be used as a hospital transport. The Secretary of War issued an order to that effect, and the Daniel Webster was assigned to the Commission, April 25, 1862, for the reception and conveyance of sick and wounded soldiers. Then followed the Ocean Queen, capable of containing one thousand

patients, and the Elm City, and the Knickerbocker, and Spaulding, etc., etc., in quick succession.

These steamers went back and forth from battle-fields to Northern hospitals like winged messengers of mercy. Could the cabins and decks of these vessels tell the story of the agonies within their precincts, and disclose to the patient home-workers who supplied the funds and filled the store-houses of the Sanitary Commission, the blessed results of their work, methinks the heart of every man, woman, and child who had helped to work out this great salvation of our army would leap with joy, and the hearts and hands of those who withheld both time and money would be paralyzed at their own supineness. The beautiful manifestation of the love and heroism of the laborers in those revolting scenes would appear, as it was, the silver lining to the cloud of war. Their names, like the "Boys in Blue" whom they won back again to life, are unheralded with victories, but are recorded higher up, where "God seeth not as man seeth, and judgeth not as man judgeth." The following graceful tribute to one of these hidden workers expresses the prevailing feeling of the "rank and file" toward these ministering angels. As they are the production of a private's pen, and the tribute of a private's heart, they are eminently entitled to a place in this volume. They were written by a member of the 16th Regiment, New York Volunteers, and addressed to Mrs. ——, after being under her care on a Commission boat at White House:—

"From old St. Paul till now,
Of honorable women not a few
Have left their golden ease, in love to do
The saintly work which Christ-like hearts pursue.

"And such art thou—God's fair apostle—
Bearing his love in war's horrific train;
Thy blessed feet follow its ghastly pain,
And misery and death without disdain.

"To one borne from the sullen battle's roar,
Dearer the greeting of thy gentle eyes,
When he aweary, torn, and bleeding, lies,
Than all the glory that the victors prize.

"When peace shall come, and homes shall smile again,
A thousand soldiers' hearts in Northern climes,
Shall tell their little children in their rhymes
Of the sweet saint who blest the old war times."

The Sanitary Commission aimed at military exactness and method in its work, in order to secure the greatest possible amount of relief in the shortest time, and not to interfere with established army regulations. The charge of red-tape, that was sometimes urged against its work, grew out of the methodical arrangement of the various parts. No human organization is perfect; consequently, by the inefficiency or carelessness of agents, no doubt at times there was unnecessary delay. In my extended experience in the work of the Commission, I am prepared to testify, that its strict adherence to method and precision, maintained to the last the confidence of the army and the people.

As an exemplification of this organized method, the corps of workers for hospital transports was subdivided into squads. At the landing on the Potomac, to which the eastern boats returned from northern hospitals, was a certain number of men and women, under the guidance and direction of Mr. Olmstead, who for a time gave himself, with all his com-

manding executive ability, to this work. When the freight or hospital cars from the battle-field, or ambulances and stretchers from nearer hospitals arrived, they were ready for them. The stretchers were carried up the companion-way, or elevated by pulleys, lowered in the same manner to the cabin, and the men then hoisted to the berths, or placed on cots. Many of these men were raving in the delirium of fever, fainting from exhaustion, or maddened with festering or undressed wounds, unamputated limbs, and raging thirst, which must be quenched before the removal could take place. Sometimes these terrible processions came so thick and fast, that every berth was filled; then the cabin-floor, then the guards and the gang-way and hurricane-deck and the hold, till the vessel, from stem to stern, became a mass of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. So closely were these men packed, that scarce room was left to plant the foot of relief without touching the quivering mass of nerves. Even if the foot of the merciful found a base of operations, it was oft-times submerged in the blood of the sufferers. Thus it was after Shiloh's bloody battle. The cabin floor of the hospital boat, where the operations were performed, ran in streams of blood, and legs and arms, as they were rapidly dismembered, formed a stack of human limbs.

Those men and women who went from Chicago to Cairo, to meet the boats bearing the wounded from Pittsburg Landing, and had courage to enter these receptacles of human misery, carrying cold water, stimulants, sponges and bandages, thought their dreadful work was done when they had waded through three decks of mangled heroes. When

about to leave, they heard piteous moans. Following them, they reached the hold of the vessel that was crowded with the worst cases, begging for water, air, or wife or child, to help them. As they stood petrified with horror, the gurgling and gasping sound of dissolving nature was heard. Little could be seen, for darkness reigned, except the dim light of the lantern, which only served to make the darkness visible. 'Twas well perhaps this hold of misery was curtained, for that night of horrors would bear no additions. Stretchers were brought, and these battered, often almost remnants of bodies, were tenderly laid upon them, carried to the amputation-room or hospitals, where clean cots, gleaming white sheets, pillow-slips, fresh bandages and shirts, restoratives or sedatives were applied, life restored sufficiently to open eyes, and loosen tongues to cry out, "Oh! this is just like home."

Miss Safford, of Cairo, met many such fearful processions. Her slight form and elastic step, seemed not to touch the plank as she flew down with her basket on her arm, and found a footing as a bird does on a spray; and so the soldiers called her the "Cairo Angel." With a calm dignity and self-poise that never blanched at any sight of horror, with a quiet energy and gentle authority that commanded willing obedience, she gave her orders to the nurses, dressers and stewards, till rapidly and imperceptibly she brought light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. She toiled on thus a year or more, in connection with the North-western Branch U. S. Sanitary Commission, spending largely of her own means, and washing even the dust-stained feet of the suffering heroes, till the frail form bent lower and still lower, the color faded from her cheek,

the light from her eye, the spring from her step, and her loving friends forced her away from her labor of love to sunny France and Italy, and the bracing air of the Alps, to drink in fresh health. After years of suffering, she still lives, alas! not yet restored. "God bless the Cairo Angel," say the "heroes of the rank and file;" and so say all that knew her and her blessed work. To go back to Yorktown, White House, or Harrison's Landing, the successive bases of the Sanitary Commission on the Potomac. A second squad of the hospital corps was detailed to accompany the patients North, to the hospitals. These patient workers were taxed to the utmost to meet the continued requisitions of hospital transports. I have labored on more than one of these, and can testify, no duty was more exhausting in its character, nor more important in its results. It lacked the excitement of the first rush of the army of sufferers, but required that patience, tenderness and skill that fail not, neither grow, weary. The number of the attendants was generally limited, and the wants of the patients innumerable, as they recovered consciousness, or approached convalescence.

The comprehensive and extensive system of hospital transports, was continued by the Commission from this time forward, in the armies of the West as well as the East; and when the battle-field was inaccessible to water transportation, hospital cars, with swinging hammocks, were fitted up, and kept running continually from Chattanooga to Louisville. The battles of Fair Oaks, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and the later battles in Virginia, as well as the battles of Gauley's Bridge, Donelson, Shiloh, Perrysville, Vicksburg, Corinth, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Atlanta—in

fine, the entire brilliant series of the Western battles, were relieved and supplied in a surprising manner, with clothing, delicacies, stimulants, vegetables, sour-krout and anti-scorbutics, till the Sanitary Commission became the watchword of the sick soldier, and the rainbow of promise on the dark cloud of war. Ship Island, the Têche country, North and South Carolina, New Orleans—indeed, the whole Department of the Gulf—shared its benefits, and at a later period in the history of the war, ship-loads of supplies were sent to Savannah, with the members of the Commission attending them, often at great personal sacrifice.

The work of inspection performed by the U. S. Sanitary Commission in the army, has been but little understood by the people at large. Its results were prodigious, and were thus appreciated by the army and sanitary workers. The experience of the British troops in the Crimean war had taught a fearful lesson of mortality consequent upon a lack of sanitary precautions. The deaths in that army in January, 1853, amounted to ninety-seven per cent. from disease. By the introduction of sanitary reforms, they were reduced in ten months to twenty-five per cent. In our American army, even in the swamps of the Peninsula, where malarious poison was as rife and deadly as in the Crimea, the mortality did not exceed sixteen and a half per cent. from disease. No one will assert that this vast difference was owing to the superior material of our troops.

The experience of the Crimean war had led the Sanitary Commission to investigate the subject, and their scientific deductions and applications of sanitary principles, for the prevention as well as cure of disease in camps and hospitals, are

the only satisfactory solution of this gratifying fact. The Soldiers' Homes, Lodges, and Rests, under the care of the Sanitary Commission, were limited only by their necessity. The Back-Pay Agencies secured vast amounts of blood-bought earnings that would have otherwise been lost to the brave fellows, too feeble or too poor to prosecute their claims, and the Commission has just closed this branch of its work. The Hospital Directory, established in each department of the Sanitary Commission, enabled friends to ascertain the situation of their sick and wounded relatives, as its connection with hospitals and regiments was as prompt and accurate as the nature of the case would admit, and enabled thousands to reach and nurse their friends, and as many more to secure their precious remains.

The supply work of the Commission was placed chiefly in the hands of the patriotic women of the land, who stimulated and furnished the enormous amount of comforts and delicacies that saved so large a number of lives and alleviated so much suffering. The system of sanitary dépots, hospital-transports, hospital-cars, diet-kitchens, and relief-stations, completed the circle of sanitary labor, that embraced in its beneficent arms the sick and wounded of the Union army; lifting them from battle-fields into stretchers and ambulances, plying them with restoratives, placing them in clean cots, clothing them afresh, and vigorously guarding them from neglect or abuse. By its quick and untrammelled movements, the Sanitary Commission often stayed the ebbing tide of life, till care and nursing could complete the work of restoration. The entire labors of the Sanitary Commission were based on the federal principle. Its ministrations were

not limited by State boundaries, and it knew no soldiers but the soldiers of the Union. Although its broad and just policy excluded sectional zeal, and appealed only to the most enlarged patriotism, it grew rapidly in favor, and, it is believed, strengthened and developed the federal principle for which our armies were contending, and which is the only true basis of our nationality.

This imperfect sketch is a bare and meagre outline of the blessed work of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Its complete history, and the record of its teachings and experience, will ere long be furnished for the satisfaction of its hearty friends and liberal contributors; also as a guide to future patriots and philanthropists.

CHAPTER IV.

Christian Commission.—Its organization, work, and extensive usefulness.—Letter from Mrs. Duffield, of Detroit.—Letter from Agent of Christian Commission at Brazos.—Ladies' Relief Society of Philadelphia.—Governors and State Sanitary Commissions.—Board of Trade, Chicago.—Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Wright.

In the second year of the war there was a strong desire on the part of the Churches of the land to provide for the spiritual wants of the soldiers, as the Sanitary Commission was providing for their temporal necessities, although, as I have reason to know, they often did more than that. In view of the separation of these men from their homes and religious privileges, the destitution of religious reading, and the temptations of camp life, an organization to meet these emergencies was formed January 28, 1862. The president of this highly important organization was George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, a man eminent for religious zeal, and liberality in proportion to his large means and high position. He had been mainly instrumental in its formation, and continued to be its ruling spirit till the close of the war. Joseph Patterson, Esq., of Philadelphia, was treasurer, and Rev. W. E. Boardman, secretary. Under the guidance and inspiration of such men, the organization rapidly grew in power and influence, and extended its missionary work to a million of men within the army lines—a work as sublime and extensive,

in a spiritual point of view, as that of the Sanitary Commission in a temporal one. As the Christian Commission lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes, it was deemed expedient by some of those who controlled its operations, that a provision for its supply work should be more extensively secured within its own organization. In its earlier history the supplies were entirely drawn by its delegates from the U. S. Sanitary Commission, whose business and pleasure it was to furnish them, whenever it could be done without interfering with the systematic rules of the relief work of the Commission.

In order to stimulate supplies and donations, branches were established in all the loyal States, circulars and appeals sent out, and meetings of a deeply interesting character held in all the principal cities, not excepting the national capital. Societies, tributary to the Christian Commission, were formed throughout the country, and a large amount of money and supplies contributed. I take pleasure in quoting a paragraph from the printed report of the Christian Commission, published April, 1864: "Our relations to the Sanitary Commission have been of a most kind and pleasant character. They have received at their storerooms, and forwarded, all supplies destined for Nashville and points beyond, with a degree of promptness truly commendable. The work of the two Commissions has thus been blended, like the union of the body and soul for which they labor."

I had the privilege of visiting the Army of the Tennessee in the winter of 1863, with W. Reynolds, Esq., the indefatigable and able President of the Pennsylvania Branch of the Christian Commission. I also met the devoted Burnell, one

of its delegates, in the swamps at Young's Point. In both cases I felt the blessing of united action, and the supplementary relation of each Commission to the other. Mr. Reynolds was the warm friend of both Commissions, and confirmed what I had heard, by saying that he blessed God for the Sanitary Commission, from whose stores he drew *ad libitum* whenever he visited the army, which was very frequently. In like manner I found the stores of religious books, tracts, and soldiers' hymn-books, always on hand by the Christian Commission, invaluable to me in my visitations.

Some good people feared that two such great organizations could not work in the same field without collision. For this I could see no reason, as they formed component parts of a great whole. In the words of Mrs. Isabella Duffield, of Detroit, in a letter published by the Christian Commission, "I think of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions as twin brothers going forward to their glorious work." It must be admitted, with the imperfection consequent on all human efforts, there was at times suspicion of interference. At the front, however, they worked shoulder to shoulder. This I have continually witnessed in the armies of the West. The Rev. Edward P. Smith, a prominent official of the Christian Commission, and Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New York, both bore similar testimony in a letter published by them after visits to the army. I take great pleasure in introducing a letter received by E. W. Blatchford, Esq., Treasurer of the North-western Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, dated March 13, 1866:

(Copy.) BRAZOS, SANTIAGO, TEXAS.

E. W. BLATCHFORD, Esq.—*Dear Sir*—As the work of the

Christian Commission in Texas draws to its close, I feel it to be my privilege to acknowledge the receipt of large supplies of stores from the North-western Sanitary Commission.

We had expected, from the nature of the supplies, to have lost a large percentage in transportation, but what was our joy and surprise to find, in all, only twelve packages missing. One box of whiskey perished between Brazos and Brownsville. I have never known of stores being more judiciously applied, especially butter and fruit, the latter of which was prepared in our rooms and carried to the sick three times a day. All the sick on the line of the Rio Grande River have not wanted for comforts during the past four months. The hospital work, both at Brazos and Brownsville, has been superintended by Mrs. Jeremiah Porter (agent of the North-western Branch U. S. Sanitary Commission), who has been interested in the spiritual and bodily welfare of our soldiers. We thank God she has been in our midst. To me the work of both Commissions has been precious, and I return hence thankful that I have been privileged to labor in such a heavenly field.

Truly yours,

(Signed) WM. KIRKBY, *Agent C. C.,*
25th Army Corps.

Denominations not acting with the Christian Commission, formed their own organizations to supply the spiritual wants of the soldiers embracing their views, and labored zealously in their behalf, sending reading matter, bibles, hymn-books, and delegates. I could no more tell the story of the "Boys in Blue" without the Commissions and their glorious leaders,

than I could talk of the war of the rebellion without the Stars and Stripes, and Grant and Sherman. When the history of this war shall be read, and its leaves turned over in sickening horror, the pure white pages that tell the story of the Commissions and kindred institutions, embracing in their arms the sick and wounded scattered over three thousand miles of army lines, supplying their spiritual and temporal wants, will be as oases in the desert and springs of water in a dry and thirsty land.

I would make honorable mention of still another association, the "Ladies' Relief Society of Philadelphia." It was an independent organization. Mrs. Judge Joel Jones was its president; Mrs. Stephen Colwell, treasurer; Mrs. Dr. Harris, secretary. The indefatigable Mrs. Harris represented this Society in the army, and carried blessings in her train. I was informed by its officers that almost unasked the monthly contribution of $1200 was paid into the treasury, and thus supplied materials for the continued work of the Society. Under the admirable management of such women it became a power for good to the suffering soldiers. The letters of Mrs. Dr. Harris, who writes as well as she works, have been published by the Society and extensively read. They are deeply interesting, and will well repay perusal.

The GOVERNORS of the North-western States threw themselves into the army work with an ardor that was as striking as any other feature of this remarkable war. They stumped their respective States to stimulate enlistments. Richard Yates, Governor of Illinois, achieved miracles in this respect, and then followed the brave boys to the field with sympathy, love, and assistance, and frequently visited them in person.

Governor Harvey, the beloved ruler of Wisconsin, found a watery grave at Pittsburg Landing, whither he had gone to watch over the interests of the Wisconsin soldiers; and his bereaved widow has, since his death, devoted her entire time to soldiers' interests. Governor Morton's careworn face, when I last met him at Vicksburg, revealed the secret of overtasked powers, that have since driven him to foreign lands to rest and recuperate. No need to multiply names. They are recorded in the nation's heart, and will adorn the page of history.

Each of these States had a Sanitary Commission called by its name, which undoubtedly rendered valuable assistance to the soldiers. During the last two years of the war there was an increased preference for the federal principle of the Sanitary Commission. Nevertheless, these State organizations were undoubtedly of value, and were the almoners of untold blessings. Has the world ever witnessed such a strife for benevolent organizations, and a field so thoroughly occupied, that none might be excused, or rather denied, the privilege of giving and working?

From the history of the great volunteer work for the army it must not be inferred that the government was lax or inefficient. On the contrary, it is the universal testimony of all who visited the field, and engaged in the work of the Commissions in the later years of the war, that the beneficence of the government to its army is without a parallel. Large as have been the gifts of the people through the various Commissions, they have not been a tithe of what this model government expended and bestowed upon her brave sick and wounded soldiers. The work of the Commissions was

supplementary, and with their aid the spectacle of the hospitals, and the small percentum of deaths from wounds and sickness, astonished the scientific world. The quality and liberality of the soldiers' rations, and the comfort and character of their clothing and equipments, amazed all who beheld them, and were considered ample and satisfactory by the "rank and file" themselves. War is not romance, but terrible reality; and with all possible and actual ameliorations cannot be made comfortable. Of this none should complain, but bless God that so much relief was afforded.

I would not close this sketch of patriotic benevolent efforts without alluding to the noble action of the Board of Trade of the city of Chicago. That organization made its record in the city where I dwelt, and acted in concert with the North-western Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission with which I was identified; a sufficient explanation of the notice of a local and patriotic movement.

The Board of Trade and Mercantile Association of Chicago, acted on the principle, that those who did not enlist to fight, had work to do at home, in the way of giving time and money to the cause of the country. They resolved to assist the government by stimulating enlistments and forming regiments, pledging themselves to sustain these regiments while in the field, by special visitation and sanitary assistance, and by giving a certain monthly revenue to the soldiers' families at home. In this way they raised the 72d, 88th and 113th regiments of Illinois Volunteers, and two batteries —the Board of Trade and Mercantile batteries—and furnished each with a magnificent set of silk colors, which were rent in tatters, by ball and shell, and are now retained at the Chamber

of Commerce, as proud memorials of the brave men who upheld them. These regiments and batteries furnished three brevet-brigadiers, and large numbers of officers from their ranks.

For the various purposes of keeping an agent in the field, sending sanitary stores, vegetables, rubber blankets, etc., etc., this body raised over $100,000. In every exigency, the Board of Trade stood ready with its money and its influence, and on one day raised $3,600, to purchase vegetables for the army at Young's Point. The name of Col. John Hancock, its earnest president, became the watchword of vigilance, patriotism and liberality, and its list of members warmly seconded him in all his movements. One of its prominent members was elected colonel of the 72d regiment. With rare magnanimity and honesty, he declined the honor, on account of his limited military knowledge, and took the secondary place of Lieut.-colonel, which he held with great honor, till he lost a limb in the first assault on Vicksburg, May 19, 1864. This wound eventuated in his death. Few men have made a more honorable record, or been more widely mourned than Lieut.-Col. J. C. Wright. He was a brave officer and humble Christian, fond husband and father, and left not only a great breach in his regiment, but in the Church and family. The city of Chicago mourned his loss and paid reverence to his memory; and the Board of Trade may feel honored at having furnished from their number an officer so universally esteemed and deeply lamented. Its able and efficient secretary, Col. Beattie, has occupied an important place in its record, and with faithfulness and earnestness, used the influence of his official position to carry out its patriotic schemes.

CHAPTER V.

The Woman's Council at Washington.—Resolutions voted.—North-Western work.—Visit to President Lincoln.—Soldiers' Home at Washington.—U. S. Sanitary Commission warehouses in Washington.—Douglas Hospital.—Convalescent camp incidents.—Too early removals from hospitals illustrated.—National buildings at Washington.—Long Bridge.—Martyrdom of Col. Ellsworth.

THE Woman's Council that met at Washington, November, 1862, was composed of women whose ability, earnestness, and self-sacrifice would have done honor to any organization. During its progress, full opportunity was given for free discussion and interchange of views. The presence and statements of Mr. Olmstead, General Secretary of the Commission; Dr. Newberry, Associate Secretary and Superintendent of the Western Department of the Commission; Mr. Knapp, Special Relief Agent; and Mr. Bloor, Corresponding Secretary, enabled us to profit by their wisdom and experience. A plan for associate managers, from the Boston Branch, had been prepared by Miss Abby May, submitted, and adopted before our arrival, as we had been detained by broken connections. When called upon for our opinion, we were obliged to say that the North-West was an independent, vigorous, and somewhat conceited scion of a noble stock; that she was rather impatient of strict rules, and had a prodigious fancy for doing things in her own way. Still we

heartily approved the plan, but had permission granted to vary it according to circumstances. We stated the truth when we said the North West had unfathomable depths of patriotism and benevolence, which, if wisely managed, must produce large results. We promised to do what we could in thoroughly organizing and developing its supplies.

At the close of the session, it was proposed, as we were a delegation from an organization engaged in the relief of the army, that we should ask for an interview with the President. The request was promptly granted, and eight o'clock, P.M., designated as the hour for the interview. We were accompanied by Mr. Olmstead, Mr. Bloor, and an officer of the U. S. Army. We waited some minutes in the private drawing-room before the President appeared.

Times were gloomy then at Washington. The army was intrenching or intrenched—burning to advance, but held back alternately by its leader and the autumnal rains, and little substantial advantage had been gained. The men were suffering greatly from low fevers and chronic dysentery, and its unsatisfactory conduct impaired confidence. As we sat in silence, partaking of the general gloom, Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator, the honest patriot, the Christ-like man, entered. His brow was deeply furrowed, his face oppressively sad, his form slightly bowed, and his step feeble. He seemed to be literally staggering under a nation's burden, and we surmised had just left a perplexed and depressed meeting of the cabinet. As we rose to greet him, he shook each one's hand, with his awkward but touching cordiality, as Mr. Olmstead introduced us one by one. When he took his seat, Mr. Olmstead remarked we were a company of

women, representing the patriotic benevolence of various sections of the country, and had come to pay our respects to our honored chief magistrate, and receive words of encouragement from him that would stimulate home effort. His face did not relax, and a pause ensued. He then said: "Ladies, no one has the interests of the army more at heart than I have. I always rejoice to know they are remembered and cherished; still, great care must be taken not to tangle the lines of the big team. You know, when a coach-and-six runs off down hill, 'tis a desperate struggle to stop it; still one hand must hold the reins." We said we were well aware of that, and were happy to say we represented an organization that deprecated any interference with Government. We afterwards learned that so great had been the fears of intermeddling entertained by the Medical Bureau, that even our good President had imbibed the doubt, which was afterwards fully dispelled. After this wise caution, he proceeded to talk most kindly of the humanity, energy, and perseverance of good women, all the world over. I said, "Mr. President, have you not an encouraging word as to our country's prospects, that we may take back to the North-West? A token from you would inspire the people." With the sadness deepening on his worn face, he replied, "*What if I have none to give?*" A silence that might be felt followed these ominous words. A lady of the delegation broke the stillness by asking: "Mr. President, what is the most fruitful source of discouragement?" The President replied, "Desertion." "And what the penalty of desertion?" "Death!" he answered. "Why not enforce it?" He hesitated, looked weary, and said with

the simplicity of a child: "I don't like to; I can't." I thought him too merciful, then. He may have been. I believed that justice to the few would be mercy to the many. Still, it is a blessed memory he has left to us, that no personal grievance nor abuse aroused his vengeance; and that without fail, he exercised executive clemency, whenever possible, especially to the poor and lowly. Had not the assassin's ball paralyzed his dying tongue, he would have cried: "Father, forgive him, he knows not what he does."

After another pause, I said, "Mr. President, how is it among the rebels?" A humorous smile lighted his dark visage, as he said, rubbing his hands: "That's all our comfort; there are more of theirs than of ours." He talked freely of the army, praised the common soldiers with warmth, spoke highly of many prominent officers, and was silent where he could not praise. As we bade him farewell, he said: "I thank you for coming; I am glad I have seen you. Go on in your good work! God bless you!" Thus ended this interview with the President. I saw him the next day, under different circumstances. He appeared more cheerful; still intense sadness prevailed, and left a memory that I rejoiced to have removed by my last interview with him, but a short time before his death.

After the close of the session, we remained two days in Washington, to visit hospitals, and the various places of the Commission's work, and other points of interest. Our first visit was to the "Soldiers' Home," just what its name indicates; a place of refreshment, kind care, and gentle treatment to the honorably discharged soldiers, who held an intermediate position between civil and military life. It was

to shelter them till their papers could be found or corrected, and their pay secured; a work done gratuitously, by the Back-pay Agency of the Commission. In the meantime, they were cleansed, fed, clothed if necessary, and if sick, placed in the hospital till able to travel, and sent on their way rejoicing. The hospital connected with this Home had taken care of 935 very sick persons in nine months, during which period it had sheltered and relieved 7,187 soldiers. The 320 clean beds explained how this could be done.

The bright pleasant reading-room, bath-rooms, wash-room and baggage-room, proved to us that this "Home" was worthy of its name. This was one of twenty-five "Homes" of similar character under the care of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Through the efforts of one lady, in one of these in the vicinity of Washington, soldiers that were wandering homeless were brought in, who received $100,000 back pay, through the agency of the Commission, in the course of one year. Another merciful feature of this institution was very gratifying. Whenever a dispatch was sent, advising its officers of the approach of large bodies of wounded men to be placed in hospitals, appliances were at hand, and materials furnished, to meet them at the dépôt, with wagon-loads of supplies of food, stimulants, and clothing, suited to their necessities. On the same principle, in our Western Department of sanitary relief work, feeding-stations, as they were called, were established on the long routes from Chattanooga to Nashville, during the active operations of the army in that section of country. As car-loads of mangled heroes stopped at these stations, persons appointed for the purpose entered and fed the weary travellers with hot

coffee, soup, tea, soft crackers, etc., they often not knowing whence the succor came. But I must not forget to speak of another class that were sheltered at the "Home" in Washington.

We saw several soldiers' wives and mothers, with young children, seated around a plain but comfortable table. Some had gone there to take home their poor maimed boys, and some, their lifeless bodies. With the recklessness of overwhelming grief, they had left home without money, at a venture; and when all others forsook them, the Commission took them up. We also visited the five warehouses of the Commission; alas! nearly emptied by the sick from the Chickahominy. Of the 20,000 packages that had been sent to them, but *one* had been lost. It could not be otherwise, with such watchful care, and perfect system, difficult to find in the best business houses in civil life. We visited numerous hospitals in Washington, and found them well supplied and in good order. The Douglas Hospital, which occupied the former dwelling of the illustrious Illinois senator, was prominent for comfort. The choice flowers that were placed in vases in different rooms, gave great pleasure to the inmates, and shed an air of refinement over the establishment. The love of soldiers for flowers and sweet perfumes was remarkable. It was not uncommon to see whole regiments, in pleasant weather, when marching in the South, with flowers in their button-holes, caps, or on the point of their bayonets. They keenly enjoyed perfumes, and the sutlers drove a thriving business in that line. The men in this hospital were liberally supplied with both. It was said to be owing to the daily visits and devotion of Mrs. Douglas to their interests.

How perceptible is woman's influence in a hospital! The last place of interest we visited was the Convalescent Camp, in the neighborhood of Washington.

Here were congregated 15,000 men, many of whom had been thrust from the hospitals to make room for others. Some of them were not convalescent long. The change from warm rooms to tents without fire, in November, with no food but army rations, and no fire to cook them, accounted for the mortality, which was frightful, and the suffering, which was extreme. This camp was located on the unprotected side of a hill, exposed to the storms of winter and the heat of summer. 'Twas a bleak day in November when we visited it; a high wind swept over it, and patches of snow were lodged in the ravines by circling eddies of wind. The men were in tents, often on the bare ground, and with a knapsack for a pillow. They were obliged to walk almost a mile for fuel, and then cut or gather it. Some, with the fertility of campaigners, had scooped a trough in the earth, and by arranging bricks so as to insure a draft, had managed to secure warmth for their feet.

As we looked into one tent we saw a middle-aged man, of most respectable appearance, lying beside a pool of blood that he had vomited. Two days before, he had been pronounced convalescent from pneumonia—now his life-blood was oozing away, and he was "near his heavenly home," he said. I thought of the wife watching for *him*, or a *letter*. Another young soldier lay moving restlessly, and babbling of marches, fights, home, and mother, all mingled in strange confusion. Alas! typhoid fever had been subdued, to be replaced by brain

fever, the result of too early exposure, and he was near his release. I will not repeat more of the distressing sights at this camp, but introduce to you two bright young soldiers, across the way, who were having a jolly time, singing "Rally round the Flag, Boys," and capering to the music. Their joyousness was strange in this place—almost revolting, at first. Not having left the hospital till they were fit for the change, they had been able to procure fuel, and were frying savory pieces of pork, with slap-jacks mixed, ready to follow suit. "Boys, you are having a good time, and I judge from the frying-pan, are good cooks." "We think so, madam." "Did you learn this important science in the army?" "Yes, ma'am, for we had no necessity or opportunity at college." "You stepped, then, directly from academic halls into the ranks?" "We did." "What said your parents?" The face of the speaker flushed slightly; he answered: "They were not satisfied at first, but when they saw we were unhappy and resolved, they consented. We did not let them know that we were sick, and we are glad they have not seen 'Camp Misery.' We expect to finish our course after the war. We were in our second year when we left." "How do you like the service?" "It's rather rough; but we came in to take it as we found it, and are not discouraged. The 'OLD FLAG' brought us here, and, we believe, will carry us through."

Whether the brave boys are in college now, or in bloody graves, I do not know. The old world has been amazed at the developments of this war of the republic. If a tithe of the isolated facts of heroism, self-denial and endurance of the heroes "of the rank and file" could be made known, not only

they, but the people at home, would be overwhelmed, and say the world was not worthy of them.

Within a month after our visit, in compliance with the representations of the Sanitary Commission and Miss D. L. Dix, an order was issued to break up the old camp, and prepare for another, which was a blessed contrast to its forerunner, and might have been called Camp Paradise. A Sanitary Commission agent became its matron, and the comfortable barracks erected and furnished by Government, with the assistance rendered by the Sanitary Commission, wiped out the stain of its former name. A great mistake, perhaps to be expected from the limited hospital arrangements in the early part of the war, existed at that time. The men were thrust out of hospitals and sent to convalescent camps, or their regiments, before they were fitted for the change.

Mrs. Livermore and myself met with an affecting case, that represented a large class of the army at the time. As we were journeying to Washington, between Harrisburg and Baltimore, the cars ran off the track, and we were detained some hours. About 8 o'clock P.M., we heard a strange and perplexing noise, that sounded like the bellowing of an animal, and yet somewhat human. As the conductor passed, we asked for an explanation. He said it was a drunken soldier on the platform of the car. There was a driving snow-storm at the time. We said, "*Bring him in; drunk or sober, he is a soldier, and must not be left there.*" He said there was no room. We offered our seat. He refused gruffly, said he was no company for this car, and pushed on. We told the story to two gentlemen in front of us, saying he must come in, and asking them to use their manly strength to bring him. They

rose at once, opened the car door, and carried in the soldier. As they laid him on our seat, groaning terribly, and covered with snow (for he had no overcoat), his cap fell off, and disclosed the pallid face of a youth of eighteen, with upturned eyes, apparently very near death. We covered him with heated blanket shawls, and applied warm bricks to his chest. We found a surgeon at the extreme part of the car, who pronounced him in a desperate fit of cramp-colic, produced by exposure and fatigue when feeble. He had brandy and opium, which he forced into his mouth, and by dint of medical attention and faithful nursing, he had so far recovered in two hours as to lie peacefully, and open his great blue eyes wonderingly. *We* smiled, and *he* burst into tears, and covered his face with his thin fingers. We soothed him, and he said, "You must excuse me, ladies; but these are the first kind words I have heard since I have been in the army—for nine months. When I woke from that horrid dream and saw you watching me, I thought I was at home." Shortly after, an officer with captain's bars on his shoulders came up and said, "Why, William, what is the matter?" We answered for him, and said he had been almost dead, but was now better. "Are you his captain?" I said. "Not exactly; I was put in charge of a hundred convalescents, to take back to their regiments. They are not well enough to go; some of them almost as sick as this one." "Do you know this youth personally?" "No; but they told me at the hospital that when he was put there, they were requested to be careful of him, for he was a good soldier, and delicate. I had him in the rear car with the rest, went out, and have not been back till just now." William looked up and said, "Captain, I

was sick; not wishing to disturb the rest, I went to the platform for air, and that is all I know."

My indignation had been steadily rising. I said, sternly, "When you undertook the charge of these men, were you not under obligations to take care of them, and not leave them for hours to be neglected, abused, and branded as drunkards. Four hours after this youth was left to die on the platform, you have come to inquire after him. But for us, you would have found his corpse, for the surgeon said he was pulseless, and could not have lived an hour longer. We tell you, sir, this is not the way to treat the 'rank and file' of the army; no wonder they desert, if this is a specimen of their treatment. The mother of this youth would have held you to account, had he died." He felt the justice of the rebuke, rendered us what assistance he could, and said his fault had been one of thoughtlessness; as cruel, however, in its *results* as any other. He handed over William to us, and gave us written authority to place him in a hospital. We spent two hours after midnight in Baltimore, riding from hospital to hospital to find a vacant bed. At last we succeeded, and left him warm, clean, and comfortable. We heard from the surgeon daily while in Washington, and a few weeks after our return, received a most touching letter from his mother and sister, refined, educated ladies in New Jersey. They thanked us earnestly for *saving William's life*, and said morning and evening, at the family altar, while they lived, would they invoke on us God's blessing for the spared life of their only son and brother, and then told how good he was, how true, how faithful and obedient.

Were not my limits and my course prescribed, I could tell

much of the national capital, that challenged in splendor and purity, an iceberg in the noonday sun. Its vast dome, lofty corridors, marble stairways, gorgeous paintings, innumerable frescoes from dome to basement, dazzled and astonished us. We shuddered as we reflected what might have been, what might and would be, but for the "Boys in Blue." I once heard Gen. Sherman say, in addressing the army, and I honored him for it: "You soldiers have made me what I am; you have put the stars on my shoulder." Well may it be said: "These heroes have saved for us this magnificent capital and all its glorious surroundings, and have made it what it is, the capital of a regenerated nation of freemen."

Before we left Washington, we drove over the Long Bridge, which has become a classic structure since it has been made the passage-way of the great Union army. The sight of it brought to mind a touching incident related to me by Chaplain D., of the army. His son, who was at college at the commencement of the war, enlisted in the "rank and file." During the campaign of the Peninsula he was seized with typhoid fever and taken to a hospital, where he lay many weeks, vibrating between life and death. At length he became convalescent, but was unable to leave the house. Among the reinforcements that were ordered from Washington to the front, his regiment was included. It lay encamped within his sight and hearing. As the drum called to arms, the tents were struck, canteens and haversacks filled, rifles and knapsacks shouldered, his spirit rose, and he felt he must go. Without counsel he left the hospital, and followed his regiment till partly over the Long Bridge, when his feeble limbs refused their office, and he fell. He still crawled on

till, when they halted after passing the bridge, he overtook them, and rising up, fell into line. He was a great favorite in the regiment, and all the men knew him. Said his colonel to his father, when relating the incident, "When his pale face and feeble form was seen, shout upon shout rent the air. That act was worth a regiment to our division; the men were inspired, and resolved to do or die." The effect on the youth himself was most unexpected—almost miraculous. From that moment he gathered strength, and ere long was able to march and fight with the rest of his comrades.

On the road to Alexandria, we passed Arlington, the former dwelling-place of the rebel General Lee; the deluded man, who left this stately mansion, with its magnificent surroundings, to raise his parricidal hand against the beneficent Government that had protected, fostered, educated, and intrusted him with great responsibilities and high position. The proud old manor-house had been made the headquarters of the Union army and the freedmen alternately, and its lawns the burial-place of the nation's dead—a signal rebuke of inexcusable treachery. The point of special interest to us in Alexandria, was the house in which Col. Ellsworth was murdered. The last time I had seen him in Chicago, was just before the war commenced. He had returned from the triumphal march of his then unparalleled Zouaves, through the eastern and southern cities. He was the personification of manly strength and agility. With characteristic generosity he had offered the services of his company and himself, to give an exhibition drill for the benefit of a benevolent institution. At the first call he and his boys sprang to arms. God had been training them, and, through them, the nation,

for what was coming; for their advent seemed to have created a military *furore* throughout the north, and occasioned the organization of numerous military companies. As I looked upon the place where the coward's bullet had sealed his doom, I heard the story of his almost reckless bravery. The sight of a rebel flag, flaunting from the observatory of a house in Alexandria, within sight of the capitol, had sent his patriotic blood coursing through his veins. He forgot all but the insult to the Government, and with a bound, scarcely touching the stairs, reached and demolished it. In a dark corner, concealed, lay the coward traitor. He sped the ball that released the spirit of Ellsworth, but instantly was sent to his own place by the hand of his avenger. A favorite of the lamented Lincoln, he was his forerunner in martyrdom. His blood has been the seed of patriotism. It became the watch-word of the army, and inspired the troops to deeds of valor. His life was short as men count time, but long in patriotism and results.

The next day we bade farewell to Washington, fearing, we knew not what, for darkness brooded over the nation, and none might tell when the night should be over and the sun of liberty arise. Sherman had not then electrified the nation with his brilliant series of successes; the dashing Sheridan had not swept through the Valley of Virginia with his irresistible squadrons; nor the calm, resolute Lieutenant-General planted himself in the Army of the Potomac, announcing quietly his policy: "We shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." No eye could foresee, and no prophetic voice foretell these glad tidings.

CHAPTER VI.

The supply-work of the North-Western Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.—Volunteer aid of the press.—Necessities for supplies at dépôts in advance of battles.—Result of earnest work and thorough organization.—Wisconsin Aid Society.—Mrs. Colt.—Michigan Branch U. S. Sanitary Commission.—Miss Campbell.—Iowa Branch.—Mrs. T. E. Simpson, Minnesota North-Western Branch Aid Societies.—Incidents of alleged misappropriations of stores at Mount Carroll.—Self-sacrifice and heroism of north-western women illustrated by striking incidents.—The manual labor of women to permit men to enlist. — Labors in aid societies.—Soldiers' rests and homes.—Female nurses.

IMMEDIATELY after our return from Washington, Mrs. Livermore and myself undertook the thorough organization of the supply-work of the North-Western Sanitary Commission. We wrote stimulating circulars, opened a vigorous correspondence with the aid societies within the bounds of the Commission, and organized large numbers of new societies.

Where circumstances required it, we made personal visits to individual or county aid societies. We furnished articles for the daily press and religious weeklies. These were published gratuitously, thus giving us the benefit of their extensive circulation. The value of such contributions in kind, can scarcely be estimated. The liberality of the press not only saved to the Commission thousands of dollars, but

added greatly to the popularity of the organization, and carried the news of what home-workers were doing to the army, where these papers were distributed in large numbers by the various Commissions.

Heretofore the North-Western Commission had relied chiefly on the spontaneous contributions of the people, largely stimulated by reports of sanguinary battles. This dependence on spasmodic benevolence proved to be inadequate to its wants. The dépôts of the Commission, near the scene of action, must be kept well supplied, to be ready for emergencies. This could not be the case, if these very exigencies were the stimulants to draw forth the supplies.

At the battle of Stone River, which took place the 31st of December, and 1st and 2d of January, 1863, our loss in wounded was over 7,000, and the rebel loss 10,000. This battle occurred very shortly after our return from Washington, and the treasury and shelves of the Commission were empty. The news arrived on Saturday, and it was only by the great exertions of our President, who appealed to the Board of Trade, and the liberal response of some of Chicago's citizens to our earnest pleading, that car-loads of supplies were sent forward to the scene of action the day following. From that time, the treasury of the North-Western Commission never failed; her supply-work rapidly enlarged.

To the energy and efficiency of Mrs. H. L. Colt, of Milwaukee, Secretary of Soldiers' Aid Society of Wisconsin, the Commission is deeply indebted for the thorough organization and continued supplies from Wisconsin. Miss Valeria Campbell, the head of the Sanitary Commission work in Michigan, was a faithful and able co-worker with the North-Western

Branch till 1864, when the Michigan Commission became an independent branch, reporting to Dr. Newberry.

Northern Indiana sent us handsome contributions, and Minnesota, in the midst of her own Indian troubles, with her sparse population, sent, through Mrs. T. E. Simpson, the motive power of sanitary operations in that State, forty-seven packages in two months, from Winona alone.

Iowa, during the war, contributed to the Branch Commission at Chicago over fifty thousand dollars in money, and five thousand packages of supplies; Michigan, while tributary to the Commission at Chicago, almost eight thousand dollars in money, and five thousand two hundred and sixty-four boxes. Wisconsin sent between seven and eight thousand boxes, and almost nine thousand dollars to the North-Western Branch at Chicago. Where all did so nobly, as these figures show, comparisons would be invidious. Still, even on this "Roll of Honor," Iowa stands conspicuous. 'Tis simple justice to record that she was the banner sanitary State in the North-West, as I believe her military record will prove she was in enlistments in proportion to her population. Her contributions and efforts were amazing for the benefit of sick soldiers, under her able, enthusiastic, and veteran leader, Rev. D. Norris; and she also sent large gifts to the Western Sanitary Commission at St. Louis, and the Christian Commission, in the latter part of the war, through their widely-known representative, Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer.

As will be seen at a glance, this Commission became a power in the Western Department of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. From November 1, 1861, to December 1, 1862, the amount of money received in the Chicago North-

Western Branch, during a period of thirteen months, had been twenty thousand dollars, and the number of packages (5,000) five thousand. From December, 1862, immediately after the Council at Washington, to the close of the Commission, a period of two years and a half, the amount paid into the treasury was ($311,000) three hundred and eleven thousand dollars; and supplies during the same period to the amount of almost, if not quite, a million of money were contributed. These supplies were carefully appraised at a cash valuation, at the respective dates of their receipt.

In our frequent journeys throughout the North-West, to complete the organization we had planned and eventually accomplished, we had rare opportunities of seeing and estimating the value of the work of the WOMEN OF THE PRAIRIES, both in labor and sacrifice. The aid societies depended greatly for their efficiency on the officers controlling them. With few exceptions they were wisely chosen, and succeeded in developing and organizing the vast amount of the patriotism and humanity of the women, who labored with them.

They met ordinarily once during the week at the schoolhouse, lecture-room, or dwelling of the president, if no more suitable place could be found. Committees were appointed to prepare and give out work, to procure funds, make purchases, cut out clothing, and pack and forward boxes. The officers were sometimes chosen annually, sometimes quarterly. The variety of the devices of these societies to raise money for the benefit of the Commission, would form a unique and entertaining history. Sometimes the money was sent to the North-Western Commission, and sometimes

expended in material to be made into garments, or supplies to be sent to us.

The great barriers to the prosperity of these aid societies, were the charges of squandered and misappropriated stores. These unwarrantable attacks were sometimes made by surgeons discharged for incompetency, or returned soldiers who had never been in hospital, and had thus no opportunity of seeing the work of the Commission, or of those who had received its blessings, and knew not the source from whence they came.

A case in point: Mrs. W., president of an aid society in Dixon—a prominent town in Illinois—and one of the most faithful workers in the State, related to me the following incident: Her son, who had returned home on sick furlough, said to his mother, "I never received any Sanitary stores when I was in the hospital." "Did you receive no green tea and white sugar, or codfish, or eggs, or farina?" "Yes, I did; but no canned fruits, lemons, jellies, or clothing." Said she: "All that you have enumerated were doubtless furnished by the Commission." At night, when he had taken his bath, and thrown aside his soiled under-garments, she gathered them up and found them all marked "North-Western Sanitary Commission;" yet so silently and unobtrusively had the work been done, that he knew it not. With moistened eyes his mother said "that was reward enough for all her labor, and proof sufficient of the blessed effects of the Commission, to keep her at work till the war should close."

At the request of an aid society at Mt. Carroll, I visited that place to settle the vexed question of sanitary stores. The wife of the colonel of a regiment recruited in that

vicinity, called to accompany me to the meeting. On the way thither she stated, that on the previous day she had received a letter from her husband, in which he said he had visited the hospitals in Memphis, at her request, to ascertain from the men themselves, whether the supplies reached them. The investigation proved so satisfactory, that he wrote as follows: "I find that the Sanitary Commission has done, and is doing, so great a work in the hospitals of Memphis, that I urge you to renewed zeal in the work of the Aid Society tributary to it." The letter was read at the meeting with marked effect, and brought out a corresponding statement from the wife of an esteemed physician from Mt. Carroll, who was post-surgeon at one of the Nashville hospitals. He had stated in a letter just received, substantially, what the colonel had done, and closed with the remark, "He should never again hold back his wife in the work of the Sanitary Commission."

It is needless to say, with these testimonials and the facts that I had witnessed, and that I stated on the occasion, the meeting was enthusiastic and successful, and the ladies resolved to continue and increase their work.

On another occasion I visited Bluffville, Ill., at the urgent request of Mrs. F——, the Postmistress of the district, and president of the aid society. The settlement was some miles from the railroad station, and I found a farmer's wagon with its worthy owner, awaiting me. We drove to the house of Mrs. F——, who apologized for her limited accommodations and humble dwelling, which I found sheltered a head and heart that would have done honor to a palace. The settlement was sparse, the people poor; "all having

enough to do to get along these war times," she said, "when so many of their men had enlisted." The cause of our suffering soldiers had lain upon her heart from the beginning of the war. She endeavored to form an aid society, but no one had time or money to give, though probably she had as little of either, as any one. Nothing daunted, she determined to work alone. After days of domestic toil and official duties, she worked far into the night; and in two weeks succeeded in piecing and quilting a warm covering for a sick soldier's bed. She called in the neighbors to rejoice with her, and on the spot they formed an aid society, and appointed committees to gather eggs, butter, vegetables, and what money they could collect, to purchase material for work. She felt they were not doing enough, and wrote to me to come to her assistance and tell the people about the soldiers that I had seen, and rouse them up to more earnest effort.

Mrs. F. besought me to let the farmers come to the meeting. "They are plain men," she said, "eager to hear; and they are the source of our supply. For the sake of the suffering soldiers, let them in." I did, unwillingly, but soon forgot everything but the hospitals, pale faces, battle-fields and transports. In the audience, I saw as usual fresh weeds, eager looks, and streaming tears, that told the shot had boomed over these prairies, and strewn them with broken hearts and withered hopes. At the close of the meeting, the iron grasp and tearful eyes of these stalwart farmers greatly affected me, and repaid me for the sacrifice. Bluffville worked on to the close of the Commission, and from the "depth of her poverty abounded the riches of her liberality."

As I was on my homeward journey, I was detained some

hours at a small settlement in Illinois, to make the direct connection for Chicago. Desirous to improve the time, I asked the landlady of the hotel where I stopped, if there was an aid society in the place. "Yes, indeed," she said, and she had been its president till her eyesight failed, that she was now almost blind, and her husband said 'twas because she had sewed at night for the soldiers. From the porch where she sat she pointed to a house and said, "You'll find a lady there, in that milliner's shop, that can tell you all about it."

I found her and her room filled with buxom lasses, trying on the latest style of head-gear. I told my errand, but said, "I see you are busy; I have but a few hours to remain, and can send you some circulars, and write to you from Chicago." "I always have time to hear about the army," she replied, "and cannot let you go without having you meet our ladies. We have longed to see you." "But the time is short," I answered. "Can you be here at 11 o'clock?" she asked. I replied I could. "Then we will be ready for you. Ladies," she said, "I know you will not be willing to lose the opportunity of hearing about our brave volunteers, from one who has been to Vicksburg. If you will be messengers to notify the meeting, I will stop work, clean up the shop, and be ready for you in an hour." I resolved to know this woman's history. Fifteen minutes before the meeting opened she gave me the following statement. She was refined and educated, and I use her words as nearly as possible:

"When the first call came, my husband, myself, and two little ones, one a babe, were living in this house, in easy circumstances, he having a profitable business. I saw he was uneasy, but he kept silent, as I did. When the next

call came, he said, 'I must attend the meeting to raise recruits.' I knew what that meant, but was prepared, for I had pondered it in my heart. I said, 'James, if you feel it to be your duty to go, don't let me and the children hinder you.' He started. 'Wife,' said he, 'you can't conduct the business and support the family. You have been delicately reared, never have done even your own work.' 'I know all that,' I said, 'but I have thought it all over, and know what I can do. From a child I have made my own bonnets, and have been told they were tasteful. A milliner's shop is needed here. I can get a good workwoman from Chicago, open a shop, and support myself and the children. If all wait till it is convenient to go, what will become of the country?' Said this earnest woman, "I was interrupted by the sobs of my husband. He said my courage broke him down more than tears or entreaties to stay. He went to the meeting, gave in his name as a recruit, came home, and on our bended knees together that night, we asked God to accept the sacrifice and preserve us all to meet at the close of the war. He settled up his business. I opened my store, and it has prospered greatly. He has been preserved thus far, and has been promoted. He is a man of intelligence, firmness, and piety."

When I could speak, I said: "How can you manage to attend the aid society?" "My dear madam," she exclaimed, "how could I live without it? When I plan, and work for it, I am beside my beloved husband, working for my country. It meets here every other week." "How do you manage?" I said. "I close the work-room," she continued, "at noon, that day. The girls are willing to stay and help me. We

clean the room and *carry all the boxes to the adjoining one.* We sew till dark, and then restore the shop to working order, and by *sitting up till midnight, I make up for lost time.*" "Is there no one more favorably situated that will bear this burden?" "It seems not," she meekly answered. "Our numbers are few, as the majority of the people live in the country. There is a friend of mine who has *opened a dress-making establishment to let her husband enlist, and we alternate.*"

My heart was almost too full for utterance when the meeting began. I know not what I said; I only know we all wept together, and those present pledged themselves to share this heroic woman's burden, as they had not done before, and they kept their promise. I said aloud, "Such heroes as compose the rank and file of our army, with *such women to back them, must conquer—they are invincible.*"

Across the commons there was a fine brick dwelling, with flower-beds, lawns and broad walks. I said: "Do not the residents in that house assist you in your work?" "No," she answered, quietly. "They have a great deal of company, and don't take any interest in the army. They are copper-heads, and say our husbands are fools for going; *that is the hardest of all to bear.*" At the close of the meeting we parted, not to meet again till on that day for which all other days were made. The dwellers in the stately mansion, and the self-denying, Christian heroine will be there: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me;" and "Inasmuch as ye have *not* done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have *not* done it unto Me."

Allow me to give one more representative case of

these patriotic prairie women. I had been long urged to visit S——, a flourishing town in Illinois, to reorganize and reanimate a declining aid society. At the close of the meeting, the members proceeded to elect new officers, and I said, "Ladies, be careful in your choice, for on that depends much of the prosperity of your society. Select the women of the most energy, perseverance, wisdom and patriotism. Let no other considerations influence you." The name of Mrs. F. was mentioned for president, by three persons at the same time. She was not there, and a friend remarked she would not be able to fill the position, as her health was very delicate, and she had heavy responsibilities. The answer was made, that if she would only advise them, and meet with them once a week, they would ask no more of her. She was elected unanimously.

The lady at whose house I sojourned, proposed that I should drive out a mile and see her, and hear her remarkable story from her own lips, telling me only, that she had two sons and a husband in the army, had cheerfully given them, and was left at home with a little boy to work the farm. The dwelling was plain, and the garden neglected. It gave evidence of the absence of the strong arms that had made it the pride of the neighborhood. She came out to the carriage to greet us, and after I was introduced, I said, "Madam, I have come to see a loving wife and mother, who has given her husband and two sons, without a murmur, to serve their country, and remained behind to toil, that they may go. Pray, tell me your wonderful story."

"It is very short," said the frail creature. Her flashing black eyes kindled till they cast a glow over her pale face,

as she said, "When the rebels fired on Sumter, my heart was on fire. I longed to be a man to avenge the insult. My boys sprang to arms, enlisted, and were off in a twinkling, and I blessed them for it. After a year's absence, one came home on furlough. As we sat lingering around our last supper together, I looked at my husband and said, 'If the young boys can stand it, and the country needs more men, why can't you go?' He looked at me earnestly, and said, 'I've longed to go, but dare not leave *you* alone, with none but our little one to help you.' 'Don't fear that,' I said; 'we shall manage to get along. The farm will grow shabby, of course.'" As she said this she looked at the rusty fence and rickety gate, and added, "It had better be so than lose the country." She continued: "Early next morning my son and husband left for the battery." She said she had been as well as before they left, heard from them quite often, that they were in good health and contented, and she did not believe that harm would reach them, for they were under the shelter of her Heavenly Father's wing. Thank God, if they never met on earth, they would all meet in heaven, for that was the home to which they looked forward.

Did I mistake, when I said the prairie women had unfathomable depths of patriotism and heroism? Multiply these cases indefinitely and the result may be reached.

On a bleak day in February, I was making preparations to visit the army at Young's Point, and was to leave in the night train for Cairo. A woman earnestly requested to see me, as she had a package for me to take to her husband, in my son's regiment, 113th Illinois Volunteers. I had offered to take such parcels, and she was ushered in. She held by

the hand two little boys, having deposited the box in the hall. She was a bright-looking woman, and her boys unusually handsome. She said, "Mrs. H., I have brought a box for you to take to my husband, and my boys for you to see. When you get to Vicksburg, please find Peter R., and you will see as nice a man as you ever set eyes on. I want you to tell him his boys look well, and his wife too. Tell him we are all getting along first-rate; that I get plenty of work, and the boys are good and obedient, and not to fret about us." "I'm glad to be the bearer of such good news," I said, "and I will see your husband and give it to him." Then she drew her hands from her coarse mittens and held them up, cracked and bleeding. "*Don't tell him*, I beseech you," she said, "that I have worn the skin off my hands, washing every day; and *don't tell him* that I have to put the little boys to bed, when they come from school, to keep them warm, as I have no wood nor lights. *Don't tell him*, that often when I walk home, after a hard day's scrubbing, my skirts freeze stiff. It's all true; but still we are well and keep warm in bed, and are not marching in mud and snow, or sick in a hospital. *Tell Peter all the good you can, and keep back all the bad.* Tell the poor fellow," and she here broke down, "if he'll keep in good heart and take care of his end of the line, I'll take care of mine; and don't let him know I spent two dollars and a half for things to put in the box. They'd choke him if he knew it." We need scarcely say that she did not suffer after this for wood, and that the little boys studied their lessons by lamp-light.

The women of the land, with that quick perception which so often leads them to correct conclusions, without a slow

process of reasoning, comprehended the import of the war from its early stages. The quiet of their homes and domestic pursuits, gave them the opportunity to ponder on the matter. They felt that they must give their husbands and sons to conquer or to die. They did not refuse the offering; and woman's heart, *alone, comprehends the sacrifice.* They counted the cost, paid the price, and with a sagacity and zeal that has turned a new leaf in woman's history and development, have created supplies by the work of their fingers, managed and controlled at the different branches of the Commission an amount of business heretofore considered impracticable for women. In the various departments of aid societies, soldiers' rests and homes, in hospitals and transports, they have performed a humane work, that may well challenge history for a parallel.

The amount of manual labor that was done by the wives and daughters of prosperous north-western farmers during the war, was marvellous in extent and results. The North-Western States were almost stripped of bone and muscle by enlistments. As their interests were mainly agricultural, the loss was heavily felt. In my journeys through these States, I frequently saw the ruddy, smiling faces of these patriot women in the garden and field. They were planting seed, weeding gardens, gathering crops, binding sheaves, raking hay, driving team, with resolution and cheerfulness. When I visited camps, hospitals, and graves at the front, I felt that these unselfish heroes were worthy of marshals' batons and victors' wreaths. When I returned to the North I beheld women in the fields or in the shop, adding the burden of family maintenance to the cares of wife and mother, or still

more, with white faces and emblems of sorrow, patiently *working, watching, and waiting.* Who shall say which bore the palm of heroism?

The busy hands of women kept in active operation the soldiers' rests and refreshment saloons throughout the land, feeding thousands of troops in transitu, and allowing none to pass through the cities where they were established, without a comfortable meal. I speak from personal knowledge of the rest in Chicago, which was an appendage of the Soldiers' Home, under the control of the same board, whose president, Thos. B. Bryan, Esq., was one of the leading spirits in every benevolent and patriotic movement during the war, and its vice-president, Mrs. O. E. Hosmer, one of Chicago's most efficient army workers. At all hours of the day and night, these admirable women were ready to meet the returning or departing regiments, and by their orderly arrangements and persevering labor, fed thousands in a day, and gave them better meals than could be procured, except at a first-class hotel.

Still another order of female army workers must not be omitted. I refer to the nurses in hospitals and transports. Most of these self-sacrificing women left homes of comfort, some of luxury, to administer to the sick and wounded soldiers. To endure the oppressive and often unhealthy air of the hospitals, to witness harrowing sights, to dress loathsome wounds, or assist in the operation, to exercise the skill and patience necessary to meet the wants of the sick and wounded, to endure the suspicions or coldness of surgeons, to exercise the "wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove," required an amount of skill, sagacity, tact, and cheerful endurance that is rare to meet, and inspiring when witnessed.

Instead of being astonished that so little of this material was developed during the war, one should be surprised that so much became available.

In the earlier organization of hospitals, great opposition to the introduction of these nurses existed among the medical staff of the army. The system was an untried experiment, and was suspiciously watched and severely criticized. Unfortunate failures were magnified and widely circulated. The misguided zeal of some benevolent individuals thrust large numbers of women into hospitals, without organization or consultation with surgeons. As a consequence, they were summarily dismissed by the surgeons. During the progress of the war, evils were corrected in this, as in other departments, and order more fully established. The most skilful and humane surgeons sought the assistance of women as nurses, in suitable numbers and for proper positions. Experience taught that for each ward one was sufficient for any emergency, and too much under ordinary circumstances. The linen-rooms and diet-kitchens were eventually placed entirely in the hands of women, and the improved condition of the beds, patients, and food, and the decreased per centum of deaths, attested the wisdom of the change.

In the outset of the war, Miss D. L. Dix had been appointed by Government, general superintendent of the nurses of military hospitals in the United States, and continued to hold this position till the close of the war. Mr. James E. Yeatman, of St. Louis, Mrs. D. P. Livermore and Mrs. A. H. Hoge, were appointed her agents for the hospitals of the Western Department. They detailed large numbers of efficient and faithful nurses, who were sent to hospi-

tals on the requisition of post-surgeons, and of whose work and worth they received abundant testimonials from officers, surgeons and patients. It was proven that their labors were invaluable, if not indispensable, to the success of hospitals in the Western Department.

Without the assistance of women, these institutions might have been well organized, well supplied, clean and comfortable; although experience proved that this was not the rule. In such establishments, however, there was the same lack of home-like air, and indefinable tone of domestic comfort, that is seen in bachelors' mansions, no matter how lordly or well appointed. The right of woman to the sphere which includes housekeeping, cooking and nursing, has never been disputed. The proper administration of these three departments, makes the internal arrangements of a hospital complete; and are only secondary in importance to the skill and faithfulness of surgeons.

Many of these heroic women passed suddenly from their labor to their reward, apart from home and relatives to which women naturally cling. God, in great mercy, gave them compensation for the absence of the only earthly aids that we have heretofore believed could smooth the passage to the grave, and rob the grim messenger of his stern features—the sympathy, love and tenderness of kindred. The regiment or hospital, made up of brave fellows, tender and grateful as women and children to those who sacrificed all to succor them, rallied round the sick or feeble nurses, with affecting eagerness. No service was too toilsome or exacting; no tribute of gratitude equal to their deserts. While they lived, they felt that hundreds, perhaps thousands, were yearn-

ing for their recovery, and they well knew should death come, as many sad hearts would mourn, and a painful void be left.

A case in point. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing, a slender, modest girl, petite in figure and of unusual beauty, made application to us, for a place as hospital nurse. We said, "We cannot send you; you are too young and too handsome for such a position." A flush passed over her face, almost severe in youthful beauty, as she said, "I am older than you suppose, and as to my curls, I will cut them off, as that is the only way to get rid of them; they are obstinate." Her soft blue eyes pleaded eloquently as she said, "Pray let me go; I am able, willing and resolute. I dream of the hospitals, and know that I could alleviate much suffering." "Have you ever nursed?" "Not continuously, but I have had a thorough medical education in an Eastern institution, and understand the surgical dressing of wounds. You must not refuse me."

After consultation we agreed, in this case, to transcend our ordinary rules, and with many exactions and some trepidation, gave her a detail, after telling her of the suspicion, hardships, and risk of health to which she would be exposed. She knew it all; had a relative who had been in hospitals, and his letters and tales of woe only inspired her with added determination. She left that night for Paducah Hospital, then filled to its utmost capacity, with sick and wounded soldiers.

From time to time, we heard accounts of her remarkable success. Then came a letter from the surgeon of the hospital, praising her ability and faithfulness, wondering at her skill, so perceptible, that he had placed her in charge of a ward of surgical cases that were improving rapidly, she still following

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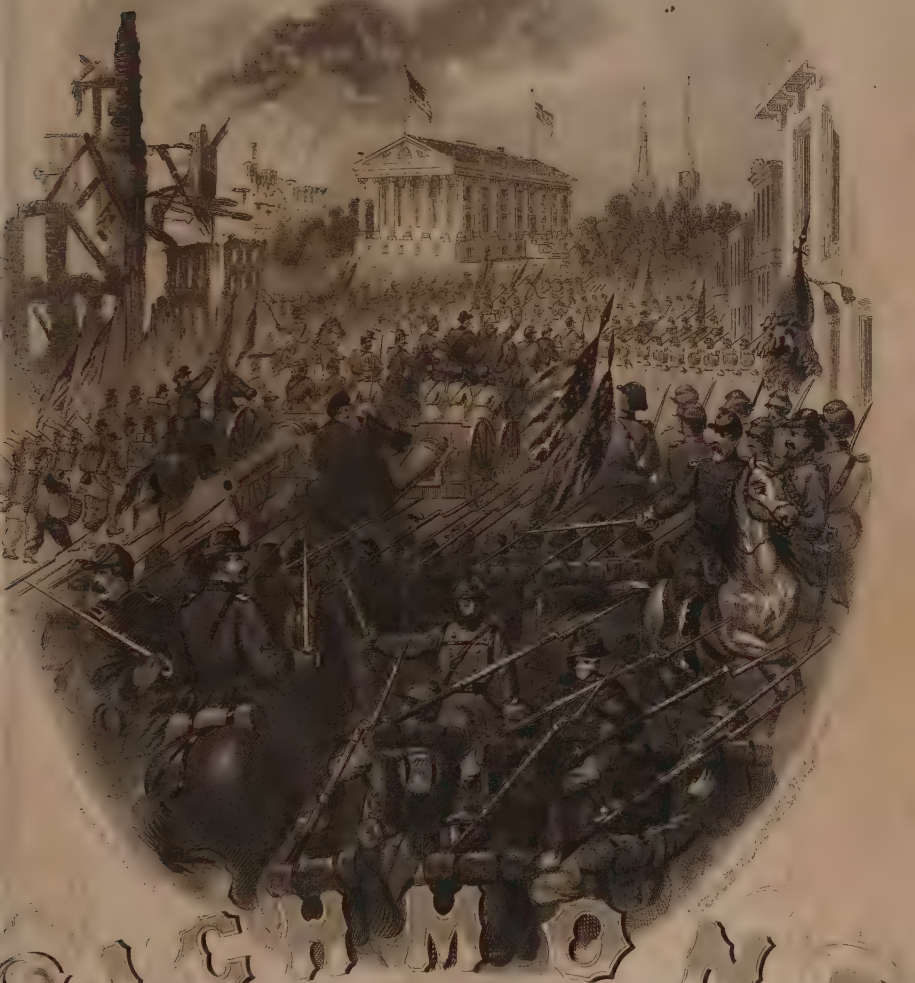

RICHMOND

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our advice, burying in silence her medical education and degree. After she had toiled a year without respite, we were shocked to receive the following telegram from the surgeon: "Almira Fifield is dead; send for her body." Investigation proved that over-exertion and a malarious atmosphere had caused a congestive chill, which she concealed as far as possible, fearing she might be sent home and obliged to leave the "boys," who clung to her for life, hope, and health. Want of rest and change induced a repetition of the attack, shattered the frail casket, and released the almost glorified spirit of this youthful martyr to liberty and humanity.

Three sisters, of the name of Robb, were successively examined and approved by us for hospital service. They had fine Scotch physiques, much executive ability, and active piety. Two of the sisters were driven home to Chicago in the course of the year, feeble and attenuated by their prodigious labors. The third resolved to remain and risk her life for the regiment to which she was attached, which had learned to rely on her strength and wisdom, in sickness and in health. In mid-winter she was seized with the Mississippi fever, under which she sank, and began her new year in heaven, where so many, to whom she had ministered spiritually and temporally, had preceded her.

Mrs. Livermore visited Milliken's Bend, the spring following her death. The regiment in which Miss Robb had labored was quartered on one of the most princely plantations of that region. It had been preserved, almost intact; its dwelling-house, stables, negro huts, cotton-house, and flower-garden, were unmolested and in perfection. As Mrs. Livermore's escort of blue coats accompanied her, pointing out its various

beauties, she observed a rude paling, inclosing a square, filled with perennials in full bloom and variety, and a wealth of myrtle that almost obscured the mound, that casts the shadow of death, even over the gayest parterre. She thought the subdued voices and soft tread of the "men" spoke of a comrade taking his rest. One of them said, "This is Miss Robb's grave. When she was dying, she wanted to be buried in sight of the camp, in the midst of us all, living and dead. We put her here, and have tried to show how we honored her. We had nothing but flowers and boards to work with. We have her favorite flowers, and *myrtle, you know, means love.*" They had planted a memorial worthy of their martyred nurse, more fair, significant, and touching, in its perennial bloom, than sculptured marble or majestic pyramid.

Some women who did not die in actual service fell victims slowly to disease, the result of fatigue and exposure. Since the close of the war they have been, and still are, filling untimely graves. Since the body of this work was written, the press has recorded the death of Miss Rachel McFadden, of Pittsburg. She was the motive power of the Pittsburg Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and with her abounding zeal, strong will, and fine executive ability, inspired the hearts of the noble aids who carried on the work at that place so efficiently. After a severe battle in the West, she received a telegram from Dr. Newberry, at Louisville. It said: "Send all your stores at once—they are greatly needed." She understood its meaning, and without a moment's delay, asked a gentleman of the Commission for two car-loads of stores to be sent that day. The treasury was depleted, the freight-cars crowded with merchandise, the

time very short. He replied, astonished at the demand, "It cannot be done; you might as well try to move the Alleghanies." "No! no!" she answered, "*you can't hitch those on to a locomotive and send them steaming down South, but you can two car-loads of supplies.*" Her persistent resolution inspired the entire band of workers; the gentlemen of the Commission, including the one referred to, became infused with renewed life and energy, and the evening train answered the telegram satisfactorily, by carrying the two car-loads of sanitary supplies, to the suffering heroes at Louisville. The close of the Commission alone released her from her labors; but overwrought activity of brain and mind had so diminished vital forces and recuperative power, that slowly, but steadily, she walked down into the valley from whence no traveller returns, and added another to the list of lives consecrated on the altar of Freedom.

I cannot dismiss this important subject without alluding to the work of women in camps and battle-fields. My experience during the war convinced me it should be confined to the very few women of suitable age that were specially endowed for this most difficult and delicate branch, of the entire round of women's many labors. I cannot ignore it, while I have been permitted to see and know the labors of Mother Bickerdyke, Mrs. George Harvey, Mrs. Jeremiah Porter, Mrs. Dr. Harris, Mrs. Plummer, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Green, and others not less deserving, who have accomplished so vast an amount of good in camps and battle-fields. Great interest has been felt and expressed to obtain an accurate and reliable account of the work of Mrs. Bickerdyke in the army, supreme in extent and results.

CHAPTER VII.

SKETCH OF MRS. BICKERDYKE.

Mrs. Bickerdyke's amazing energy and futile expedients.—Laundries and bakeries.—Major-Gen. Buford.—Her refusal to nurse a Major-General's son.—Her call to the hospitals from Galesburg.—Mrs. B. and unfaithful ward-master in Brick Hospital, Cairo.—Her trips on hospital transports after battle at Pittsburg Landing.—Feat on the Fanny Bullet.—Sketch of the armada leaving Fort Henry.—Mrs. B.'s hospital work at Savannah.—At Corinth.—Removal of hospital in the midst of the battle of Corinth.—Her work in small-pox hospital at Memphis.—Her laundries at Memphis.—Her raid on Northern cows and hens for benefit of Memphis Hospital.—Her personal gifts to soldiers.—Her work at Huntsville.—Her work at Beaufort, Morehead City, Wilmington, and finally in Sherman's victorious army.

MOTHER, was the sobriquet of this extraordinary woman throughout the entire Western army. In General Sherman's old corps (the 15th) she seemed to be the individual mother of every man in the ranks. She was *sui generis*, and as such, can neither be described nor judged according to ordinary rules. In the rapid organization of a huge army there was necessarily much ignorance among its officials, of wise and necessary army routine. This want of knowledge and experience, bewildered and hampered even conscientious men, desirous to do their duty. In the rapid and numerous appointments, some unfaithful surgeons found place, who

were arrogant and overbearing in proportion to their ignorance and lack of principle. The victims of incompetency and faithlessness were the "rank and file" of the army, who had no redress, but were reduced from individual, intelligent existence, to machines for military purposes.

These evils were the inevitable results of war suddenly precipitated on a peaceful people. In such exigencies God raises up individuals, in civil and military life, fit for pioneer work, with ability and zeal that raises them above their fellows, with gifts suited to the occasion. The subsoil of the prairie cannot be upturned by an ordinary machine, nor brooding pestilence scattered by the soft winds of heaven, "blow they never so sweetly." The successful prairie farmer must fall back on the prairie-plough, drawn by half a score of oxen; and the *thunderbolt* must scatter the pestilence that "walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noonday."

So in the army. When hospitals were rank with disease and death, foul with festering and unwashed wounds, and unclean garments, inexperienced surgeons stood aghast, and felt almost powerless to cleanse and purify; while arrogant, negligent, and merciless men fell back on army routine and technicalities, and said that soldiers, when they entered the army, must expect to die, and recovery from amputations must be the rare exception. The prairie-plough and the thunderstorm were needed, and they came, in the person of Mrs. Bickerdyke. A pythoness, if her precious boys, as she called them, were assaulted, she was gentle and tender as a loving mother, to every sick and wounded soldier. Woe be to the man, no matter what his rank, who trampled on the rights of the "Boys in Blue."

Faithful surgeons praised her, and relied upon her skill, strength, and tenderness. Those who were the reverse, cursed her, and clamored for her removal. No doubt, in doing her rapid and mighty work, she overturned some fair flowers of fragrant growth, and levelled well-built fences, perchance some beauteous spire; but after the ground was made fallow and the air purified, the wrecks were overlooked in view of the mighty resultant blessings. Her efforts not only saved unnumbered lives and mitigated untold suffering in her own hospitals, but, by the example they afforded to others, became schools of instruction.

Her huge, organized laundries saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Government and to the Sanitary Commission, by washing what would otherwise have been destroyed, to say nothing of the health and comfort they bestowed upon the sick. She was herculean in strength and indomitable in will, and possessed the most extraordinary endurance. She saw no lions in the way, admitted the existence of no obstacles—naming what others would regard as such, "cobwebs," and these, she demolished with nonchalant and invincible energy. The surgeons admitted that she had no rival in extemporizing, organizing, and running hospitals. By the fertility of her expedients she managed to supply even field-hospitals with soft bread, sometimes pies and cookies. The great military men—Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Thomas, Logan—were her firm friends, and supplied her with facilities to carry on her work—teams, detailed soldiers, and railroad transportation.

They became converts to her boldly-avowed and common-sense assertion that she "could no more take care of the

sick without transportation for her stores and her appliances, than they could pound the enemy without rations and ammunition." Her great army-work was for the common soldier; but occasionally she *condescended to an officer, and once in a long while to a major-general.* Col. ——, from Ohio, boasted that Mother Bickerdyke had saved his life, after a severe amputation, and treated him *as well as a private*, even after she was told he was an officer.

Maj.-Gen. B—— told me, with glistening eyes, she had saved his life at Corinth. He had a terrific congestive chill; was laboring for breath, unrelieved by medicine, when he sent for Mrs. B—— as a last resort, knowing her unwillingness to leave the men who so much needed her services. "General," said she, "you must have a bath." "A bath!" he gasped; "that's impossible; there's no water within four miles." "Never you mind that," said she; "I'll get it" That was enough for the General, and he waited. In fifteen minutes she appeared, with two soldiers, carrying a huge tub of steaming water. "Now, boys," she said, "strip the General, put him in the tub, cover him close with a blanket, and I will give him a drink." Her orders were promptly obeyed. She gave him a glass of hot toddy; then had him rubbed with dry, warm cloths, till circulation was restored, placed him in bed, surrounded with hot bricks, and Richard was himself again. I recently asked her the particulars of the case. They corresponded precisely with the General's statement, and she added with glee, "and he didn't know that I afterwards bathed sixteen tired, dirty, half-sick boys in the same water, adding a little hot each time, as all the *water for the hospitals was hauled four miles.*"

The wife of one of our most distinguished military leaders at one time, sent for her to come and nurse her sick child. She replied, "I am sorry; but I can't do it. I came into the army to nurse the boys, not major-generals' children. The child has no business here, anyhow; he ought to be at home." After the close of the war, Mrs. B. was taking tea at the house of this officer, and he pointed to a little boy, saying, "Mrs. B., that is the child you refused to nurse, and said ought to be at home." She replied, "General, did I say right?" "You did," was the answer.

At the commencement of the war, Mrs. Bickerdyke was a widow, with two young sons, residing in Galesburg, Illinois. Dr. Woodruff, surgeon of 22d Regiment Illinois Volunteers, was from the same place, and wrote from below to his friends of the suffering of the army. The letter was read in church; she heard it. Being a famous nurse and housekeeper, with a tender, patriotic heart, Mrs. B. felt called upon to go. Her friends and neighbors agreed with her, and Mrs. Colton, of Galesburg, placed at her disposal five hundred dollars' worth of sanitary stores to take to the hospitals.

Her first army work was at Bird's Point, where, for a time, there was a regimental hospital. From that place she went to Fort Holt, thence to the Brick Hospital of Cairo, keeping in the track of the most important and needy hospitals, and constantly receiving more or less assistance from the North-Western Sanitary Commission, and friends in Illinois; also from Mr. and Miss Safford, of Cairo.

She soon discovered a disposition to misappropriate sanitary stores, and raised her first *tempest* in the Brick Hospital at Cairo. A fine box of supplies had been consigned to

her from Galesburg, conspicuously marked with the name of the society that sent them. She gave a certain number of shirts, socks, and slippers to a ward-master to distribute. The next morning, in going her rounds, she perceived this official wearing a sanitary shirt, broadly marked, while one of his sick patients was minus his clean one. "Where did you get that shirt?" she said, fiercely. "It's none of your business," he answered. "I'll see if it isn't," she replied; and seizing it, as he had no coat on, she drew it over the head of the unfortunate wight, stunned into silence. "Now let me see your feet?" said she, stooping and taking one in her hand. Off came the socks and slippers in a twinkling, to the infinite delight of the patients. The denuded thief slunk off suddenly, a sadder and a wiser man, and Mrs. B. had no further trouble in this hospital concerning sanitary stores.

She took charge of the nursing in the amputation ward in the Brick Hospital, and astonished all, by her skill and endurance. The men, strange to say, were made comfortable. In retrospect this is difficult to comprehend, when the paucity of supplies and conveniences in the earlier part of the war, are borne in mind. Mrs. Bickerdyke says they lived from day to day, and supplies came as manna in the wilderness. After the battle of Donelson, where many of the wounded men lay in the cold and storm more than twenty-four hours without relief, Mrs. B. went up to the fort on the hospital-boat, to take charge of them *in transitu*. She accompanied and attended five boat-loads of these freshly-wounded men to Paducah, Mound City, Cairo, Evansville, and Louisville. What superhuman strength and endurance, executive

ability and fertile genius, such a work, at such a time, required, cannot be comprehended by any who have not witnessed such scenes and worked upon hospital transports.

After depositing her precious, but heart-rending freights, she accompanied the 21st Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, on the Fanny Bullet, to Pittsburg Landing, to take charge of their hospital. With wonderful forethought and resolution, appreciated only by those who have seen the filthy and offensive cast-off clothing of wounded men, she had all of this material in use, after the battle of Donelson, boxed up and placed on the boat. After the 21st Indiana disembarked from the steamer at Pittsburg Landing, she succeeded in having an order issued, for the boat to back down to Savannah with these hideous boxes. She there assorted them herself, and had many thousands of pieces washed by "contrabands," hired for the purpose. This clothing was thoroughly dried and repacked, in readiness for the bloody battle of Shiloh, where it proved to be of untold value. But even the wonderful physical energy of Mrs. Bickerdyke succumbed for a time, after this nauseous effort. She lay prostrate at Savannah two days, retching incessantly from its effects.

The Fanny Bullet was one of the prodigious battle-fleet of eighty-two steamers, filled with troops and warlike appendages, that left Fort Henry in March, 1863, for Pittsburg Landing. The victorious troops of Donelson marched over to Fort Henry to become part of the "armada." The morning, though bright, was cold; and these troops were obliged to march two miles, in water six inches deep, on the bottom-land, in order to reach the steamers, crowded with

troops, and found no fire to dry them, or hot coffee to warm them. With undiminished ardor, they joined the mighty chorus of huzzas and cheers that went up from that great battle-fleet, till it drowned the music of bands and artillery. 'Twere well if the bereaved could forget how many of this heroic multitude bit the dust at Shiloh, and poured out a stream of blood, that dyed the bottom-lands of Pittsburg Landing.

It was at this place that Mrs. Bickerdyke nursed the gallant Gen. C. F. Smith, who she quaintly said fought himself to death at Donelson. During the progress of the battle at the Landing on the first day, when the odds were against us, he sprang from his bed, wildly rushed through his tent, exclaiming, "It can't be—those brave troops will never surrender, they will fight to the last and conquer. Oh! that I were with them." He joined those that had gone before, ere many days had passed, and the country mourned a true patriot and skilful leader, when Gen. C. F. Smith yielded up his life at Pittsburg Landing, to insidious disease, greatly increased and complicated by anxiety and excitement.

After the battle, hospitals were extemporized in churches, cotton-gins, stables, and private houses at Savannah, where the men lay on straw, sparsely scattered on bare floors. Mrs. B. took possession of a small house, and she had in it seventy wounded men, and eight officers of the 21st Indiana. After this battle she received what was then a magnificent supply—one hundred cases of sanitary stores, from the North-Western Sanitary Commission of Chicago, in connection with which branch she worked from that time. It will be readily believed, that in the utter destitution then prevail-

ing, their contents were soon distributed among 3,000 badly wounded men, 500 of whom were placed in Sibley tents, in the immediate neighborhood. Early in July, the hospitals at Savannah being nearly vacant, Mrs. B. was transferred to the Great Farmington Hospital. She found there 1,400 men from the siege of Corinth, and she accompanied several hundred sick and wounded men from Iuka to the Farmington Hospital, where she remained till the beginning of September, when the sick and wounded were removed to Corinth, to be secure from the assaults of the enemy. Dr. McDougal, the Medical Director at that time, furnished Mrs. B. with every facility to carry out her extended schemes of relief. He was a man of ability and humanity, and highly appreciated her services. She was matron of the large and complete hospital at Corinth, which occupied the female academy of that place, beautifully situated on rising ground, with a large addition of hospital tents. She had established in the building a fine diet-kitchen and laundry, and was running the entire concern with her accustomed success, when the battle commenced and was fought on the 3d and 4th of October, 1862. So perfect and comprehensive was the system, that notwithstanding the immense and sudden influx of wounded during the battle, and sick and wounded rebels left on our hands at its conclusion, it was said that perfect order was maintained, and every man attended properly.

A painful, and to a less able and energetic person, an overwhelming calamity took place, as the battle progressed; the hospital came within range of the enemy's artillery. It must of course be removed, at all hazards. Between the hours of 8 P.M. and 3 A.M., it was skilfully, safely and thoroughly

accomplished, and the rising sun found the patients in their cots in a field-hospital, in a valley at Kincaid's Grove, with balls and shells flying harmlessly over them. Towards the achievement of this delicate and difficult task, Mrs. B. contributed essential and conspicuous aid. At the close of the battle, they again resumed their former delightful and convenient quarters in the academy.

After a furlough to recruit, and provide for her children, Mrs. Bickerdyke returned to Memphis, January, 1863. She assisted in fitting up Adams' Block Hospital, also the Gayoso Block Hospital, which I shall describe in its appropriate place. I happened to be in Memphis, shortly after she took possession of the one last named. The medical staff were in a spasm of delight, over a feat she had just accomplished.

The small-pox hospital had become a charnel-house, and there seemed none to regenerate it. Nine men lay in the dead-house, and numbers were on the road to join them. The Medical Director, Dr. Irvin, consulted with Mrs. Bickerdyke. She at once proposed to enter and purify it. He objected, on the score of her overwhelming duties; for in addition to her hospital labors, she was running a *laundry that washed the clothes of all the hospitals in Memphis.* He also feared she might spread the infection. She said in reply, that the hospitals were running so finely, that she could be spared a few weeks, and as to the infection, she would pledge herself it should not spread. The doctor had learned to trust her, and gladly consented. She at once took charge of the revolting place. An ordinary thunder-storm would be powerless here, and she created an earthquake; ran the

prairie-plough through the filthy grounds and out-houses, overturning cots, and disembowelling foul beds, let in the air and light of heaven, whitewashed the walls, cleansed the men, supplied them with fresh clothing and wholesome sick-food, scattered disinfectants broadcast, and in three weeks had a pure, clean hospital, where few men died, and all were made as comfortable as the loathsome disease would permit.

In the spring of 1864 she came North, to carry out a characteristic Bickerdyke project. She declared the boys in hospital *must* have fresh milk, and nothing but cows could give it; and they *must* be solicited from the Western farmers, and taken down to Memphis. And then she wanted hundreds of hens to lay fresh eggs for the sick. The Commission consented to the plan, and agreed to furnish transportation for the cows and hens. The store-room was, for the nonce, transformed into a hennery, with crowing chanticleers and cackling hens, to the great delight of the boys. Mrs. B. procured eighty cows and several hundred hens, and they were transmitted to her at Memphis. The cows were detailed with military precision to the hospitals, in proportion to the number of their inmates. The unfortunate fowls were at once seized and decapitated for the use of the sick, who were in perishing need of chicken broth.

From Memphis, where the hospitals decreased in size and number, as it became further off from the army base, Mrs. B. went to Vicksburg, and from thence to Chattanooga, with the Fifteenth Army Corps. She remained with Sherman's army through the entire series of its brilliant victories and bloody fights; receiving and caring for its wounded, running

and consolidating hospitals, superintending laundries—as she carried her washers and wringers, furnished by the Sanitary Commission, with her.

She superintended the cooking of hundreds of tons of sanitary stores and vegetables. Sometimes, when transportation was impossible, and foragers unsuccessful, she sold the clothes that had been sent by the Sanitary Commission, to make her comfortable, for butter, eggs, and milk for the hospitals. If, in her journeys, she found men suffering with wounds festering for lack of clean bandages, her own clothing was torn into strips, and her own night-dresses taken for clean covering for the poor emaciated soldiers, she jocularly telling them, if asked any questions about the ruffles, to say they were *secesh shirts*. No exigencies baffled her skill and self-denial.

At Mission Ridge, in the middle of winter, when the troops under General Sherman returned from their chase after the enemy to Knoxville, their clothes and shoes were worn to tatters, and some of the veterans tracked the ground with blood. Gen. Sherman was as rusty as the "boys," for he always shared their hardships and their danger, and gave them a due share of the glory. As they were drawn up in line to receive their rations, the ragged but jubilant veterans took their ear of corn, the only ration, with as keen a relish and as gleeful faces, as a child his apple at recess. They knew the emergency was unavoidable, and manfully endured the hardships. At Chattanooga, the hospital labor was greatly intensified by the excessive cold and severe storm which prostrated the tents, and exposed the men to the fury of the wind and frost. Pioneer corps were kept all night cutting wood and piling up large blazing fires, and others

scattering living coals around the cots, to preserve the men from freezing.

During the progress of this campaign forty new Government wagons were sent across the country from Nashville to Huntsville, for the use of the army. They were loaded to their utmost capacity with Sanitary Commission stores of sour-krout, onions, potatoes, pickles, and dried apples. These supplies were divided to the regiments by the sanitary authorities at Nashville, assisted by Mrs. Bickerdyke and Mrs. Porter, in the course of three weeks. They were dealt out as rations; one barrel of onions to one hundred men, one barrel of potatoes to fifty men, two barrels of pickles and two barrels of sour-krout to a regiment. At Altona the genius of Mrs. B. and her admirable co-worker, Mrs. Porter (both being connected with the North-Western Sanitary Commission), found full scope. At Kingston, nine thousand men passed through the hospitals; and at Atlanta, the great field-hospitals covered thirty acres of ground.

The day before the evacuation and burning of Atlanta they left for the North, went to Philadelphia, obtained large donations of supplies from the Christian Commission, and took them to Beaufort, Morehead City, and Wilmington, to distribute. From thence they returned to Washington in time to meet Sherman's victorious army, to which they assisted in distributing vast amounts of clothing and edibles, furnished by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Thus closed the field labor of Mrs. Bickerdyke in the army, to which she had proved an invaluable blessing, and by whom she will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

At the close of this sketch, I would make a brief statement

of the first supply-work of the U. S. Sanitary Commission and its branches, in the Western Department, in which Mrs. Bickerdyke was so largely interested. When the news of the battle of Donelson reached Cincinnati, three thousand dollars were promptly subscribed, to pay the expenses of a steamer fitted up by the Sanitary Commission, and furnished with nurses and supplies. Dr. Newberry joined the expedition at Louisville, and donations from Cleveland and Chicago branches were added to the stores. The steamers supplied by the Commission, were drawn upon *ad libitum*, by all the transports containing the wounded, and this relief proved as valuable, as it was novel and unexpected. Dr. Douglas, an associate secretary of the Commission, had suggested to Gen. Grant, while at Cairo, the importance of a floating hospital. This idea was adopted by the Government, and the hospital-steamer, City of Memphis, carrying eight hundred men, was detailed for the purpose, and was ready for service after the battle of Donelson. A dépôt of supplies had been established at Cairo by Dr. Douglas, under the care of the Chicago Branch, from which these boats could be supplied. A dépôt was also established at Paducah.

By the fall of Donelson, the Cumberland River was opened to Nashville, at which point a dépôt of the Commission was established, and also at Savannah, as soon as Gen. Grant took possession of that place. After the bloody battle of Shiloh, these dépôts were ready to give assistance. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Warriner, with a delegation from Chicago and other branches, went up on the steamer Louisiana, and in that scene of confusion, misery and death, dealt out supplies and gave assistance to *every boat.* On the second day,

the Cincinnati Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission sent two first-class steamers, the Tycoon and the Monarch, furnished with every possible comfort. They exchanged their stores for wounded men, and carried them to hospitals on the Ohio River.

After the battle, the U. S. Sanitary Commission established a dépôt at Pittsburg Landing, on the boat of the Medical Purveyor, at his own request, and in five weeks disbursed 160,143 articles, consisting of clothing and edibles, bottles, cans, and pounds of nourishing food and stimulants, necessary for wounded men. The great soup cauldrons of the army, were first suggested and introduced by the Sanitary Commission, and were afterwards universally adopted in the Western army, and the first of these effective appliances were sent from the Chicago Sanitary Commission. Sanitary Commission dépôts followed the army in its entire campaigns, and this volume might be filled with testimonials from men and officers, of its benefits and blessings, which can only receive a passing notice in a work of this character.

Before closing this subject, the inestimable value of the volunteer service of the North-Western railroads and telegraph lines, in addition to the aid of the Press, previously acknowledged, deserve honorable mention and warm commendation. Prompt and free transportation for sanitary stores, as well as free passes for agents or representatives of the North-Western Commission, were granted at all times and under all circumstances; and gratuitous and unlimited use of the telegraph lines were permitted for the relief of the anxious friends of the soldiers and the furtherance of the various modes of the Commission's work. The aids

given from these various sources can scarcely be computed in money, as the necessary outlay for them would have consumed most of the means used in the relief work of the Commission. The immense pressure on the roads, the press, and the telegraph lines during the war, made these contributions increasingly valuable and generous. In order to approximate the results, it must be borne in mind that the Chicago Branch received over the roads, during the war, a million dollars' worth of supplies, and transmitted by the Illinois Central Railroad to Cairo, almost a million and a half dollars' worth of stores free of expense. Henceforth, the time-honored adage that "corporations have no souls," must be revised and corrected. Corporations and corps in the North-West represented and justified the benevolence and patriotism of their members. It is no small gratification to me, and only common justice to the donors, to give my testimony to the value of the contributions of the press, the railroads, and the telegraph lines of the North-West. Doubtless it was the same elsewhere, but of these I speak "whereof I know."

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit of members of the Commission to the army.—Dr. W. W. Patton, Vice-President.—Mrs. Hoge and Mrs. Colt's visit to the army at request of Commission.—Mrs. Safford at Cairo.—Credentials.—Passenger steamer Ruth.—She is seized at Columbus as transport of war.—Sketch of young soldier from Iowa, and his story.—Contraband group.—Anecdote of Cæsar.—Departure from Columbus.—Island No. 10.—Approach to Memphis.—Her former prosperity.—Blasted prospects.—Public square.—Jackson's statue.—Sketch of Southern desolation, and its cause.—Arrival at Memphis.—Hospitals of Memphis.—Wounded soldiers from Vicksburg.—Sanitary dépôt.

As the work of the Commission progressed, it became evident that actual contact with the army and visits to the dépôts and soldiers' homes, relief stations, and other points of the work of the Commission, were necessary to its successful operation. These journeys were made by several members of the Commission, and reports given to the people at home, through the Monthly Bulletin and daily press, and through the pulpit by Rev. Dr. Patton, a Vice-President of the Commission, who several times visited the field.

The President, Hon. Mark Skinner, with commendable breadth, foresaw the advantage that such a journey would secure to those who had undertaken to keep the treasury and the shelves of the Chicago Branch filled; thereby enabling them to state or write what they had seen of the troops,

and of the supplies furnished to the Commission. He suggested that Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Colt, and myself, should visit the army, and offered every facility to enable us to carry out the plan successfully. Mrs. Colt, who was doing the work in Wisconsin that we were doing in other States, accepted the invitation at this time, and Mrs. Livermore and myself alternated in these army trips.

As the best mode of explaining the precise object of our journey, and to illustrate the systematic and official mode of the work of the Commission, I insert, *verbatim*, the letter of credentials placed in our hands by Hon. Mark Skinner, whose name and official position we found a passport everywhere.

CHICAGO SANITARY COMMISSION, January 5, 1863.

To Officers in command U. S. Army, &c.:

Mrs. A. H. Hoge visits, in company with Mrs. H. L. Colt, the hospitals and camps in and about Vicksburg, Memphis, etc., on behalf of our Commission, for the purpose of distributing supplies, and to inspect and report to this Commission everything in regard to the need of sanitary stores, the kinds wanted, the best method of preparing and forwarding, and whatever else may be important or valuable for our Commission to know. Whatever aid these ladies may need in order to facilitate their movements, is respectfully asked in their behalf.

MARK SKINNER,
Pres. Chicago San. Commission.

Officers, agents, and persons in the employ of the U. S. Sanitary Commission are desired to render all aid to these ladies that they may ask or need.

It will be readily perceived, that with such official indorsement, and the escort of Mr. John C. Williams, an esteemed citizen of Chicago (since deceased), we were fully armed for the work before us.

The arbitrary character of military law changed the entire programme marked out for us, and sent us up White River to Duvall's Bluff, on General Gorman's expedition, to reduce the rebel forts on that river. This change of plan, though a deep disappointment at the time, gave us an opportunity of moving with the army, and of witnessing and understanding the character of the soldiers' transport life, and transport hospitals, that we could not have enjoyed under any other circumstances. At Cairo, we were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Safford, who, like his sister, entered heartily into the army work, and threw his comfortable mansion open, and freely entertained scores of male and female army workers throughout the war.

Passage was secured for us, on the beautiful new steamer Ruth, luxurious in her appointments, rapid in her movements, and eminently safe in the hands of her courteous and able commander and joint owner, Capt. Pegram, of St. Louis. Our first trip on the Father of Waters promised to be a gala-day till we should reach Memphis. As soon as we touched the landing at Columbus, however, Gen. Fisk seized the boat as a transport of war, and prepared to fill it with 1,500 volunteers for a mysterious campaign, yet undivulged. The captain's depressed looks and remonstrance, weighed not a feather; Uncle Sam needed the steamer, that was enough; no questions need be asked, no objections made. The gay Ruth was as rapidly despoiled of her trappings, as a belle

from the ball-room; they were laid aside for some future gala-day, and she was clad in the sombre habiliments of war. The decks were covered with the "Boys in Blue," General Clinton B. Fiske took command of the boat, and we were fairly embarked in the army on the move, under military orders.

While these changes were being rapidly made, I strolled on the levee, and as usual, found myself in the midst of a group of soldiers. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and left a gorgeous retinue of clouds to tell of his departure. The turbid Mississippi, with its deep monotone, rolled majestically towards the sea. Camp fires along the shores were becoming visible in the gathering evening, the sound of fife and drum mingled with the busy hum of preparation for a move, the frowning fortifications of Columbus stood out boldly and clearly against the evening sky, while the lights and fires of a score of steamers, looked like an illumination for a victory. There was a glorious uncertainty in all our movements, whose mystery added romance to the scene. We knew we were going to battle, but none knew where, or when, or how, save the officers in command. A soldier, sick or well, knows not his destination, but obeys orders whenever given, and asks no questions.

I passed from group to group, and said a cheering word, and told how we loved and honored and labored for them at home. It required but a moment to gather large audiences, and oh! what listeners! The words home, wife, mother, always drew forth cheers and tears, reverence and grateful thanks. I believe a more noble, brave, honorable, tender, patient and enduring race of men have never existed, than our Union soldiers.

As I left the last group to walk to the fortifications, I heard a quick step, and turning, saw a fine young man in the uniform of an orderly sergeant. He touched his cap, and said, "Madam, excuse me, but if you will not consider it impertinent, I would ask the favor of accompanying you. I've always been accustomed to female society, and during the nine months I have been in the army, you are the first lady to whom I have spoken." I replied, "I consider it a great honor to be escorted by a soldier, and as you are about the age of one of my sons, I should be glad to have your strong arm to lean upon as I ascend the hill, and you can tell me something of your history."

"I am the *last of eight children*," he said solemnly, "and my mother is a widow. I had a fine position, was a postmaster in Iowa, and could not ask for brighter prospects than I had, when the war broke out. At the first call, I felt that I must go, and said so to my mother. She faltered, and said, 'John, *not yet;* so many mothers have more than one child, *and some that have but one, are not widows.*' I felt 'twas true, specially as father had left her to my care. The second call came. As it happened, it was harder than ever to go, for I had another's consent to ask beside my mother's, then. Next door to us lived an orphan girl, whom I had known and loved from childhood—I never knew how much, till it appeared possible I might have to leave her. Before I knew it, I had told her all, and found she loved me also. We were engaged to be married. Nevertheless, I felt I must go now, and at once told mother. She turned pale, but said, 'John, I'll be as good as my word; go, and God bless you. But what of Mary?' 'I'll see her at once,' I said,

and in five minutes I was beside her on the porch, where she stood every evening waiting for me, on the very spot where we first pledged our troth.

"In the dim twilight, her woman's eye read something amiss. She said quickly: 'What's the matter, John; are you ill?' 'Not ill, but sad, for I must leave you, Mary. The President has called for 300,000 men, and I must be going. Mother says yes; what say you?' The color had faded from her cheek, but her eye brightened as she said: 'God forbid I should stand in your way. As your mother said, I say. Go, and God bless you! I've been fearing and hoping for this. I love you better than ever, and should have felt ashamed had you held back. But, John, one thing must be done. I never expected to say this—but we must be married. If you are sick or wounded I must go to you; and when you leave, I must live with your mother;' and she whispered, as she laid her head upon my shoulder, 'I would rather be your widow than any other man's bride.' Next day we were married, I enlisted, and shortly was on my way to my regiment. Strange as it may seem, I never regretted the step. Mother and Mary live together, and write such cheerful letters twice a week that I could not be despondent if I would. They say: 'Keep up your courage, John; God takes care of us, and will of you. We expect you home at the end of the war loaded with honors, and oh! what a welcome we'll give you.' I brought my wedding coat, and looked at it with smiles and tears every night and morning, as it hung in my tent. Some villain stole it last night, and the gold of California could not have bought it. No matter; I have their daguerreotypes; I wish it was not too dark for you to see them."

Just at this point, we had reached the brow of the hill, crowned with its frowning battlements. The golden purple had faded from the clouds; the dimly defined battle-field of Belmont lay across the stream, whose surging tone mingled with the distant hum of moving squadrons, as they filed into the boats; the solemn tread of the sentinels, and the booming of the evening gun, completed the warlike character of this strange, but fascinating scene. We stood in silence, our hearts too full for utterance. I could but feel, as mine beat tumultuously, why is it that some sacrifice so much in this great struggle for national existence, while others pass heedlessly on, reaping the fruit of their bloody sweat and toil, and talk of pelf given and labors bestowed on these heroes?

My young friend passed his hand hastily across his eyes, and said: "Don't think I would have things otherwise. I counted the cost, and am willing to pay the price, be it what it may." I said, "A moment since I pitied you, now I envy you. You are happy in your choice, are sustained by wife and mother, know what self-sacrificing patriotism means, and trust God implicitly." "You are right," he said. "I will write your words to mother and Mary, for I am proud of them both." We walked down the hill rapidly and silently, and were soon at John's camp. He said: "'Tis past taps; I must leave you. My colonel won't be hard; he knows I'm never away in mischief. I must tell you I've been almost home to-night, madam. I believe God sent you here. For the first time in nine months I had a touch of home-sickness; just before I met you. 'Tis all gone now—God bless and keep you—farewell." He vaulted lightly over the trench around the camp, and soon disappeared among the

white tents. I know not whether John still lives to bless his wife and mother, or sleeps in a Southern grave. One thing I know: living or dying, he is the Lord's, and will shine among his jewels.

On my return to the boat I found Gen. Fisk, with his staff and wife, established in the ladies' cabin, as headquarters. He at once offered us state-rooms and seats at his table, thus placing us in the most agreeable relations with the army, and affording us a rare opportunity of seeing the routine of official as well as ordinary military life.

We remained unwillingly thirty-six hours at Columbus, without any reason apparent to us. Then the labored movement of the engine, the slowly revolving wheels, the puffing steam and the shrill whistle, gave warning we were about to leave. On the edge of the bluff stood a novel group to Northern eyes. They were contrabands—plantation hands of the genuine African type, with thick lips, long-heeled flat feet, and low foreheads; some barely covered with coffee-bag skirts, and the remainder with parti-colored rags, that flapped in the fresh breeze, like tattered sails on black masts. They reminded us of an anecdote told by Mrs. Gen. W. at Cairo:

A benevolent and radical anti-slavery friend, a few weeks previous, had taken a likely young contraband to train as waiter. The first step was to clothe him in a trim suit of coarse blue cloth. The experiment promised complete success, as Cæsar, though a plantation hand, was learning rapidly. The following morning he appeared to wait on table, with one leg of his pantaloons apparently torn from the hip down to the ankle. "Why, Cæsar, what is the matter?" said the lady. "Missus," said he, solemnly, "I ripped it; I wanted

to see it flop." These contrabands were already flopping. A person present, with some slavery sympathy, remarked, "Poor wretches! how much worse off free than slaves." "Not so," was answered. "Now they are clad in the garments of slavery, and have the stamp of its degradation upon them. Decent free clothing, and a generation of requited toil and free-school advantages, will so wipe out the effects of the barbarism of slavery, that we may look upon God's image even in such as these."

As we moved slowly from the landing, a huzza arose from other steamers filled with troops, our 1,500 blue-boys answering back. Drums rolled, handkerchiefs waved, last words were shouted, and we were off for Memphis. As we passed Island No. 10, the sun was flooding its massive battlements with the full morning light, and they looked as though they might have defied a rebel host, and made the memory of seventy spiked cannon, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of government stores needlessly destroyed, a bitter memory. The guns were lying on the sides of the bluff, useless and deserted.

As we swept proudly down the rapid current and rounded at the landing, the city of Memphis rose upon our view, on its commanding site—a magnificent stretch of table-land on the summit of an irregular bluff. The military accompaniments of the fort, and the white tents of several regiments on a level with the city, added greatly to the beauty of the panorama. Large blocks of new brick buildings, hotels, warehouses, and well paved streets, gave to Memphis the appearance of a thriving northern city. From its location, it commanded the trade of a large portion of Tennessee and Arkansas, and

formed the connecting link between the commerce of the North and the Gulf of Mexico.

With such remarkable facilities for trade and commerce, it enjoyed unequalled prosperity before the rebellion. Treason had blasted its fair prospects, and reduced the ambitious city to a conquered province—a mere military post. The court-house and offices were closed, the pulpits silent, the school-houses deserted. Hotels and warehouses were transformed into military hospitals, many of the stately mansions, encircled with lofty trees and velvet lawns, were occupied as military headquarters. Large numbers of the citizens had entered the rebel army, and sent their families into the interior. Those that remained, were seldom seen abroad. Ichabod was written on the walls of this conquered city, which was reaping the bitter fruits of rebellion.

We have rarely seen a more perfect little gem than the public square in Memphis, with its gorgeous magnolias, arbor-vitæ and southern pines, in full green robes in January. But treason had left its marks even here, for the statue of the heroic Jackson in its centre had been mutilated, and the rebuking motto, "The Federal Union, it must be preserved," defaced.

The desolation of southern cities, towns, settlements, and plantations, was complete and indescribable. The "Father of Waters" had been the great highway of the Mississippi Valley, the main artery of commerce and prosperity, carrying the life-blood from the heart to the extremities, giving the glow of health, the bloom of beauty, and vigor of body, to all the States through which it coursed and throbbed. On the bosom of this majestic stream had been borne a continu-

ous fleet of steamers, almost floating palaces, going to and fro like the ships of Tyre, till merchants had become princes, and planters oligarchs. Southern plantations were among the gardens of the earth for beauty, fragrance, verdure, landscape art, and almost principalities in extent, population, and luxurious appendages of living. Choice libraries, gems of art, curious devices of gold and silver, formed part of the oriental splendor of these Southern palaces; abodes of luxurious ease and unsuspecting, indolent repose. Beneath, around, at the very core of this seeming prosperity and dazzling display, lay the element of its destruction; the cause of its decay. Like the fabled vampire, it fanned its sleeping victims while it fed upon their vitals; or like the mistletoe of its forests, it draped the stately trunk with the bright green robe of prosperity, while it drew from it the sap of its existence.

The mighty steamers had not only carried silver, gold and merchandise, but they had transported human beings, men, women and children, born in God's image, for sale and barter, converting them into chattels. They had carried husbands away from wives, and wives from husbands; parents from children, and children from parents. They had borne manacled runaway slaves back to the plantation and the lash; sometimes had become the platform of execution for hopeless beings, who, in the desperation of despair, bursting their bonds, found a watery grave in the turbid Mississippi, to hide them from further bondage, or hopeless separation from wife and children. These princely plantations had been sustained and furnished by the blood and sweat of unrequited, scourged labor. Their stately halls had often

been polluted with deeds of cruelty. The only hope for the conservation of this iniquitous system, being the legalized perpetuation of the ignorance of its victims, they toiled on, generation after generation, without hope of redemption, or opportunity for improvement, and were then reproached for vice and ignorance.

The God of justice slumbered not, but was silent, permitting this great crime, till by the fulfilment of His incomprehensible plans, those who had clung to this system of abominations, defending it from revelation, and clothing it with the sanctity of heaven, struck the blow *themselves* that unloosed the manacles; drew the sword that cut the gordian knot, that had perplexed and bewildered statesmen and philanthropists, and gave the key to the solution of the sphinx riddle that had baffled the world. Treason against the "old flag," was the *hammer*, the *sword*, the *key;* and in blood and fiery desolation it did its work. I saw the fruits of this mighty convulsion. Had I doubted the enormity of slavery, or the tenacity of its hold on an otherwise noble people, I should have been convinced when I saw the effects of the scathing revolution, necessary to end its existence and blot out its effects. The Red Sea had been rolled up on either side, crushing, sweeping, obliterating all traces of life and prosperity, and the enfranchised people were preparing to walk over dry-shod. Until this redemption shall be complete, and justice to this long down-trodden race thorough, the South will not be regenerated nor her prosperity restored; for the Lord Jehovah, who changeth not, hath said: "I have made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" and again: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

On our arrival at Memphis, we immediately commenced our visitations to the hospitals, and found them in good order, having been emptied as far as possible by sending the patients North, to make room for the anticipated inmates, from the coming battles. Alas! they were soon filled. The day subsequent to our visit, several hundred wounded from the unavailing assault on Vicksburg, were placed in the vacant beds. The Sanitary depôt, under the care of Dr. Warriner, was in successful operation at Memphis. An accurate daily account was kept with every hospital, and the precise amount and number of every article, given to each hospital or regiment, stated. These accounts, on printed forms, were remitted each month to the North-Western Sanitary Commission at Chicago; consequently I felt at home in the work at Memphis.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Memphis.—Arrival at Helena.—Wretchedness of the place.—A sketch of first army Sabbath.—Embarkation of 15,000 troops.—Sketch of a cavalry regiment.—Embarkation of a battery.—Interview with Gen. Gorman on fleet.—Decision to accompany White River Expedition.—Anxious father on the Ruth.—Contrast between recruits and veterans.—Mouth of White River.—Rumor of battle at Arkansas Post.—Organization of battle fleet.—Entrance to the White River.—Description of its banks.—Council of war.—Changing weather.—Organization of hospital on Ruth.—St. Charles.—Gen. Fisk's talk with a rebel.—Cavalry regiment sent out as scouts.—Suffering of the men on marches.—Arrival at Duvall's Bluff.—Hardships of soldiers on transports.—The morality of the army.—Their endurance.

On a bright afternoon, with cheers and shouts from the men, beating of drums, waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and hearty farewells of military and sanitary friends, we puffed into the stream, and struck out boldly for Helena. The "boys" insisted the word was spelled wrong. It ought to have had but one syllable, and that the *first*. As we steamed up to its muddy bank, and saw the ricketty dwellings and narrow, filthy streets fringing the levee, filled with our soldiers, looking as if they were labelled jaundice, ague or scurvy, we did not wonder the soldiers thought the name a mistake. 'Twas difficult to discern the color of their uniforms; they were so bespattered with mud, and moulded with

damp, that but little contrast existed between them, and the bilious faces of the men who wore them.

Fortunately, the coming darkness hid the painful sight, and the morrow's sun ushered in one of the most glorious Sabbaths I ever beheld.

A painful feature of the army, was the almost entire absence of Sabbath observance. The necessary continuance of army routine, frequent and rapid changes, involving numerous orders, and constant vigilance, necessary during the forward march of an army in an enemy's country, rendered it impossible to observe the Sabbath, with any degree of regularity. If any man could have done it, Gen. Fisk could, and would. He failed, but seized every opportunity, as will be seen for the moral and religious improvement of his command.

A sketch of my first Sabbath in the army, passed at Helena, will explain this matter more fully. Twenty steamers lay there, and were at once seized by Gen. Gorman as transports of war, for the use of the expedition up the White River. Orders were issued to fill them with troops. Such orders involve an amount of labor and skill that civilians cannot easily comprehend or appreciate. Camps must be broken up—rations provided, and cooked, if possible—horses, mules, guns, and carriages got on board—commissary and surgeons' stores gathered and deposited—boats must be assigned and put in order—detailed men called in—regiments and batteries consolidated or divided, as the case may be.

This Sabbath-day in Helena was brilliant with sunshine, and balmy as Italy in softness. We sat on the upper deck, with no protection but light scarfs, on the 11th of January, watching the novel and amazing sight of an army of twelve

or fifteen thousand soldiers preparing to embark. The bluff was covered with Government wagons, ambulances, mules, and tents; the animals, inspired with the prevailing excitement, neighed and brayed lustily, while their drivers roared and halloed, crowding them forward to the landing. Regimental and line officers, quartermasters, surgeons, chaplains, and orderlies were running to and fro, to secure order and accuracy. The sable contrabands, leading the officers' horses, or carrying their swords and satchels, were thickly scattered through the hurrying crowd, and were the most quiet and apparently uninterested actors in the scene, having been accustomed to travel without notice, and without knowledge or hope.

In the midst of all this bustle, the sound of the drum and fife is heard, and dark blue lines emerging from the distance, reveal the "heroes of the rank and file." On they come, with banners flying, bayonets gleaming, tramp, tramp, tramp, through the mud, till they reach the narrow pathway to the boat, then file rapidly down, as the "boys" on board send up a hearty cheer of welcome, to their companions in danger and suffering.

Now comes a splendidly caparisoned cavalry regiment, the horses pawing the ground and snuffing the fresh morning air as though they smelt the battle afar off—the riders with their gay yellow stripes, soft hats with plumes, broad clanking swords and cavalry boots, bronze faces and iron sinews, looking like mail-clad warriors of old going forth to battle. The bugle rings out its martial notes, the color-bearers wave their banners in return to our white handkerchiefs, and the whole regiment is deployed on the edge of the bluff, till at

the bugle-call, they plunge down the soft muddy bank, which threatens to engulf both horse and rider, gain the double plank, clatter on the lower deck, dismount, stall their horses, and are ready for the signal of departure. The lovely, innocent face of one of these young heroes, made a deep impression on us all. He gazed at us so wistfully, and touched his hat so courteously, we felt assured he had left a tender mother at home, watching and waiting. And now comes a battery, with all its complicated machinery of guns, carriages, horses and ammunition. After repeated efforts and herculean labor, witty speeches and roars of laughter, the feat is accomplished, and they are ready, snugly packed; the guns and carriages covered with blue-coats, as a hive with bees.

Thus the work goes on; thus the Sabbath wears away. At the table in headquarters sat Gen. Fisk, with papers around him, his staff-officers busily employed in writing, or carrying orders back and forth—regiment and company officers reporting and consulting, and the day was far spent before leisure for a hasty meal could be secured.

In company with Col. Lewis, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Williams, of Chicago, we called on Gen. Gorman, the commander of the expedition, handed him our letters, and asked counsel, whether we should attempt to reach Grant's army with our stores, or accompany him. He advised and urged that we should remain; said the crisis had passed at Vicksburg—that Drs. Brainard and Johnson had taken the wounded to Memphis, where they would be well cared for. He said we were needed in the fleet; that White River was only ten hours distant, and we would probably be in a fight next day, but should be protected by the gunboats. We did

not hesitate, although by this decision, I lost my only opportunity of seeing two sons, in Grant's army. We procured at headquarters, a partial list of the wounded at Vicksburg, and were met on our return to the boat by an anxious father, captain of a company on the Ruth. He begged to see the list, and told us he had *four* sons in active service, two at Vicksburg, and had left a wife and four children at home. I understood the agonizing suspense of that wife and mother, for I had heard nothing from my boys, since the battle of Vicksburg—their names, however, were not on the incomplete list of wounded.

As the old regiments passed to the boats, we were much struck with the contrast between them and the recruits, as the veterans saucily called the fresh troops. Those that accompanied us from Columbus, were all recruited on the last call. Their uniforms were fresh and neat, their step sluggish, their air important. But the veterans were bronzed, dashing, rollicking fellows, swaggering a little, and with their military step and sinewy frames, looked as if they courted danger and hardship, and enjoyed the music of artillery and musketry. These iron men had been decimated and winnowed by battles, marches, exposure and hardships, till they knew their strength, and stood out as the concentrated endurance and bravery of 1,000 men, while their number was often less than half those figures. The new regiments were soon similarly sifted. Equally brave hearts, but not as strong frames, were gathered to rest in southern graves. The deadly minié or bursting shell thinned their ranks and made veterans of the saved. Toward sunset, the last man stepped on board, the plank was drawn, the boys

cheered, the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and we were off for the White River.

This was my first army Sabbath, but not my last. Some were more quiet and sacred in pursuit; some more exciting amid the din and roar of battle; some more sad in the reception of the sick and wounded. Never had the holy day, as it appeared in the distance of our Northern homes, seemed so ravishing in love, peace, and holiness, and never had war, and treason, its cause, appeared so terrible.

The following morning found us anchored at the mouth of the White River, in the company of thirty steamers that composed the fleet. Large as were their size and number, on the broad bosom of the Mississippi they seemed like tugs or barks, only dotting the rolling mass of water. Even the great flag-ship and naval hospital, that were anchored in the centre of the stream, looked no larger than an ordinary-sized steamboat on the Ohio. The residents of an adjoining farm came on board, and said there had been a battle the day previous at Arkansas Post, as the heavy firing had been distinctly heard where we lay. The announcement of the Federal victory had not yet reached them.

Arrangements were made at once to organize the fleet in line of battle and begin our march. The steamers gradually drew nearer, and at 11 o'clock the long signal-whistle of the flag-ship sounded. Thirty shrill answers successively shrieked out, fleecy clouds of steam and smoke arose from every vessel, and, behold, the steamers were advancing in line of battle! Our position was immediately in front of the mouth of the White River. The entire fleet lay to our right, hugging the shore. The resistless current of the Mississippi

swept boldly to the left bank of the White River, consequently each steamer walked proudly across our broadside to the opposite shore, and then chassezed back to the centre of the stream. The Florence, swarming with blue-coats, with flags flying, drums beating, and boys cheering, led the gorgeous pageant. Then came the Henry Clay, the Sunshine, the Era, the Anglo-Saxon, the Ida May, and all the retinue of transports, till twenty-eight steamers had passed us, covered from stem to stern with their precious freight of heroes, cheering and huzzaing, flaunting flags and rolling drums in keeping with their wild enthusiasm. One by one they steamed up the stream, which, by its continual meanderings, multiplied the vision of life and beauty.

The brilliant sunlight was subdued and poetized by the clouds of steam and smoke, the air was delicious, and the panorama transporting in loveliness and interest. The beautiful Ruth was trembling with eagerness to join the warlike procession. Presently the wheels revolved, the smoke and steam rolled upward, "she walked the waters like a thing of life," and was followed by the flag-ship Kenton, that closed the rare pageant. As we carefully rounded the bends, we seemed to be within touching distance of the steamer that had preceded us. Our boat often came in contact with both banks of the river at the same time, crushed small trees and underbrush in her circuitous motions, and paid the tribute for her daring in the loss of her light wood-work and protecting guards. The white bark of the cotton-tree, bright green cane-brakes, and profusion of mistletoe, favored the illusion that it was not January but June. Bathed in the voluptuous atmosphere of

such a day, surrounded and inspired by the glittering "panoply of war," and the enthusiasm of fifteen thousand soldiers, confident of success and eager for the fray, cautiously and slowly we curved around the bends of the romantic stream, densely and beautifully bordered, until, after nine miles of progress, we reached the mouth of the cut-off, the communication between the White and Arkansas Rivers.

Here a council of war was held, to determine the course of the fleet. It was decided to proceed forthwith up the White River, and take possession of the forts at different points on its banks. We pursued our winding way, with weather changing as rapidly as our movements. Our June day was followed by a heavy snow-storm, that fell to the depth of ten inches; then burst forth a melting sun, and then a drenching rain.

During all this time, the soldiers were exposed to these various changes, with no protection but their overcoats or blankets, closely huddled together on the guards or hurricane deck, without opportunities for exercise, cooking, or cleanliness. These hardships began to tell severely on the new regiments, and the men poured in for shelter and nursing. By the order of Gen. Fisk, the long cabin was cleared for the sick, and here for weeks we had the melancholy privilege of contributing to the comfort of these patient sufferers. Their only bed was the plank floor; their covering, the soldiers' blanket; their pillow the hard knapsack; but by assiduous and skilful attention of surgeons, with abundance of suitable sanitary stores with which we were provided, and the facilities and assistance afforded us by Gen. Fisk and his wife, their sufferings were greatly ameliorated, and their ailments

rapidly cured. We were able in a large number of instances to return them to their regiments in the course of two or three days, thus proving the value of prompt assistance and suitable care, for the want of which so many thousands were consigned to their graves, or to hospitals for months.

Before reaching St. Charles, the note of preparation was again heard. Every officer, in full uniform, mustered his company, rifles were mounted, haversacks and canteens buckled on, and every face earnest in prospect of the encounter. But we found St. Charles prepared to surrender. A cavalry regiment, however, sprang to the shore the moment we touched, and defiled on the edge of the high bluff above us, to be sent out as scouts. A few corn-cribs were fired by the excited boys, the drums beat, guns fired, and the army subsided and rested on its easy victory, if not its laurels.

St. Charles had become a name of fearful import, since the barbarities enacted there at the time of the destruction of the steamer Mound City, when its boiler had been exploded by rebel shot, and the scalded and floating victims were murdered in cold blood by the rebel sharpshooters. One of Chicago's most honored families had lost a patriot son on that occasion, and the sympathizing hearts of her citizens shuddered at the name of St. Charles. The place is small and insignificant, situated on the top of a bold bluff that rises immediately above the landing.

The most interesting occurrence that took place here, was a conversation between a rebel prisoner of some importance and Gen. Fisk. The prisoner remarked, "he reckoned the war was nearly over, for both sides were pretty well tired out and ready to come to terms." The General quietly re-

plied, "that depends on your willingness to surrender. We Yankees have set about this work very slowly. Fighting was not our choice, only our necessity; but we've begun, and we shan't stop till we finish. I have a young son. I am going to stick to this war as long as I live, and teach my boy to take my place when I am gone, and tell him to teach his children to do the same, if it be necessary to put down this rebellion. That is the time we mean to stop, and not before." The blank dismay of the rebel's face may be conceived, but not described.

Before we reached Duvall's Bluff, the weather had become extremely cold, and the snow was almost a foot in depth. The cavalry was sent out to scour the country, and meet us on our return down the river. The regiments were prepared for an attack. Every officer was with his company, and the troops under arms. Our boat led the advance, towing the iron-clad, as it could not stem the rapid current and make much headway. We moved slowly and cautiously. We were all eagerly watching for some indication of what was before us. Suddenly four men were seen emerging from a covered spot and running rapidly up the bluff. We had learned the language of the steam whistle. It signalled stop! danger ahead! The boat lay to—the regiment from our boat was ordered forward. The General and staff were equipped, their horses caparisoned, and almost dragged up a precipitous bluff. The trumpet sounded, the companies fell in, and at the words, "forward, march," started to reconnoitre.

The snow and slush were ten inches deep. They were entering an enemy's country without a guide. They left at 4 o'clock to go two miles, but missed the road, marched five miles through a swamp, and reached the Ruth at 10 o'clock

P.M., covered with mud, their boots filled with half-frozen water, no place to dry, no shelter to cover them. Gen. Fisk had large camp-fires built at once for those who would use them; but the majority were so exhausted and weary, they lay down as they were on the guards and hurricane-deck, in preference to gathering around camp-fires on wet and snowy soil. The next day, as might be supposed, we had a large accession to the hospital, filling every available nook, and the hands and hearts of surgeons and nurses.

Duvall's Bluff was evacuated before we reached it, and everything removed to Little Rock, except two siege guns and eleven men, left to secure their transportation. The guns and men were the only fruits of this barren and bloodless victory. Farther navigation was found to be impossible to some of our boats, and it was decided to return—the object of securing the opening of the river having been accomplished, and the forts and defences destroyed.

This outline of the expedition gives a faint idea of a naval campaign, and the discomforts and hardships of the transport-life of the soldiers. I found the veterans dreaded the latter, more than the most severe active service, or exposed encampments. On transports, there was no opportunity for shelter, no camp-fires for cooking, no conveniences for cleanliness, as the crowded state of the men and difficulties of locomotion, made the chilling waters with which they were surrounded, almost inaccessible, while neither soap nor towels could be procured for this purpose. When the men were wet, they could not be dried; when chilled, they could not exercise; when hungry, they could not cook their food; and when untidy, could not be cleansed. Still

they maintained unbroken cheerfulness, unless sick, and even then, bore up with unmurmuring patience.

Before visiting the army, I had heard a vast deal of the immoralities of the soldiers, and had been told I should be continually shocked with drunkenness, profanity, obscenity and gambling. During the progress of the war, I spent months with the army on the move or in siege, and was astonished at the small amount of intoxication or immorality that I witnessed. Our Northern cities are much more disgraced by the vice of drunkenness, than was our army when in active service. The profanity was restrained in my presence, if it existed to so fearful an extent. In that respect, I believe the "rank and file" of the army would have compared favorably with society at home. I saw more men reading, writing, and amusing themselves in innocent games, than I did in playing games of chance; there was no gambling permitted in the portions of the army I visited. We were constantly passing back and forth in the regiments at all times, from reveillè till taps, and had the opportunity of seeing and hearing, at least, what was habitual. How much of this morality was owing to the labors of the Commissions, for the spiritual benefit of the soldiers, I leave to be inferred. God was wonderfully near to our army, to control, encourage, inspire and direct. The brave men were like children in simplicity and faith. They opened their hearts to any humane, Christian friend that approached them, and received knowledge, and truth as the fallow ground takes in gently falling showers. As to the respect, almost reverence, with which every true woman was received by them, too much cannot be said, and all women unite in bearing similar testimony.

CHAPTER X.

Transport hospital life on the Ruth.—Sanitary stores dealt out.—Death and burial of a hospital nurse.—Suddenness of soldiers' deaths.—Schoolmaster soldier.—Young brothers of the 33d Missouri.—Sick soldier behind a wheel-house.—Confiscation of cattle.—Sketch of sickness and death of a Wisconsin soldier.—Camp-cough.—Sight of St. Louis ladies on guard.—Isolation of individuals and regiments in the army.—Visit from Miss Breckenridge.—Prayer-meetings on transports.—Sabbath services on the Ruth.—Col. Pile's remarkable sermon.—Trip down the river on a gunboat.—Gen. Fisk's moral influence in the army.—Faithfulness of surgeons.—Convalescent soldier nurses.

Our hospital life on the steamer Ruth was of thrilling interest. A brief sketch of its history will be the type of thousands of others. It had not the advantages of a hospital transport, as it was extemporized unexpectedly when entirely cut off from commissary, quartermasters' or sanitary depôts, to procure cots or covering. The stores that we had brought were for use on boats or hospitals, fitted up and in running order. They were found to be invaluable in this case, as, strange to say, they were the *only hospital supplies on board the fleet.*

The main cabin of the Ruth was one hundred and fifty feet in length and twenty feet in breadth. In the course of a few days after leaving Helena, its entire length was covered with sick soldiers, suffering with pneumonia, rheumatism, fever and measles. The men were obliged to lie as closely

as possible, leaving scarcely room for the sick cup or plate. There were no comfortable cots, clean sheets, or soft pillows. Providentially, we had some boxes of shirts among our sanitary stores, sufficient to furnish each man who passed through the hospital.

The men were brought to us just as they had come from picket, or guard, or the march, often covered with mud and soaked with water, uncombed and unwashed. By dint of "faculty," we collected vessels sufficient to have them thoroughly washed, which was our first prescription; then combed and refreshed with a clean shirt, and dry, warm socks. It is impossible to convey any idea of the effect of these first luxuries. We found by experience that a large portion of the ailments of soldiers arose from impaired digestion, the consequence of uncooked or improper food. A comfortable, home-like meal, after thorough ablution, had a magical effect, and in many instances, this simple treatment, twice or thrice repeated, effected a cure—always produced great relief.

We roasted apples by the barrel, stewed dried fruit by the half barrel, prepared green tea in large tin-buckets, and scrambled eggs, and picked codfish in yard-square iron pans.

These luxuries were dealt out carefully to the patients, with the approval and direction of the surgeons, who said this treatment did more than medicine for many, and greatly assisted all who required medical treatment. Our detailed nurses carried the trays of nourishing food, while we followed with the tea, white sugar, condensed milk, and soft crackers. The smile of joy and expressions of grati

tude induced by these simple comforts, were deeply affecting. As a thin hand was held out for a cup of tea, a feeble voice said, "Lady, that cup of tea you gave me tasted just like the old woman's at home. God bless you! it has set me right up." Another said, "That tastes like mother had made it;" and still another sturdy farmer, down with the measles, cried out, "You ladies beat all natur'; where did you larn to make tea? It beats the old woman's, and I'll write her word, and she'll be glad to hear it."

Scrambled eggs were considered a rare dainty. We allowed each man two, and it may be readily imagined, it did not require many meals to empty a barrel. Although the men watched these luxuries with the craving of convalescents, the absence of selfishness was surprising. It was not unusual to hear the remark, "Give it to him; he needs it more than I do. He is so old, or so young, or kind of delicate, or not used to roughing it." Even when the poor mangled bodies were brought on stretchers, these brave men would say, "Raise me up higher in the bunk; I can bear it better than he." Of all the sick that passed through our hands, we lost but one, and his death was an unexplained mystery. He was one of our most faithful nurses, and we had learned to trust him for others, but not for himself. He was too unselfish to remember his own wants. There were two brothers, nurses; both so true and faithful, we felt they had left a good and noble mother. After serving dinner to the sick, he said he "felt strange and sleepy," and lay down with his head on a haversack. We heard nothing of it till we were making preparations for supper, when we inquired for him.

He was then insensible and struggling in convulsions. One surgeon said he had a congestive chill, another, congestion of the brain, and a third, that he had taken morphine in mistake for some other medicine. The matter was never decided. He battled the grim monster manfully, and we watched him till 12 o'clock, when we retired, as the surgeon said he might live till morning.

At early dawn we were beside him. Busy preparations were being made for an expected engagement, but he lay cold and silent, heeding nothing. Beside him was a youth of eighteen, pale and spiritless, for, alas! the crowded state of the hospital rendered it impossible to separate the nurse from the other patients. As soon as the breakfast was ready, we brought it to him, but he refused even the scrambled eggs and green tea. He was twitching nervously. I said, "Would you like to change your place?" "Oh, yes," he replied, eagerly, "for he kicked me all night long in his struggles, and I could not get away."

The watcher had not realized the state of the uncomplaining boy when the nurse was dying. I asked the men on the opposite side of the boat, if they could possibly make room for him. With soldierly generosity they contracted yet a little more, and left a vacant space for him. With a leap he reached it, and fell fainting. His nervous system was entirely unstrung. After stimulants, and an hour's rest, he ate his breakfast with an appetite, and in three days was with his regiment. Doubtless he would have soon sunk beyond hope, unless removed, soothed, and strengthened.

The sudden and unexpected death of the soldiers in the miasmatic Southern climate, was remarkable and inexplic-

able. They drooped gradually; still kept on duty, and almost immediately after their admission to the hospital, sometimes even before, would lie down a day or two and be gone. I have seen a man take a cup of tea, put it to his lips, throw his head back, and expire, never having complained of anything but weakness. Comrades have often lain down together, feeling faint and weary, and one has awoke to find the other a corpse—the spirit so gently released that none had suspected its flight. I have seen the half-finished meal pushed back, and the spirit departed, before the plate could be removed. Death was so stealthy and sudden in his approach, that an icy breath seemed to have instantly congealed the life-blood at the fountain, and not a pulsation followed. The flame did not flicker, but was extinguished, as though a passing gust had quenched it, and all was dark and silent. I am inclined to think the brave and resolute natures of these men endured without complaint, till the silver cord was almost unreeled, ere their weary heads rested on even a knapsack.

After our sad morning's work we passed to the upper deck for air and change. As we looked, a body of soldiers moved down the plank, bearing the corpse of our faithful soldier-nurse. His blue coat was his shroud, and his blanket his winding-sheet. A grave was rapidly scooped out of the side of the bluff, and the body deposited and covered. His saddened comrades, and bereaved and stricken brother, came back hurriedly to take their places in the ranks of battle about to move, and risk the same fate. Such is war. Gen. Fisk had made all arrangements to have a military funeral, but orders to move at once had been received, and forbade delay.

When we returned to the cabin, I observed a feeble, dejected-looking man, behind a roll of carpet near my state-room. I asked if he was ill. He replied he felt extremely weak, had daily fever, and was unable to retain his food. I perceived he was an educated man, and asked why he had not gone to the hospital. "Dear madam," he said, "don't mention it. The sight of so many sick and suffering would only aggravate my ailments. Allow me to remain here." "Certainly, but will you not give me your history?" "Most cheerfully," he replied. "I am a teacher by profession, and had a fine school in Wisconsin when the war commenced. I had a wife and two children, and we were living delightfully. I tried to believe the country did not need me, and that I was not required to leave my family. I managed to satisfy my conscience at the first call, but was not so successful when the President called for three hundred thousand more. I felt then I dare not stay. My wife arrived at the same conclusion, after days and nights of agony. Her father was a man of wealth, and was delighted to have her go home with the children. She has borne up bravely, but says it is hard work; nothing but the cause and her Heavenly Father sustains her.

"My greatest trial is, that I have been unable to accomplish anything. I have been rusting in camp nine months, and now, when I have the opportunity to be of service, I am wilted and worthless." I said, cheerfully, "Don't you believe if you had a good bath and a comfortable meal, you would feel better?" He rose and said, eagerly, "I believe a bath would almost restore me. I abhor myself, and have no remedy. I have neither soap, towels, nor sponge, and the

cold water will not cleanse me, even when I can reach it." I said, "Here is the key of our state-room. You are welcome to the use of it for an hour, or longer, if necessary. I will send you warm water and a clean shirt. You will find all the appliances there." He looked his thanks. He accepted the offer, and in less than the appointed time emerged, looking like a man "clothed and in his right mind." I should not have recognized him. "Now permit me," he said, "to show you the photographs of my wife and children." The chubby arms and plump cheeks of the baby moistened the father's eyes, as he held the picture for us to see. He then drew from his pocket a neat and well-furnished housewife, remarking, "My tidy, orderly little wife gave me this, and I have accomplished wonders with it till I came to the transport." He lay in his hiding-place, with the consent of his captain. We fed him from our table, and in three days he returned to his regiment; too soon, we thought, for he was still quite feeble.

A few days after, twenty sick men were brought in and laid on the cabin floor. We immediately received them, and as we spoke to each, we heard a weak voice say, "Ladies, am I so changed you don't know me? I'm the soldier that lay at your state-room door." He partially covered his soiled face with his thin fingers, and said, "I have given up all expectation of being able to do anything, and can't endure this hopelessness much longer." We at once brought the surgeon, and asked what position he could fill when better. The kind-hearted man replied, he "needed a clerk, and would give him the place." A few days' care enabled him to go to work, and we left him, happy that he

was of any service. The last words he said, were—"Now that I am of value in the army, nothing could induce me to go home." He hoped to be able to return to the ranks ere long. I know not his subsequent fortune, but can only trust that he is at home with wife and children.

One stormy night, we undertook to give the men, most exposed on the guards, a cup of tea, and a soft biscuit. As we proceeded, we heard a chuckling laugh, and held our lantern to discover its cause. We found two young soldiers, brothers, from the 33d Missouri Regiment Volunteers, nineteen and twenty-one years of age, lying side by side, covered with their double blankets, drawn over their heads, talking merrily. I said, "Boys, you are having a good time, even in rough weather." They answered, "That we are; we are *veterans*, and don't mind the weather, if we can only get together. We are brothers, and always stand by each other. We helped one another through the seasoning," as they called their early hardships, "and now we're never sick, and always lively." I said, "Have you a mother?" "That we have," said one, "and the best kind of a mother. She bade us come, and said she'd pray for us, and I know she has." Their merriment for the moment was gone, and a subdued tone replaced it. Their cup of tea inspired them with glee and gratitude. "Ain't this like home?" they said. "It will drive out the cold all night. I know I shall dream I'm home after this. Ladies, do give us your names, that we may write them to our mother, and she'll never forget you." "Tell her," I said, "'tis the good people at home send this through the Sani-

tary Commission, because you brave boys deserve it." "Well, we don't deserve so much kindness." With a hearty "good-night," we left the young heroes, feeling their mother's God was very near them. As we receded, we heard soft whispers, and knew they were talking of that mother.

Under the wheel-house, on the opposite side, we found quite a group of soldiers, all covered with blankets and snow. After giving each a cup of tea, we saw in the rear a delicate-looking youth, who had drawn his blanket aside to see who was coming. When we handed him his cup he quickly sat up, enveloped in his blue covering. He sipped the tea as though he enjoyed each drop; said he had eaten nothing since morning, for he could not swallow raw pork and hard-tack, as he had no appetite. After taking a few spoonfuls he said: "'Tis just like mother's tea. I wish she knew I had it. The mail brought me a letter to-day, in which she said: 'Richard, if I could only make you a cup of good tea and a slice of toast, I'm sure 'twould do you good.' Now I shall write to her I got it away up the White River, in a storm, at ten o'clock at night, from kind ladies who came from the North to bring it." We tucked up the frail boy, and left him on his airy couch, full of gratitude and happiness.

Foraging parties supplied us with fresh meat for the hospitals, and occasionally the regiments got a share, and the boats were stopped and camp-fires kindled, to allow them to cook it. The capture of these refractory rebel steers was very exciting. They manifested great repugnance to our transports, and would not volunteer under the "Stripes and Stars,"

but were conscripted. Some were shot and dragged on the boat when past rebellion. The boys, however, greatly preferred having the living animals, as they could be kept, and prolong the privilege of fresh meat, so necessary for our army on transports.

During the expedition, when the boat was tied up for the night, we were summoned by the Colonel of a Wisconsin regiment, in great haste, to see a young man very ill on board the steamer Empress. As we entered the boat we were met by the Colonel, who said: "Ladies, I am in great distress. I have in my regiment a young man of rare promise. He is the only child of his parents. He had just graduated, and was intending to study law with his father, when my regiment was forming. He at once enlisted. The day our regiment left Wisconsin his parents were with us. His mother, forgetting all except her *only child*, threw her arms around me and sobbed out: 'Oh! Colonel, for God's sake guard my treasure, for it is my all.' Now," he added, "I am afraid he will die." We threaded our way through a long cabin of sick men, like those we had left, without cots or pillows, and without the clean Sanitary shirts with which we had been able to clothe our sick. There they lay, in the same muddy garments in which they had marched or picketed for many weeks.

The young man whom we came to see, had been moved to a state-room. As we entered the room, he drew the soiled blanket over his once neat collar and neck-tie, and said, "Ladies, don't come in, I'm too filthy to be seen." As I looked upon him, I thought I had seldom seen a finer face. Square high forehead, clearly cut features, and dark expres-

sive eyes, betokened intellect and refinement. We talked with him cheerfully; told him the Colonel had granted him a furlough; that he should be removed to our boat, where we would carefully nurse him, till we could place him with his mother. He looked so bright and spoke so cheerfully, that we cherished hopes of his early recovery. We promised to send a stretcher for him in the morning, and after making all possible arrangements for his comfort, and giving him a cup of tea, we bade him good-night.

After leaving the room, I thought, what if he should die? Who will receive his last words, or know his last thoughts? I returned and said, "We shall send for you in the morning, if we live; but life is so uncertain, especially in the army on the move—suppose we never meet again on earth, what would you say?" Looking serenely up, he said, "I understand you. Should I die, tell my mother, as I have lain here these long days, her teachings have come back, and I trust have done their work. My Sabbath-school lessons, that she struggled to teach me, are now remembered and prized. Tell her I hope to meet her in heaven, and that I never regretted the step I have taken." I said, "I hope you may be long spared to bless your parents and serve your country and your Maker. We expect to see you to-morrow." He thanked me for returning, and, the surgeon said, talked cheerfully about his prospects for an hour after we left, and seemed overjoyed at the hope of seeing his parents and being nursed back to health, sufficient to return to his regiment. The uncomplaining young soldier had suffered with chills and fever a week before he allowed it to be known, and took his turn in standing guard and picket at that inclement season, on the

marshy soil of Arkansas, or the exposed guards of the Empress. Next morning we sent a stretcher for William. He had gone home before us, to his Father's bosom, and all that was left for us to do, was to write the agonizing news to his parents, and the precious, *last words* of love and heavenly hope.

Three weeks later, on my route to Vicksburg, I met a friend of the family on his way to Helena; with a metallic coffin, to carry the precious casket of their only jewel, and lay it to rest under the old trees at the homestead. He heard my name and introduced himself. He said the parents had well-nigh sunk under the scathing stroke, but were upheld by the dying words of their son, breathing faith and hope in his last moments. 'Twas God directed me to ask for them. May He help them in their loneliness.

The never-ending camp-cough in the army was one of its most distressing features. Everywhere it struck the ear painfully, and at night it was torturing, almost preventing us from sleeping, till custom rendered it tolerable. Mr. Williams had provided himself with several boxes of cough lozenges, and moved round night after night among the men, administering the pleasant medicine, which afforded temporary relief. Many of these poor fellows have since sunk into the grave with consumption, of which this camp-cough was the precursor.

After a hard day's work, Mrs. Colt and myself went to the guards, to breathe the fresh air. The hospital on our crowded boat was rendering the atmosphere very impure, as there was but little ventilation possible in the cabin of a steamer lined with state-rooms. Our boat was slowly moving, recon-

noitring to find a suitable place to tie up for the night, as the tortuous and narrow stream would not permit of night-travelling with safety. As we watched the glimpses of the setting sun through the forest that bordered the river, a small steamer glided past, and to our astonishment we beheld a group of ladies on the guards. As we almost collided, we recognized some of the St. Louis ladies whom we had met a year previous, engaged in army labors in that city. Miss Breckenridge, a very dear friend, saluted us, and the others waved their handkerchiefs as we passed. Language cannot convey an idea of the delight that such a meeting, in that distant land, in the midst of a battle-fleet, occasioned. When we stopped for the night, Gen. Fisk succeeded in discovering the location of the boat on which these ladies were to be found. Nothing can better convey the idea of the entire isolation of the various parts of the army, than the fact, that women engaged in the same work, should have been in the same fleet for weeks without suspicion of such contiguity.

In the earlier part of the war the idea was almost universal, that if one could reach Grant or Sherman's army, friends could easily be found, and if the location of battle-fields could be ascertained, knowledge of dead or wounded friends must soon follow. On the contrary, I have traversed a space of many miles through camps, in search of a certain regiment, and discovered it was rare to find one that knew the name or number of its nearest neighbor. The discipline and work of each regiment was so engrossing, and their change of location so frequent, there was no time nor inclination for acquaintance or gossip. This lack of neighborly acquaintance accounted for the long protracted, often fruitless search

for wounded or dead bodies, dearer than life to the seekers for them. Miss Breckenridge came to our boat, and spent a day or two with us. She said her companions and herself had started for Vicksburg, to take charge of the wounded to be sent up from Vicksburg to St. Louis, on a hospital transport. Like ourselves, they were seized at Helena, and carried off on the expedition, *nolens volens*. Mrs. Clapp, president of the Aid Society of St. Louis; Mrs. Couzins, Mrs. Crashaw, Mrs. Clark, and Miss Breckenridge, composed the delegation. Their boat was partly filled with commissary stores, and contained four companies of a Wisconsin regiment. Miss B. expressed the same astonishment that we felt, on discovering the superior character of so large a number of the "rank and file" of the army. She and the ladies agreed in the opinion, that they would compare favorably with the same number of men to be found anywhere. She said, in the four hundred men on their boat, she had not yet found one, who was not intelligent and well-behaved. Large numbers were agreeable companions, and more uncompromising and active Christians than she had been in the habit of meeting elsewhere. They held religious meetings almost nightly, conducted by the privates themselves. She felt, when attending them, she had not before seen or understood a genuine prayer-meeting. The solemnity, fervor, simplicity, and directness of their approaches to a Throne of Grace were as novel as edifying. They seemed to speak to God almost face to face, as Moses did, and eternity seemed to them a reality. When they plead for their absent families and their struggling country, tears would often impede their utterance, and it was not uncommon to have a solemn pause, eloquent

with the silence of swelling hearts. The ladies sang well, and the chorus of so large a number of manly voices in unison with them, made music such as angels might pause to hear. Their gratitude for the services and the companionship of the ladies was unbounded. The respect and reverence with which they were treated, proved that the fault was with woman herself, if she had aught of which to complain.

We gladly accepted the invitation of Miss B—— to accompany her, and attend the prayer-meeting that night. Gen. Fisk and wife joined us. Although our boats were only a few hundred yards apart, we found great difficulty in passing from one to the other. The shelving bank and heavy undergrowth of cotton-wood were great obstacles. The pioneer corps of soldiers soon cleared the way, as was their wont. The night was clear and starry; an unusual occurrence at the time. The warm sun through the day, had partially dried the mud. The soldiers were improving the opportunity by building camp-fires, and cooking their rations. These groups around the blazing brush, the camp-kettles hung on poles, the rude preparations for the evening meal, accompanied by the animation that such change and respite gave the soldiers, and the dusky flaring light of innumerable pine torches, formed a wild and picturesque scene. The river was illumined with the head-lights of thirty steamers, and with hundreds of burners that streamed through the open sky-lights—a terrific illumination and procession to the traitorous States on either side of the river.

As we drew near to the boat, we heard the sound of sacred song, rising above the strokes of the axe, and the merriment of the soldiers. "Rock of Ages" never sounded so grandly as

it did on that occasion. When we entered the ladies' cabin, we found more than a hundred soldiers collected there. One of their number was leading the meeting. At the close of the hymn, the leader requested Gen. Fisk to take his place, which he did, and introduced Chaplain Pyne to the meeting. He made a short and interesting address. The General, with his manly voice, started the hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every Blessing," in which all joined heartily. Gen. Fisk then introduced Col. Pile, who acted as colonel and chaplain to the 33d Regiment Missouri Volunteers, at the time quartered on the steamer Ruth.

After the battle of Boonville, accompanied by three aides, the Colonel went to the battle-field to pick up the wounded. After forwarding to the hospital all that he could find, he was directed to an adjoining corn-field, where it was said some wounded lay. As he progressed, up rose suddenly twenty-five graybeards, who had been concealed between the rows of corn. With the promptness of genius and bravery he cried out, "Forward!" to what the rebels supposed was his company. Quick and sharp followed the order, "Surrender!" Surprised and bewildered, the twenty-five men laid down their arms, and were marched into camp by the three blue-coats and Col. Pile, who had fairly earned his title of the fighting chaplain. This incident reveals the soldierly qualities of Col. Pile. The following sketch of his address at the prayer-meeting, will exhibit his abilities as a chaplain.

He had a fine massive face and powerful physique. He stooped slightly and moved heavily. When he spoke he stood erect, full six feet in height, his chest expanded, his

eye kindled, his determined mouth relaxed, and in an authoritative manner, as if charged with a message from on high, he began. It was said no man ventured to disobey his orders, or question his authority, and still his regiment loved him. The basis of his remarks was the passage, "Obedience is better than sacrifice." He handled it in a masterly manner. With much power he expounded the duty of obedience to rightful authority, proving that rebellion and disobedience had caused all our present suffering; that the basis of all true law emanated from God, and formed the substratum on which all just government was founded. He proceeded to show the imperative claims of civil and military authority, and the duties of men to both. The eloquence of the Colonel carried his audience completely. The soldiers grasped each other's hands in their earnestness and simplicity, and whispered loudly, "That's so—we know it."

Gen. Fisk started the hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" Again the wave of melody rolled over the audience. Some voices were gone—melted into tears. At its close Gen. Fisk arose, threw out his colors broadly as a soldier of the cross, and proclaimed Christ as the Savior of soldiers; their fortress, shield and buckler in time of danger and temptation. At the close of a few eloquent remarks, the doxology of the army, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was sung. After an hour's visit to the ladies and the soldiers we returned to our quarters on the Ruth, feeling that God was with our army, "as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night."

On the 18th of June, one week after the fleet left Helena,

Gen. Fisk issued an order for Sabbath morning service. Orders from headquarters obliged him to postpone the meeting until half-past seven the same evening. The entire expedition had been a series of wonders, a great drama, each successive scene of which increased in interest. Its crowning event took place on the holy Sabbath evening of this day. The ladies' cabin, which would seat over a hundred persons, was filled with officers and soldiers, who stood in lines three deep, around the sides of the cabin, and in dense masses, between the ladies' cabin and the men in the hospital. There lay one hundred sick men, too feeble to stand, but still able to hear and enjoy the services, as the round voices of the speakers, and the magnificent chorus of sacred song, rolled over the heads of the soldiers, and fell on the ears of the patients. As near the centre of the audience as possible, stood a table, on which lay a Bible and hymn-book. The robes of the priest were blue and gold, the drapery of the pulpit stripes and stars, the audience hundreds of men who had left home, families and business, taking their lives in their hands, to battle for the right. The order and propriety of the meeting might be well imitated in civil life. No display of dress, no careless attitudes, no disrespectful or indifferent manner, was there; all were solemn, earnest, reverential. It seemed a fit audience-chamber for the King of kings. Men had come to hear the message of God, not to slight or criticise.

At half-past seven precisely, Gen. Fisk rose and said, "Blessed be God, we can worship him everywhere—in the sanctuary, at the fire-side, in the battle-fleet, or the sick bed. We will open the services by singing—

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'"

As the hundreds of male voices joined in the chorus, to the tune of Old Hundred, the melody became almost overpowering. We stood at the extreme part of the ladies' cabin, and the scene was wonderfully grand and impressive. The united cabins were two hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and were filled with eager listeners. I had never seen so large a group of officers at one time. They represented Gen. Fisk's entire brigade, and stood mingled with the rank and file, in reverent attitude. Our daily companions and charge, the hospital patients, were hidden by the standing crowd, but we imagined, what we afterwards found to be true, that they were straining every sense to catch the words of the speaker. There were few dry eyes on that occasion. The sacred song floated all back home to the sanctuary, or family altar, and united them with their absent ones, in prayer, around the great white throne.

Gen. Fisk, in his trumpet tones, that reached the remotest man, read the 12th chapter of Romans, and then sang, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross, a follower of the Lamb?" Col. Pile was the orator of the day. No man could have so entirely suited the occasion, mentally and physically. He was Cromwellian in proportion, and in speech. Slowly unbending his broad shoulders, and raising his bowed head, he said, "My friends, I had intended to have forgotten to-night that we were engaged in war; that we were away from home; that aught else existed but God and man, and their relations to each

other, but I have been requested to take a different course, and address you on a subject, peaceable in itself, but involving the conduct of war. My text is, 'Inasmuch as in you lies, dwell peaceably with all men.'" He explained peace to be harmonious relations between respective parties, under all circumstances. He contended, it was the only state that could insure happiness and usefulness. He began with the family circle, and rose gradually through national and civil organizations, till he reached the grand climax—the relations between man and his Maker. He then proceeded to demonstrate from nature and revelation, that the only foundation for true peace, was in absolute and unquestioning obedience to law. He ranged through the firmament, and with burning eloquence, showed that every star that twinkled through the immensity of space, and the fiery comet in its erratic course, were subject to God's unalterable law, as well as the springing blade of grass, the swelling bud, the changing leaf, the russet-clad forest, the snow-capped mountain, the bounding rivulet, the deep-rolling river, the fathomless ocean; and thus order prevailed. He showed from history, sacred and profane, that just in proportion to adherence to this principle, were governments happy, useful, prosperous. He drew a graphic and soul-stirring picture, that all present could appreciate, of the fearful devastations and indescribable suffering, that departure from this principle had caused, in this once fair land. Then with the power of a master,' he applied the principle to the army; showed how vastly more efficient, glorious, ennobling, was absolute obedience to rule, even if sometimes unwisely administered, than anarchy or rebellion.' With a single stroke he sketched the terrific

vision of an ungoverned, insubordinate army, consuming its strength in struggles against just rule, instead of subduing the enemy.

From the breathless attention of the audience, and their deeply thoughtful faces, we inferred the lessons were deeply imprinted in their hearts. At the close of this eloquent discourse, Gen. Fisk led in prayer, that seemed to bear the petition of every heart upward. As was always the case, I noticed the prayer for absent families produced deep emotion on the part of the soldiers. The depth of these brave men's tenderness has never been comprehended nor revealed. After the benediction, the services closed, as quietly as in the sanctuary. We felt that it was good to be there.

But we must leave this military sanctuary, and prepare to record the closing adventure of the White River expedition, which was a trip down the White River, on a gunboat, that was ordered to Vicksburg with dispatches. Our work had drawn to a close in the fleet, as the few sick remaining had been taken from the Ruth to a hospital transport, so situated, that we could not accompany them. I had the opportunity afforded me by Gen. Gorman, to go on the gunboat to Vicksburg, and meet my sons. It was quite a new sensation to be snugly stowed away in one of the steamers that had so long protected us. It belonged to the Mosquito fleet, and might readily be mistaken for a small transport; and being detached from the fleet, made us liable to attacks from guerillas.

The good, brave captain tried my nerves not a little, when he said the spot where I sat had frequently been peppered by miniés, and that the cannonade that I might expect in the morning, to empty the guns, would probably shatter

glasses and crockery. We escaped both, however, and reached the mouth of the river safely, where we were detained by orders from the flag-ship, with no hope of a speedy movement. As I pondered on my plans in this emergency, the advance boat of the fleet passed us. In quick succession the steamers came, but at such a distance that we could not hail them. At last the Ruth appeared. Desperate at the prospect of being left behind, I begged that the gig might be lowered. It was, and fully manned. I sprang into it, and the oarsmen pulled as if for life. Still the Ruth gained on us rapidly, but stopped a few minutes to report at the flag-ship. I rose up, waving my handkerchief, which would not have been seen but for a happy circumstance. Gen. Fisk and ladies stood on the hurricane-deck, the General looking through a fine field-glass. He discovered me, stopped the boat after she had put off, a plank was thrown out, men holding one end on the deck of the vessel, I was hoisted on the other extreme, and while the ladies turned away in fear, I safely walked the plank, and was again on board the Ruth, never before so bewitching to me.

We found the shortest road to Vicksburg was to return North and discover where Gen. Grant's army lay. Strange to say, it could not be ascertained below Memphis, as dispatches from Vicksburg were sent to that point. At Helena we parted with Gen. Fisk and his amiable wife with sincere regret. The important post since occupied by Gen. Fisk, and his rapid rise in position and the confidence of the country, were all foreshadowed by his ability, faithfulness, and Christian courage, in this early campaign of the war.

In the conclusion of the White River expedition we were all desirous to bear testimony to the faithfulness and tenderness of the surgeons in charge of the sick on board the Ruth. They labored from morning till late at night, scarcely allowing themselves time for sleep or refreshment. I felt keenly mortified, and wished that the donors of sanitary supplies could have heard the answer of one of these faithful men, when, fainting from overwork, I offered him a cup of tea with white sugar. "Thank you, madam, I can't take it—'twould choke me, and help to swell the cry throughout the land that sanitary supplies are devoured by surgeons and nurses." I had nothing to say, but thought could those at home have seen the labors of surgeons, and known that nurses were either *convalescent, often half-sick soldiers, or delicate women accustomed to home comforts*, they would have sent extra supplies for them, instead of grudging them a share of what had been sent. After months' experience in the army, we can cheerfully testify to the devotion and efficiency of a large number of army surgeons. They were unfortunately, but inevitably, not perfect, but we believe as faithful and laborious as any other class of army officers.

CHAPTER VII.

Suffering of army at Young's Point.—Arrival at Cairo.—Guerrillas and steamboat passengers.—A collection.—The mother of Joseph.—Mothers and wives en route for Memphis.—Hospitals at Memphis.—Soldier's death at Adams Block Hospital.—Visiting the paitents.—Mr. Reynolds in hospital.—Cheers for the Sanitary Commission.—Wisconsin Battery-boy.—Mrs. B.'s attention to a wounded soldier.—Gen. John Logan.—Gen. McPherson.—Gen. Webster.

THE winter of 1862 and 1863 was a period of general discouragement throughout the country. The state of the roads in the south-west absolutely precluded the movement of the army. The rainy season had been unprecedented in extent and duration. The Mississippi had overflowed its banks, till hundreds of miles of farms on either side had been submerged. As an inevitable result, the low ground on which our army was encamped at Young's Point had become a mud-lake. The Yazoo Pass, in the immediate neighborhood, afforded such clear water for the troops, that they were tempted to prefer it to the turbid water of the Mississippi, although its baleful effects had stamped its name as "The deadly Yazoo." At the encampments, which were at too great a distance to procure water from the river, in the impassable state of the roads, without great labor, barrels were sunk, which were speedily filled with clear surface-water, that carried death in its combinations.

It was exceedingly difficult for the Government to pro-

cure sufficient transportation for men, rations, ammunition, animals, and forage, consequently, there was great lack of vegetables and fresh meat, which are indispensable to the health of troops in a protracted campaign. Fresh meat was furnished to the army by contract. The long distance between it and its base of supplies, the crowded and filthy state of the cars and transports on which the animals were brought, half starved and famished for water, produced such an unhealthy condition, that many of the regiments refused their rations of fresh meat, and preferred the sound salt rations of the army. The tents were worn and battered by long use, frequent changes, and continual rain, and afforded very insufficient protection to the men. I was frequently informed, and heard no opposing statement, that there was but one regiment at Young's Point where the soldiers had more than one blanket, which must be used for a covering, leaving no protection from the spongy soil on which they lay, except as they gathered branches or built "shebangs." The Board of Trade of the city of Chicago had furnished the regiments and batteries raised under their care with rubber blankets, consequently, I found the 113th Illinois Regiment, 3d Board of Trade, well protected from the damp earth.

From a review of these various unfavorable circumstances, it will not be considered surprising, that appeals were made from the army to the commission, for assistance. The President and Board of the North-Western Commission not only felt that increased and immediate relief should be afforded, but also decided, that some representatives from their own organization and neighborhood, should visit the army, and be able on their return to tell those who supplied its treasury

and furnished its packages, what the soldiers needed, what they suffered, and how they were supplied, from actual observation. Mrs. Livermore or myself, were again selected for the work.

The Board of Trade, with its uniform liberality and consideration for its regiments, appointed Ira Y. Munn, its former President, and Mr. Willard, an esteemed member of its body, to visit them, carrying a fine supply of comforts and delicacies to the men, and report on their necessities and condition, on their return. These gentlemen and Mr. W. Reynolds, of Peoria, President of the Peoria Branch of the U. S. Christian Commission, accompanied me. Mr. Reynolds took with him a large amount of books, newspapers, etc., furnished at his own expense. I took twelve hundred packages of choice sanitary stores, from the North-West Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission; Mr. R. relieving me of all responsibility of their transportation, which was a matter of much labor and perplexity.

At Cairo, we found dismal weather and foreboding hearts; and the gloom thickened as we proceeded. Guerillas, even between Cairo and Memphis, were daring, crafty and successful. Boats had been captured and burned, passengers robbed and turned adrift in the swamps, only too happy to escape with their lives. One boat, at a wood-landing between Cairo and Memphis, had been entered by guerillas disguised as civilians, who had taken possession of her and her stores, threatening the employees into compliance, and obliging them to carry these marauders, as they directed them. An immense government steamer, filled with amunition, had barely escaped capture or explosion from rebel balls, a few miles

below Cairo, the day previous to our arrival there. Forrest and Chalmers were roaming at large with their reckless dare-devils, called Confederate soldiers, whose movements were swift and appalling, baffling all calculation, and eluding marvellously all plans for their seizure. Forrest had not yet attained Fort Pillow notoriety, but was educating himself and his men rapidly, for that demoniac tragedy. No military skill or courage could cope with this barbarous mode of warfare. All who travelled on the Mississippi at that time, must decide to run these risks. I could conceive of no motive sufficient for such a journey, but love or patriotism. To my amazement, I found the greed of gold, and hope of fortunate cotton *peculations*, or speculations, carrying many on this hazardous trip.

A steamboat, at all times, is a study for Lavater, or a harvest for the wit and pathos of Dickens or Thackeray, from which to fill volumes of life-pictures. These fruitful fields were intensified in value during the war, just in proportion to the accelerated interest of military affairs. Cotton speculators furnished a large and curious class of passengers. They were totally oblivious to all interests, save the price of cotton, and the chances for procuring it. Their patriotism and their politics were graduated by the opportunities that military or governmental action afforded them for gain.

I remember, on my return from the White River expedition, when travelling from Memphis to Cairo in January, I found on the boiler-deck, almost a hundred discharged soldiers from hospitals, exposed to a drifting snow-storm, that swept mercilessly through this exposed part of the vessel. Farther investigation showed, that through the incompetency

of officials, these men had been sent forward without rations, and could not be paid till they should reach Cairo. They must be fed, or suffer greatly, perhaps die, in their weak state. On consultation with the St. Louis ladies, who were on board, it was resolved to collect a sufficient sum of money from the passengers, to pay their board till they should reach Cairo. A prompt response was given by all except the cotton speculators, who occupied an entire table, and were fortifying themselves for the storm with liberal potations of champagne and London brown-stout, in addition to an epicurean repast. We chose the hour of dinner for the collection, as the passengers were then assembled. In as few words as possible, the committee of ladies stated the condition of the men, and the necessity for money. A dead silence followed, only interrupted by sinister glances. The committee then said, "Gentlemen, all we ask of you, is to walk below after dinner, and see the one-legged, one-armed, blind heroes who have given their blood, limbs and eyes to maintain the Government, and in so doing, have afforded those who stay at home, and those who go down to rebeldom, the opportunity of making money, and living in ease and luxury." The chuckle subsided, the leer disappeared, porte-monnaies came out, and the entire sum still unsubscribed to pay the board of the soldiers, was made up. The action was commendable, and the soldiers reaped the fruits.

A daily class of passengers on the Mississippi at that time could easily be detected by their *distrait* air, care-worn or hopeless faces, and their isolation from the crowd, as they sat alone in their sorrow. Their only interest was in those who wore the blue coat and brass button of the Union. I

observed in the cabin, soon after I left Cairo, an old woman, seventy years of age, with a bronzed face, full of benevolence and sorrow. She was one of the class who had come in search of the sick and dead bodies of their loved ones. She wore on her head a mob cap, with a spotless frill, and a triangular black silk handkerchief, tied under her chin. She wiped her eyes so often with her red cotton handkerchief, and groaned so audibly, that I drew near and asked the cause of her distress. She simply rocked to and fro and wailed out helplessly, "Oh, mine Josef! mine Josef! he is dead! he is dead!" I drew the following story from her lips.

She was a proud and happy wife and mother when the war broke out, surrounded with husband and children, on a large stock-farm in Illinois, all prosperous and contented. With true German patriotism (for they belonged to that nationality), her husband and sons enlisted on the first call, and left her with one farm-hand, who had been reared in the family, to assist her in its management. Joseph seemed to have been his old mother's idol. "He was so beautiful," she said, with a strong German accent and great simplicity, "and sang so sweet, that all would stop to listen." She had had a daughter married shortly before the war, had a grand wedding for farmers, "and Joseph looked so handsome and sang so fine," that "everybody said they never heard the like." He was smart as he was handsome, and, by trading in stock, had laid up $1,800, which he left to his mother in case he never came back. Then she rocked again, and cried out, "Oh, mine Josef! mine Josef! Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!"

She had received a telegram on the day she left home,

saying that Joseph was killed in battle, and her husband and other son were sick in the hospital at Memphis. She started on the first train, although she had not been twelve miles from home for twenty years, and never on a rail-car before. "Where is your son's body?" I inquired. "I don't know." "In what hospital are your husband and son?" "I don't know, but I can find them." "How?" "Why," said she, "there are plenty of soldiers in Memphis; I am sure they must know my husband or the boys." Poor simple-hearted old woman, representative of a large class of like wanderers! "I will find the body, and bring it home," she said, "if it takes all the money that Josef made; for the night before he went away, we talked 'most all night, and he said, 'Mother, if I am killed in battle, be sure and bring my body home and bury it under the tree that you and I planted when I was a little boy, and when you look at it out of your room window, don't grieve, for, remember, I give my life to my country now.' Then I cried bitterly, and he said, 'Don't take on so, mother, for God may bring me back all right, only it is best to look things square in the face before you start. And, mother, remember the brown mare I raised from a colt must be yours. She's gentle, and 'most like a child to you. Don't sell her while you live.'" Again she rocked and wailed out, "Oh, mine Josef! mine Josef! shall I never see him again and talk to him? What do I want with the money or the mare? They're nothing to me; but give me back the body of mine Josef." I introduced the old lady to an officer, about leaving the boat at Memphis, who fortunately knew the location of her husband's regiment, and in a pouring rain, without umbrella, she

trudged up the levee at Memphis, in search of her Joseph's body, and her sick husband and son.

During the entire trip, I observed a gentleman, who sat apart from the passengers, or paced the cabin nervously. I surmised his errand. His son, he said, was killed in the same battle in which Joseph fell. He was a college student, the joy and pride of his parents. Said he, "I feel intensely anxious to succeed in securing his body; if I do not, I fear my wife will become insane, for nothing but that will satisfy her. Her cry day and night is, 'Give me back my dead.'"

These cases may be multiplied indefinitely, without fear of exaggerating the number of sufferers, or amount of sorrow. Still another class of passengers deeply interested us—wives and mothers hastily summoned to Memphis for a last interview with their sons and husbands, before leaving Memphis for the front, as the army was massing at Young's Point for the capture of Vicksburg. It was curious and touching to witness the struggle between woman's love and patriotism. The countenances of these lovers of their country beamed with pride, as they spoke of the bravery of their sons and husbands, each bound to become a hero, as they thought. Then the sudden silence, the sad look, the abstracted air, betokened that the shadow of the fearful alternative of victory was flitting before them.

We were detained several days in Memphis, awaiting the arrival of part of our stores, that could not be brought on our boat. We had learned by experience to wait for them, not be separated from them. This gave us a fine opportunity of visiting the entire round of hospitals and camps in Memphis. There was a vast difference in the régime of

hospitals having equal privileges and facilities. By proper management, a faithful and competent surgeon, might, in the course of a few months, accumulate a hospital fund, sufficient to furnish the patients with all necessary comforts and delicacies. Each man placed there was entitled to full rations, which he could not consume while sick. The post-surgeon had the opportunity of commuting these rations, and thus creating a fund sufficient for the wants of the sick patients, if properly managed. The practical difficulty that existed, and made outside assistance necessary, was incompetency, unfaithfulness, and frequent change of hospitals and medical men. Post-hospitals could be well supplied by commutation, but those in the field, that were the most liable to fluctuations, were much more difficult to control in this respect.

At Memphis, where hospitals had been in existence more than three months, but little extra assistance should have been needed. Alas! in many instances, large supplies were required, or the patients must have suffered greatly. It was just at this point the Sanitary Commission supplemented ignorance or carelessness, and secured the helpless patients from increased suffering. The contributors of money and supplies, with a full understanding of the case, preferred that this should be done. In some of the hospitals in Memphis, the surgeons objected to the employment of female nurses or matrons, and, without exception, we found such comfortless and untidy. Experience wrought a wonderful change in this respect.

The Adams Block Hospital occupied an entire block of new brick stores, at either end of which were the office and

storehouse of the Sanitary Commission. The post-surgeon had been quite recently inducted into office, and apologized for the disordered state of the hospital, although with its corps of female nurses, it bore stronger evidences of comfort than others, whose names we omit here, although we took pains to report them at the proper place for correction.

As we were about to mount the first flight of stairs to the Adams Block Hospital, we saw two men descending, bearing a corpse, wrapped in a winding-sheet, to the dead-house. Mr. Reynolds, who had never before visited one of these sad places, was greatly shocked, and remarked, "There comes *somebody's son.*" We ascended with heavy hearts after the lifeless body had passed. We entered the first ward, immediately at the head of the stairs. In one corner, with his face literally turned to the wall, stood a man sobbing convulsively. Grief was so common a visitant in that place, that he attracted no attention, but stood isolated in his agony. After several efforts to answer our question as to the cause of his distress, he sobbed out, "My son's corpse has just been carried out. I could bear it, but oh, his poor mother! How can I meet her without our only boy? I fear she will die, too, and then I shall be left alone. God help me." With broken voice, Mr. R. pointed him to the "Rock" and "Refuge," and we passed on to the crowd of sufferers waiting to receive us. We took separate lines, lingering at each cot a few minutes, and leaving a paper or hymn-book.

On one bed lay a languid youth, about twenty years of age, who had been wounded at Arkansas Post. I asked him if he had a Testament. "Oh, yes," he replied; "and it saved my life." He drew from beneath his pillow the mute

messenger of life, and invulnerable breast-plate, that had stood between him and eternity. It lay in the breast-pocket of his coat, and over it, his mother's picture. The piece of shell that struck it, dashed the picture to atoms, and pressed the book with such intensity, that its back burst open, and the indentation gave the precise shape of the missive, as though it had been cast in that mould. This messenger of death had reverently paused at the little book, and bounded off without tearing a leaf or expunging a word, though the flesh beneath was severely bruised by the concussion. "Will you sell the book?" I asked. "No, ma'am; money could not buy it. I must keep it for my mother." "Will you not heed its invitation, 'Come unto me?' It has saved your life; shall it not save your soul? You owe it a double debt of gratitude." Two days later, I met him in front of the hospital. He stopped, and said, "I have followed your advice; I read this book as I never did before, and believe I can now say, it has saved my soul as well as my life."

We spent the entire day visiting the patients, questioning them as to their food and care, cleanliness and comfort. The answers were very satisfactory, except in one ward, where there was a general complaint that the ward-master and nurses helped themselves to the choicest food, before the patients had an opportunity to do so. We managed to be sauntering in the ward at the dinner-hour, saw the evil complained of, made a statement of the grievance to the surgeon, when the ward-master was promptly relieved. The trays of food were excellent in quality and quantity, consisting of fresh meat, vegetables, stewed fruit and rice-pudding. It is scarcely necessary to state that where there was such pro-

visions, a corps of our detailed nurses were found. Those in this hospital had been sent by us from Chicago.

The wards in this institution communicated. Mr. Reynolds took his position as nearly as possible in the centre, at the head of the second flight of stairs, and with his ringing voice, commenced singing:

"My days are passing swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger."

In an instant, as far as the eye could reach, every head was turned towards him. All that could do so, raised themselves on their elbows as he sang on, voice after voice joined in, and many hands were seen brushing away the blinding tears. He then offered a prayer full of tenderness, trustfulness, submission and petition for the absent. Smiles and words of gratitude richly repaid this day's labor.

The following morning we visited the Gayoso Block Hospital, which had been recently organized, in anticipation of the bloody struggle at Vicksburg. The North-Western Sanitary Commission had fitted it up with a fine range, two cooking-stoves, large boilers, washing-machines and wringers, sheets, shirts, pillows, pillow-cases, and a large supply of delicacies for the expected patients. It contained nine hundred beds, six hundred of which were already filled by the sick and wounded from the battle of Arkansas Post. This hospital was under the care of Mother Bickerdyke. My visit was unexpected, and happened at the supper hour. As I entered the door, I met Mrs. Bickerdyke in the con-

valescent dining-hall, where the food was nutritious and tempting. As she was on her way to the hospital wards, I accompanied her.

There lay hundreds of wounded men from the last battle, each one thoroughly clean, and eating such food as would be given them at home. The air was perfectly pure, and the snowy sheets, shirts, and soft pillows, were refreshing to us as well as the patients. Mrs. B., mother that she was, knew the name of every man, and spoke to one and another as we passed through the double line of cots. When we reached the centre of the room, she said: "Boys, this is Mrs. H., of Chicago, from the North-Western Sanitary Commission. Turn down your sheets, look at your shirts and pillows; they are all marked with the name of the Sanitary Commission. Your good suppers that you are eating to-night came from the same place." As from one voice arose the cry, "Three cheers for the Sanitary Commission! God bless the women at home!" As we passed from cot to cot, Mrs. B. said: "William, how do your eggs suit you?" "Just right, Mother." "Well, John, how goes the milk-toast?" "Bully, Mother; tastes just like the old cow's milk at home." Said a gray-headed man, with a shattered arm: "Mother, I don't believe my wife could beat that cup of green tea, with white sugar, you sent me to-night; it has a'most cured me; I feel as chirk as a robin."

At one cot knelt a bright, bronzed-faced woman, feeding a man cautiously with a spoon. His jaw had been shattered, the splintered fragments removed, and he lay a woful spectacle, not able to speak intelligibly. "How do you feel to-night?" said Mother B. "*All right now, since she's come,*"

said he, laying his hand fondly on her head. The constant woman's face beamed with joy, as she added, "I believe I can take him home next week."

As I was about to leave, I stood in the midst of them, and said, "Boys, you look so bright and seem so happy, I think you must be shamming; you are all heroes; but are you badly wounded?" "Why shouldn't we be happy," cried out a manly voice. "We left all to fight for the 'old flag,' and put it where it belongs. We left it flying at Arkansas Post, if we did get hit." Another said, cheerfully, "Madam, what do you call this?" as he drew aside the sheet, and pointed to the maimed limb, that vigorous young manhood is so loath to have crippled. Another laid his hand on his shoulder, that indicated that a strong right arm had once been there, and another to a bandaged head, from which a piece of shell had been extracted. A Wisconsin battery boy beside me said feebly, "What do you say of me? One of my arms was taken off nine months ago, and the doctor says the other must come off to-morrow. I've been in nine battles, and have been wounded in every one, but the Post finished me up. What am I to do in the world, not twenty years old without arms?" "My brave fellow, the women will take care of you. God never spared your life but for some great purpose. I believe you will live to bless and be blessed." As the boys cheered, he said fervently, "Thank you for that." I would ask solemnly has the pledge been redeemed, and *have these maimed heroes been cared for as we promised they should be?*

While passing through the upper wards of this hospital, I heard a gurgling, convulsive sob. I turned to ascertain its

cause, and beheld a stretcher borne in by two soldiers, who lowered it gently beside us. "Boys," Mother B. said quickly, "get a fan and some eggnog, instantly." She drew from her pocket a small flask of brandy, and dropped some upon the white lips and palsied tongue of the sufferer. His eyes were upturned, and he appeared to be in the agony of death. "What does this mean?" I said, in horror. Mrs. B. replied, "He has just been brought from the amputating-room, and has lost his leg." In a twinkling the boys were back. One fanned him, as Mrs. B. knelt beside him, and said, "Take this for Mother." He shook his head, "No!" "But you must," she said, decidedly; "you are going to get well right off, if you do; you are worth half a dozen dead men now." With a frightful effort he swallowed a teaspoonful, and, in a few minutes, another and another, till, gradually, the tumbler-ful was taken; then he fell asleep, quietly as an infant. Said she, "He must have another before bed-time, and he'll be hungry to-morrow." "Can he recover?" I asked. "Why, certainly he may. We lose comparatively few amputation cases, for we keep the wounds and beds clean, the air fresh, give plenty of wholesome plain food, which *wounded men especially need.*"

In February, 1866, Mrs. B. called to see me, and I said to her, "I have been visiting your hospital at Memphis, in imagination to-day, and could but wonder what was the fate of the man carried on a stretcher, with his leg amputated, the last day I was there." She clapped her hands as she said, "He is here in the city of Chicago; I have just come from his house, where I went to carry him some shirts and drawers. He has a wooden leg, and is working at his trade

of shoemaking, and would be strong if not obliged to work beyond his strength;" strange coincidence, and sad fact, that has many parallels.

I will not weary, with a further description of the numerous hospitals we visited in Memphis. After accomplishing my work in them, I accepted an invitation to visit the camp of Gen. Logan's division, and spent the night at his headquarters. The house was an elegant confiscated mansion, situated in the suburbs of Memphis, which I found to be exceedingly beautiful. The rolling country, stately forest-trees, luxuriant evergreens, extensive encampments, and fine houses, formed a beautiful panorama, on a bright day in February.

I remained twenty-four hours at this encampment, and found as jolly a collection of blue-coats, as I have ever met in the army. The camp was on dry ground, the men healthy, and the hospitals well supplied with sanitary stores from the North-Western Commission. The patriotic wife of the General, who had nursed his first regiment till completely crushed by her efforts, was with her husband. The General was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, but still was not idle. Fearing that his division might become discouraged by long inactivity and his absence from them, he had written a soul-stirring address, which he read to the family circle. On the following day it was repeated to the soldiers, and produced great enthusiasm, second only to the sight and voice of their beloved commander. No wonder the name of Logan became the battle-cry of his men.

On my return to the Gayoso House I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the lamented Gen. J. McPher-

son. His elegant appearance, polished manners, and gallant air, accounted for his sobriquet, the "gentlemanly soldier," and might mislead one as to his soldierly abilities. He proved that high breeding, bland courtesy, and broad humanity, were harmonious with the highest status of military ability and bravery. While the humblest soldier and the most timid woman found in him a friend, and the brilliant belle a charming companion, the haughtiest rebel feared him, and the wisest generals counselled with him, for he was charming, true, brave, courteous, wise, enduring. Peace be to the ashes of the young hero! whose sun set before noon, but not until its beams had shone over the nation, and left a radiance that has lighted many a patriot to his grave, in the footsteps of the youthful and gallant Gen. McPherson.

Gen. Webster, of whom Chicago was so justly proud, was occupying an important post at Memphis, and, by his assistance and counsel, rendered us great service. He was the first to greet, and the last to say farewell. The country owed much to his untiring vigilance, as well as skill and bravery, at that time. The continual and persistent efforts of rebel men and women to supply Secessia with arms, ammunition, and quinine, would have been vastly more successful, but for his integrity, prompt action, and ingenious devices to discover and thwart them.

Our rides in and around Memphis were all taken in ambulances, which required a stout pair of mules, and two expert drivers, to pass through the so-called "slews;" sometimes, to alight and lift the wheels from the mud, which was done cheerfully and manfully. A ride of two miles exhausted the strength of a vigorous person, and required an hour's

time, and sundry bruises and bespatterings, to accomplish. We could but think of our poor wounded soldiers, when every movement was torture, sometimes riding thus ten, twenty, forty, or one hundred miles, as they did at Rolla, over worse roads, and without comfort or suitable medical treatment. Alas! alas! how little we realize the cost of peace and victory, and how soon we forget what we have known.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Memphis.—Journey down the Mississippi.—Fearful reports of guerillas at Helena.—Disguise of steamer as gunboat.—Arrival at Young's Point.—Silver Wave sanitary-boat.—Interviews with Gen. Grant on Magnolia.—Donation of five bales of cotton for soldiers' comforts.—Mode of work on sanitary-boat.—Humorous incidents.—Story of Arthur C——, the drummer-boy.—Contributions by Mrs. Livermore.

ONE fitful day in February, when descending floods and brilliant sunbeams rapidly alternated, the welcome sound was heard, "The stores have come." "All on board!" quickly followed, as it was dangerous to lose a good opportunity to go below, the boats being generally filthy and uncomfortable, and crowded with troops, to the exclusion of civilians. We had the rare privilege of passage on a dispatch boat, which *must* proceed, unless sunk or riddled by guerillas, as she was independent of wayside orders, having dispatches for headquarters.

An "order" that no civilian should go below Memphis, had just been issued by Gen. Grant. Agents, or representatives of the Sanitary Commission, were, however, considered as part of the hospital arrangements of the army, and were freely permitted to visit it with stores. The orders were

indorsed, "With all dispatch." Of course, steam must be crowded and a quick passage, either to Young's Point or the bottom of the Mississippi, secured. Alarming accounts of guerillas had been daily reaching us at Memphis. Our greatest safety was in the unusual width of the river. Still there were certain points from which a battery could play upon the boat to great advantage. The sense of isolation and separation from home, friends, civilization and safety were new and painfully oppressive, as I took leave of Gen. Webster and Dr. Warriner at the Memphis landing, and the boat turned her head down stream. It filled one's conception of a soldier's feelings on the eve of his first battle. With the full head of steam and the rapid current, we rushed down the river, with almost railroad velocity.

Some soldiers were on board, but no passengers beyond ourselves, except the wife of a sick officer, who was spirited through in some unaccountable way, as women sometimes are. We reached Helena, at 9 o'clock P.M., and touched there to leave dispatches. I hurried forward, hoping to see a familiar face, as some officers sprang on board, but was disappointed. As I stood beside the captain, I heard a remonstrance from an officer. "It is entirely unsafe for you to go without protection. A boat has just arrived, completely riddled, and almost captured—some killed, and several wounded." "Can we have a gunboat?" asked the captain. "No," was the reply; "they are all patrolling the river, or convoying boats that have preceded you." "Can't be helped," said the captain, decidedly. "The dispatches must be there to-morrow night, and I'm off for Young's Point or the bottom of the river." There was nothing to

be said. I walked slowly back to the ladies' cabin. In a few minutes the wheels revolved, the steam puffed, but the whistle did not shriek. We were off in silence and darkness.

The rain fell in torrents, and heavy squalls of wind struck the boat, till it reeled, as if under artillery-fire. We were sitting quietly and solemnly, as the captain entered and said, "There is great fear that batteries from the river-bank will open on us to-night. I want you to put out all the lights except one, and let that be dim. I shall disguise the steamer as a gunboat, as far as possible, by covering it with tarpaulins. I shall crowd the steam, and go like a streak down the river. All this must be done at once, for if they are on the watch for lights, but a few miles distant." We obeyed orders promptly, and gathered round the open stove, whose weird, flickering light, increased the ghostliness of the scene. The windows of heaven seemed opened. Water above us, around us and beneath us, and the canopy shrouded with the blackness of darkness.

As the boat trembled with the power of the steam and the rapid strokes of the engine, the howling wind and falling sheets of water rolling over her hurricane-deck, completed the illusion and impression more than once, that we had reached the fatal spot, and were under the enemy's fire. The employés of the boat gathered in the centre of the gentlemen's cabin, and cowered beneath the wheel-house, which was considered the safest spot. Like ourselves, they spoke with suppressed voices, as though fearful of arousing guerillas. Gloom and apprehension pervaded every heart, and no one retired till almost morning, when the danger was passed.

The high pressure of the engine was a continuous source of alarm. The railroad speed at which we were travelling, in a river where snags abound, and loose logs floated, with such a head of steam, on the boiler of a transport not recently examined, was sufficiently risky to cause uneasiness, as no hope of rescue could be indulged, in case of accident.

The next evening we reached Young's Point in safety. The captain delivered his dispatches, and we were moored beside the Silver Wave, to unload our sanitary stores, and be entertained on this boat, assigned by Gen. Grant, as a dépôt for the stores of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. On this leaking and bare transport of war I slept in peace that night, as on a couch of down, only wondering that I could have ever rested before, without profound gratitude for exemption from guerillas and snags. The next morning brought my long-sought sons, well and prosperous. In the midst of so much death and suffering, my cup of mercy was full. At once I began my work.

My first step after reaching Young's Point, was to report at the sanitary-boat, Silver Wave. I then reported to Gen. Grant, at his headquarters on board the Magnolia, where the arrangements were such as might be expected: quiet, unostentatious, complete. Business was moving forward so silently and systematically, all seemed to have leisure to be courteous—the "ultima thule" of good management. My letters were presented by an orderly, and I was immediately ushered into the General's presence. I could scarcely conceal my astonishment at the quiet and unassuming appearance and manner of one to whom all eyes were directed as the "coming man," to demolish the Gibraltar of treason in

the West. He conversed freely on the sanitary condition of the army, expressed entire confidence in its administration, an earnest desire to have the wants of the sick and wounded fully met, and offered every facility to enable me to carry out my plans. In reply to a request for cotton to make soldiers' comforts, he at once gave an order for five bales, which safely reached Chicago, and were disposed of for the benefit of the soldiers. A subsequent gift of cotton was wrought into hundreds of comforts by the patriotic women of Chicago, who worked incessantly till they were completed and sent to the hospitals at Chattanooga, where the men were suffering so greatly on account of the unprecedented cold in the South.

A tug was placed at my disposal by the military authorities, to visit camps and hospitals. This accommodation enabled me to do an amount of investigation, that would have been otherwise impossible. In the course of a few days, I called again to report the result of my investigations. I then stated to Gen. Grant, what I had learned from visits to the hospitals at Young's Point, conversations with the surgeons, and an examination of the reports, many of which were, from courtesy, submitted to me. This investigation had revealed the fact, not yet made public, that incipient scurvy existed among the troops to an alarming extent, and could only be arrested by liberal supplies of vegetables and acids, the antidotes of this fearful army scourge, that sapped the vitality of the soldiers so insidiously and effectually, that they not unfrequently succumbed to its power, before being aware of its existence. Its depressing influence on the bodily functions and vital energies of the men so complicated other ail-

ments, that but few with the taint of scurvy, recovered from wounds.

Gen. Grant promptly granted my request for an order for transportation for any amount of vegetables that could be procured at the North, and fully agreed in the opinion that, under the circumstances, onions and potatoes were indispensable to the taking of Vicksburg. Before leaving I said, "General, what of Vicksburg? What shall I say when I return?" After a pause, he said: "Madam, *Vicksburg is ours, and its garrison our prisoners. It is only a question of time. I want to take it with as little loss of life as possible.*" Amen, rose to my lips, and was afterwards echoed by thousands of wives and mothers, to whom I told the story. The genius of the great commander shone out in this interview. No FAIL was breathed in every syllable, and inspired me with faith that never faltered. Vicksburg was taken with as little loss of life as possible, and its hero became the nation's idol.

The purveyorship of the army at Young's Point, owing to various causes, was very imperfectly supplied at this time. The cases which we had taken, breathed on our suffering army the benedictions with which they had been laden, and answered the prayers that had been woven in every gift. A letter written by Mrs. Livermore from the rooms of the Commission, as successive boxes were opened, describes their contents so vividly, that, with her permission, I insert from it copious extracts, which shall be followed with a sketch of the distribution of these gifts to the heroes languishing in camp and hospital at Young's Point:

"A capacious box, filled with beautifully-made shirts, drawers, towels, socks, handkerchiefs, and dried fruits, was opened, and on the top lay the following unsealed, touching note:

"'DEAR SOLDIERS—The little girls of —— send this box to you. They have heard that a good many of you are sick and wounded in battle. They are very sorry, and want to do something for you. They cannot do much, for they are all little, but they have bought and made what is in here. They hope it will do some good, and that you will all get well and come home. We all pray to God for you.'

"Carefully the box was unpacked, stamped as a preventive to theft, and then carefully repacked, just as it was received. The sacred offerings of children were sent intact to hospitals.

"Another mammoth packing-case was opened, and here were folded in, blessings and prayers and messages of love with almost every garment. On a pillow was pinned the following note, unsealed, for sealed notes are never broken:

"'MY DEAR FRIEND—You are not *my* husband or son, but you are the husband or son of some woman who loves you, as I love mine. I have made these garments for you, with a heart that aches for your sufferings, and with a longing to come to you to assist in taking care of you. It is a great comfort to me that God loves and pities you, pining and lonely in a far-off hospital, and if you are a Christian it will also be a comfort to you. Are you near death, and soon to cross the dark river? Oh! then, may God soothe your last hours, and lead you up the "shining shore," where there is no war, no sickness, no death. Call on Him, for He is an ever-present helper.'

"Large packages of socks, carefully folded in pairs, con-

tained each a note, beautifully written, and signed with the name and address of the writer. They were various, of course, as their authors. Here is one:

"'DEAR SOLDIERS—If these socks had language, they would tell you that many a kind wish has been knitted into them, and many a tear of pity has bedewed them. We all think of you, and want to do everything we can for you; we feel that we owe you love and gratitude, and that you deserve the best at our hands.'

"Here is another of a different character:

"'MY DEAR BOY—I have knit these socks expressly for you. I am nineteen years old, medium size, light hair and blue eyes. Now, how do you look, and how do you like my socks. Write and tell me, and direct to ——'

"'P.S.—If the recipient of these socks has a wife, will he please exchange with some poor fellow not so fortunate.'

"And here is another:

"'MY BRAVE FRIEND—I have learned to knit, on purpose to knit socks for the soldiers. This is my fourth pair. My name is ——, and I live at ——. Write me, and tell me how you like them, and what we can do for you. Keep up good courage, and by-and-by you will come home to us. Won't that be a grand time, though? And won't we all turn out to meet you with flowers, and music, and cheers, and embraces? There's a good time coming, boys!'

"A nicely made dressing-gown, of dimensions sufficiently capacious for Daniel Lambert, had one pocket filled with hickory-nuts, and another with ginger-snaps. The pockets were sewed across, to keep the contents from dropping out, and the following note was on the outside:

"'Now, my dear fellows, just take your ease. Don't mope and have the blues, if you *are* sick. Moping never cured anybody yet. Eat your nuts, and cakes, and snap your fingers at dull care. I wish I could do more for you, and if I were a man, I would come and fight with you, woman though I am. I would like to hang Jeff Davis higher than Haman, and all those who aid and abet him, too, whether North or South.'

"There was exhumed from one box a bushel of cookies, tied in a pillow-case, with the benevolent wish tacked on the outside:

"'These cookies are expressly for the sick soldiers, and if anybody else eats them, *I hope they will choke him!*'

"A very neatly arranged package of second-hand clothing, but little worn, was laid by itself. Every article was superior in quality and manufacture. The *distingue* package had a card attached, with the following explanation in a most delicate chirography:

"'The accompanying articles were worn for the last time by one very dear to me, who lost his life at Shiloh. They are sent to our wounded soldiers, as the most fitting disposition that can be made of them, by one who has laid the husband of her youth—her all—on the altar of her country.'

"Rarely is a box opened that does not contain notes to soldiers accompanying the goods, which are very frequently answered. In the pocket of a dressing-gown, a baby's tin rattle is found—in another, a comic almanac—in yet another, a small package of note-paper, envelopes, and postage-stamps. The adjurations are incessant to officers, surgeons, and nurses, to bestow on the sick and wounded exclusively, the comforts and delicacies contained in the cases.

"'For the love of God, give these articles to the sick and wounded, to whom they are sent.' 'He that would steal from a sick or wounded man, would rob hen-roosts, and filch the pennies from the eyes of a corpse.' 'Surgeons and nurses, hands off! These things are not for you, but for the patients, our sick and wounded boys.' 'Don't gobble these things up, nurses; they are for our hospital boys.'

"These and similar injunctions are found over and over again, with unnecessary frequency and emphasis, as there is more honesty in the hospitals, and much less stealing, than is popularly believed. Occasionally, the opening of a box reveals an unwise selection of donations, or a careless preparation of them. A very promising case was opened a short time since, smooth, and polished without, and neatly jointed, when an odor smote the olfactories that drove every one from the room. Windows and doors were flung wide to let in fresh air, and a second attempt was made to examine the odoriferous box. The intolerable stench proceeded from 'concentrated chicken,' which had been badly prepared. The box had been some time on the journey, and the nicely cooked chicken had become a mass of corruption. 'By jabers!' said Irish Jimmy, the drayman, as he wheeled the box out into the receiving-room, "I hope the leddies, God bless 'em, won't send any more *consecrated* chicken this way, for it smells too loud, intirely!'

"Many of the boxes for the wounded at Murfreesboro and Vicksburg, contain indications of the deepest feeling. 'For the noble boys that beat back Bragg's army. We are proud of them.' 'Three cheers for Rosecrans' army!' 'Dear wounded soldiers, we shall never forget your gallant conduct

at Murfreesboro! May God place his everlasting arms underneath you, my dear wounded brothers!' These and like expressions are affixed to various articles of wear."

This contribution is exceedingly valuable, as a revelation of the electric current, that flowed from the women at home to the army at the front. Its inspiration nerved brave arms for deeds of daring, and stimulated sinking hearts to renewed courage and hope.

The clerk's office on the Silver Wave had been fitted up as a sanitary storeroom, with rude shelves and counters extemporized on the most economical scale. Heavy packages were stowed in the hold of the transport, and the storeroom became the place of display and distribution of the sacred sanitary donations. Birds of the air carried the glad tidings to the sufferers, that fresh supplies had come. In groups and single file came the veterans to receive them, all emaciated, wan, and feeble—some with canes or crutches, the weaker pitifully clinging to his comrade, a trifle stronger, for the soldiers shared strength as well as food, with their companions in arms and suffering. I rejoice to say not one was sent empty away; to the honor of those men be it recorded, that not one applied, whose appearance was not a certificate for his necessity. I said to the first applicant, "Will you have a few soft crackers?" His only answer was an outstretched hand and tearful eye. "Shall I give you some onions?" "Oh, how I've longed for ten cents, to buy one from the sutler! I craved it" (as scurvy men always do). To another, I said, "Perhaps you would like a lemon?" "A lemon! bless me! Just let me look at and smell one. It makes me stronger to think of it." What of some cookies

or gingerbread! These home-made luxuries were always received with glistening eyes, and were invariably just like wife's or mother's.

One poor fellow, who was obliged to seize both railings to support himself up the narrow stair-way, opened his battered haversack and drew out a small package of coffee. "I know you don't sell anything here, but I thought if I could change this coffee, that I've saved from my rations, for some green tea, I'd get an appetite. If I could only get a cup of tea like mother made, I believe I should get well." I motioned back the parcel, and gave him a little package, containing white sugar and a lemon, green tea, two herrings, two onions, and pepper—a powerful remedy for scurvy. He looked at it a moment and said: "Is this *all* for me?" and then covered his pinched face with his thin, transparent hands, to conceal the tears.

I touched his shoulder, and said: "Why do you weep?" "God bless the women; what should we do but for them?" was his answer. "I came from father's farm, where all had plenty. I've lain sick these three months. I've seen no woman's face, nor heard her voice, nor felt her warm hand, till to-day, and it unmans me. But don't think I rue my bargain, for I don't. I've suffered much and long, but I don't let them know at home. Maybe I'll never have a chance to tell them how much, but I'd go through it all for the old flag." "Who knows," I said, "but the very luxuries I've given you have been sent from the aid society to which your mother belongs." "I shouldn't wonder," he replied, "for she writes me she never lets anything keep her away from the meetings. I'm glad of it, for I don't know

what would become of us poor fellows but for the Sanitary Commission." He gave his good-by, God bless you, and said: "I believe I've turned the corner. I haven't felt as strong for months as I do now." With the help of *one* railing he descended the stairs, and called out from below, "Farewell!"

It may be asked, did the men receive all they needed? I answer no; it was not there to give them. The pretended or misguided friends of the soldier, lessened supplies by infusing suspicion. I have seen the work of the U. S. Commission in scores of western hospitals and in the field. I have accompanied it in its labor of love, as it has followed the destroying angel, binding up mangled limbs, clothing emaciated forms, pillowing aching heads, giving nourishment to exhausted bodies, and snatching from death husbands sons and brothers.

Where one has testified against it, thousands have blessed it, and raised up their voices and pens in its behalf. But for some clamor, the Sanitary Commission would have lacked one evidence of heavenly approval. "Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you." It imitated the blessed Master in His mission, and shared in His reproach.

In this connection, I would relate an incident, to illustrate the value of a small amount of relief given by the Sanitary Commission. On my return voyage from Young's Point, a surgeon introduced himself, and thanked me for saving his life. Amused at my surprise, he thus explained it. He had been afflicted with chronic disease, that threatened his life and defied medicine. He heard I had dried blackberries, and sent to me for them, I gave his messenger my last cup-

full. (I dealt them out carefully). This simple remedy arrested his disease, and fitted him to travel homeward, where proper care and good nursing would complete the cure.

On the Silver Wave, I became acquainted with a noble-looking boy, fourteen years of age, who was detailed to assist the clerk in filling requisitions. He was so neat, orderly, quiet and diligent, that he was a universal favorite. He followed me closely, and seemed to cling to me as a mother. He was a drummer-boy, and had left home with the consent of his mother. I noticed him in the evening, reading his Testament and hymn-book, and had much interesting conversation with him. On one occasion he said, "Would you like to see my mother's parting note, to be always carried about me, she said, so that if I fell in battle, my name might be known?" On a delicate sheet of paper the following note was written, in an exquisite chirography:

"A——— Co., Ohio.

"*Arthur W. C———, Musician, ——— Regiment.*

"Should my precious child fall wounded among strangers, I hope and trust he will find some kind person to love him for his mother.

"Mary W. C———, *October 21st*, 1862."

I said, "Arthur, tell your mother, though you have not fallen wounded, you have found a friend to love you for your mother." "I will," he said, carefully folding his note, as tears filled his fine dark eyes; "no money could buy it from me." William and his mother will pardon me for the mention of this fact, honorable alike to both.

CHAPTER XIII.

February 22 at Young's Point.—Naval salute.—Southern sun and rain.—Gunboat fleet.—Capt. MacMillan of Silver Wave.—Midnight scare.—Visit to Admiral Porter and flag-ship.—Rebel boy-gunner.—Army pets.—Visit to naval hospital.—Naval regatta.—Southern sunset.

A LETTER of my own, dated Young's Point, February 22, 1863, recalls a host of thrilling memories, of one of the most eventful days of a three years' war-life. When it dawned, I had been a week at Young's Point, enduring the trying scenes and discomforts of a thorough visitation of the hospitals, after days and nights of rain, that knew neither hindrance nor abatement, but fell continuously in solid sheets, as though the windows of heaven were opened, and all nature muttering and moaning in dismay or discontent.

As if to avenge himself for the veiled glories of these latter days, "up rose the powerful king of day, rejoicing in the east," bathing the earth, transports and camps, in a flood of glory. Even the audacious rebel city, ensconced on the hill-side, saucily daring our veterans, looked radiant. Every dome, steeple or window, reflected or refracted the sun's rays, and shed a fictitious and prismatic beauty over the battered and clumsy brick walls of the south-western strong-

hold of treason. I never realized the exquisite beauty of a southern sun and sky, till I beheld on that day the blue of the canopy that spanned the Union camp and the rebel city, and the sun that "shone alike on the just, and on the unjust."

The contrast to the previous gloom, doubly enhanced its charms. Things animate and inanimate seemed infused with new life. The hitherto dripping tents of the camp, looked white and picturesque for the first time; the flies of the tents were lifted to welcome the balmy air and brilliant sunlight; the pale faces and bowed forms of hundreds of our soldiers, could be seen cautiously emerging from them, testing the soil, lest they might share the fate of the old cow, stalled in the mud, and dying, within sight of our boat, because she could not be extricated. The levee swarmed with blue coats; and every pole, rope or tree was in requisition, covered with blankets, shirts and drawers, "to dry off the mould, and cure the rheumatism." Shouts, songs and jests rang from group to group. Even the poor fellows who "*stuck*," joined in the chorus.

Half a mile from the mouth of the Yazoo, a short distance from the transports, lay the fleet of iron-clads, with their broad, flat, tortoise-like backs, ready to paddle in obedience to orders. The rainbow radiance of the sunlight, the gay flaunting Stars and Stripes, and the brilliant signals spread out on the Black Hawk, the flag-ship of the fleet, relieved their sombre, sleepy look. Some of them, from their outlines, and surroundings of long lines of red, white, and blue clothing, appeared in the distance, through the trees, draped with the graceful but funereal moss, like Swiss cottages on a plane of glass.

Around the bend of the Mississippi, in the swamp below the levee, lay Grant's army, whose name is the synonym of courage, endurance, bravery unsurpassed. As yet, they had not won their brightest laurels; but their unmurmuring patience and indomitable will were developed, tested, and strengthened, by the painful trials and privations they were enduring at that time. But to my story.

The booming of a hundred guns ushered in this memorable day. The roar from their iron throats, that belched forth smoke and flame, through every open port-hole, made the celebration guns at home seem like playthings, and explained the soldiers' merriment, when the old six-pounders of their native towns were brought out to welcome the returning heroes. I remember many regiments thus welcomed, and have keenly enjoyed the sly jests of the boys, and their unsuccessful efforts to look impressed. As the salute continued, fleecy clouds of smoke rolled upwards in graceful evolutions, disclosing the grim monsters that had made the uproar, and spreading over the cerulean sky a veil of gossamer, so inimitably soft and delicate, that it robbed the warlike scene of its fierceness, and poetized the skeleton, battered, and begrimed fleet of transports, fringing the river-banks. In the centre of the stream lay anchored the three-decked flag-ship of Admiral Porter, the Black Hawk; her 20-pounder Parrots and howitzers discoursing loud music from the open port-holes. The great flag and brilliant signals, like a flock of tropical birds, gleamed through the rising smoke. As we gazed upon this sublime scene, we were told we had seen all that is apt to be seen of a naval action. Strange fact! that we were celebrating Washington's birthday in an

enemy's country. Vicksburg was tongue-tied that day. The night before, a United States steamer had passed her batteries, and they belched forth brimstone and iron hail, and "painted hell on the sky."

On the 22d of February, 1863, they were grum and silent. They did not add a hallelujah to the pæan that arose from the loyal army to the memory of George Washington, "first in *war*, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." What more stern rebuke could these internal enemies of our beneficent government have received, than the prophetic wisdom of the "Father of his Country," uttered in his "farewell address?" "The unity of the government is a main pillar in the edifice of your *real* independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very *liberty* which you so highly prize." And again: "The very idea of the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to *obey the established government.*" These utterances explain the silence of the rebellion on the great gala-day of the Republic.

The Silver Wave, the United States sanitary-boat, on which we lived at Young's Point, was one of the first transports of Grant's fleet that ran the batteries at Vicksburg. Her intrepid captain, John MacMillan, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, sat beside the smoke-stack in his old arm-chair, composedly smoking his pipe, while shot and shell, thunder and lightning, played around him. On the same day of which I write, before his heroism had won the admiration of our military officers, he accompanied us to visit Admiral Porter, at his headquarters on the Black Hawk.

We found the ranking-officer of the iron-clad fleet a much younger man than we had supposed. His coal-black hair, keen eye, and clearly-cut visage, gave the impression of youth. He received us courteously, and welcomed us to his hospitalities, at all times charming, but especially so, after a week's sojourn on a battered, leaking, rudely furnished, and plainly provided transport of war, as the Silver Wave had become from necessity. We were impressed with the thorough neatness and perfect order of this ship of state, from the headquarters to the scullery. The saloon was plain but comfortable, and well provided with charts and books of naval warfare. The chart of the camp, the river, and the transports at Vicksburg, as explained by the Admiral, were instructive and entertaining, and gave a clue to much that was before mysterious.

The Admiral pointed out and explained all the warlike arrangements of his vessel. The lavish appropriation of bales of cotton around the smoke-stacks, brought to mind the five-shilling yard of muslin at home, and would have appeared wasteful, but for the value of human life, best protected by this almost impenetrable casement. Admiral Porter expected soon to visit Jeff Davis's plantation, and promised us a bale of his cotton for soldiers' comforts. Alas! the wily statesman had better guarded King Cotton than the Confederate President. The latter was taken in his flight, but the former, oiled with greenbacks, slipped the blockade, and left the poor boys minus that amount of winter covering.

The stud of blood-horses in the stables would have inspired a connoisseur, but we failed to see their points, though

scientifically described. The beautiful white Durham, that gave milk that was almost butter, looked unearthly in her beauty in that far-off land, and would have been deified in an Egyptian temple.

We were greatly interested and amused with a tiny rebel gunner, only 12 years old, who had stood at his place to the last, at the battle of Arkansas Post, and fired straight on, till the fort surrendered. He was manifestly the pet of the ship, answered to the given name of Jeff Davis, professed conversion, but occasionally cried to see his mother, poor child! His slight, trim figure, in the blue naval jacket, with broad collar and white stars, looked graceful and attractive. He had an olive complexion, that savored of *southern climes*, regular features, and showed a brilliant set of teeth, as he smilingly obeyed the order of Admiral Porter, to bring in his rebel crow, his companion in capture and kind treatment. The poor frightened thing cawed wickedly, and hopped on the burning coals of the grate, from which Jeff with a dart rescued him, and caressingly carried him to the surgeon for treatment.

The pets of the army were one of its strong and affecting features. Even when in the midst of blood and strife, the human heart must have something to love. These pets were found in the rudest "shebangs," as well as ship sof state. A soldier on the weary march would throw away his overcoat, blanket or knapsack, and hold on to his squirrel, bird, cat, or even unsightly cur, whose midnight growl reminded him of the old watch-dog at the homestead.

We gratefully bade the Admiral good-bye, as he placed us on board our fussy, puffing, Chicago tug, and proceeded

to visit hospitals and camps. Vehicles by land were at that time useless; the forage of the mules was carried on the backs of fellow mules—packages of hay fastened by ropes, carried as panniers. A six-mule team was necessary to haul a barrel of flour a mile, in a space of time according to circumstances. The military boats of the army were often entirely submerged in the Mississippi mud. Drilling was impracticable, the whole efforts of the army being necessary to transport rations and forage sufficient to keep the souls and bodies of men together, and preserve the animals from starvation. Yet at this time, the croakers at home cried out, "Why don't Grant move on Vicksburg?" "Why does he lie idle so long?" Would that they could have taken these heroes' places for one short week! The croaking would have ceased, but we fear Vicksburg would not have fallen.

We steamed over to the naval hospital from the flagship, and found it a marvel, in extent, neatness, order, comfort and skill. The contrast between the comforts and exposure of the army and navy, was the same in sickness as in health. This naval hospital told the story. Independent of location, only needing water enough to float the three-decked steamer, having permanence, undisturbed by changing camps, or impossible transportation, unharmed by raids of rebels, but able to move to and fro with stretchers and cots, with their inmates unmoved within them, with all the appliances for cleanliness and comfort, there was every encouragement to systematic, liberal and permanent arrangements. We were not envious, but profoundly thankful, that such things were possible for our navy, if not our army,

and could but commend the admirable manner in which all these facilities had been improved, by the skilful surgeon, and a corps of Mother Angela's nurses, on the naval hospital boat.

As there had been at that time comparatively little bloodshed in the navy, there were but few cases of wounds in this hospital. The larger number were suffering from disease, so alleviated and mitigated by kindness and skill, that all the repulsive features of such a place were absent, and the main wards appeared like saloons of refreshment for weary travellers who had stopped by the way. Newspapers, magazines, checkers, portfolios, comfortable dressing-gowns, warm socks and slippers, were abundantly supplied by our beneficent government and her handmaidens, the Sanitary Commissions. The simple delicacies, appropriate to each sick man, were prepared with home-like care. Visions of plump poached eggs, savory milk toast and rice puddings, green tea and loaf sugar, blend with the reminiscences of the U. S. Naval Hospital, and add not a little to the memory of that natal day, when heaven and earth seemed to conspire to envelop our suffering army with a radiant cloud, benignant while it lasted, and a joy to remember.

The only really sad sight I saw on that boat, was a slender, beautiful boy of twelve years old, who sat on a little stool beside a vacant cot, with a "Second Reader" in his hand; his great dark eyes looking far beyond his book, while his head rested on his hand. I said to him, cheerfully: "My little man, what are you doing here?" "I am paralyzed." "How came you here?" "I have a mother, and she is a widow. I got a situation on an iron-clad as a messenger,

and got good wages; now I am here because I can't walk any longer." "Do you want to see your mother?" His lip quivered as he said: "Yes; but she can't support me, and I can't support myself."

The kind surgeon confirmed the little fellow's statement, but said in time he would be well, and should be carefully nursed. His looks of love and confidence convinced me 'twould be so. Still his pale, sad face haunted me, for on it was written "homeless"—sad token for any, especially for a child.—See APPENDIX.

As I talked with him, I was summoned in haste to the guards of the boat, to see a novel and stirring sight. Signals had been displayed from the flag-ship, ordering every gunboat's gig, fully manned and equipped, to report forthwith at headquarters. The boats were rapidly lowered and emerged from the various iron-clads, skimming the water almost with a bound, propelled by the long and powerful strokes of the oarsmen. Even a boat-howitzer hindered not the speed of the craft carrying it. The guards of the steamers were filled with eager spectators of this warlike regatta. As the victorious leader first reached the companion-way, a long breath was the only sound of applause—mystery kep tall silent. The splendor of the noonday sun, and the delicious breeze that fanned us, added zest to this moving panorama. The quiet of this mysterious, majestic, silent regatta, with all its warlike accompaniments and possible meaning, formed a wonderful contrast to the superficial and noisy display on similar occasions at home. The mystery was afterwards explained. The admiral, desirous to ascertain precisely the promptness and preparation of the gunboats

for sudden emergencies, devised this plan to test them. No wonder he expressed himself fully satisfied.

We had an instance of this commander's ingenuity a few nights previous. About midnight, a terrific fire opened from the batteries at Vicksburg, and a general alarm and preparation for encounter with rebel rams, took place. The day we called upon Admiral Porter, he told us the story of this flour-barrel raft. The barrels were painted black to resemble smoke-stacks and boiler. A steamer towed it as far as safety would permit, and then cut loose, leaving the raft to rush down the rapid current of the Mississippi. The firing that ensued spent a considerable amount of rebel ammunition, and showed the naval commander, who was eagerly watching, the position of the various guns, and proved the watchfulness of the enemy.

At the close of this eventful day, as we touched the Silver Wave, and mounted the companion-way, old Sol was just retiring, drawing his curtains around him. The rosy flush of promise left in his train, betokened a good time coming on the morrow. The distant sound of drums, the songs and merry laugh of the soldiers, as they gathered to the camp, fell cheerily on our ears. The golden gates of the western horizon had been lifted to let the king of day pass through, and still stood open. It required but a faint stretch of the imagination, to catch a glimpse of the celestial city, with its walls of jasper, where there "shall be no more sin, no more sorrow," and where the "voice of war shall be heard no more."

CHAPTER XIV.

Description of camp-ground at Young's Point.—Funerals on the levee.—Arrival of the steamer Des Arcs, laden with coffins.—Reception of stretchers, filled with patients, at sanitary-boat.—Incidents.—Meeting Mrs. Gov. Harvey, of Wisconsin, on Silver Wave.—St. Louis ladies on hospital-steamer City of Alton.—Reception of patients.—Hospital breakfast.—Sketch of Miss Breckenridge.

THE Mississippi River, after passing the mouth of the Yazoo, makes a prodigious bend that forms a peninsula, on the north-western portion of which, lay Grant's army. Vicksburg occupied the ledges of the opposite bluff, three miles from Sherman's landing, where lay the transports of war. The encampment immediately in the neighborhood of the steamers, was out of the range of the enemy's guns. The levee ran in the direction of the river, and formed the only protection for the low grounds of the encampment, from the great swelling flood above, constantly threatening to overflow them. The canal, partially completed by Gen. Grant, was intended to cross this peninsula, from north to south, and connect with the river at one and a fourth mile below Sherman's Landing, and at some distance below Vicksburg.

General Grant's Encampment at Young's Point, (On the Mississippi River.)

Very near to the mouth of the canal, lay the steamer Magnolia, the headquarters of Gen. Grant, the nearest point to Vicksburg, out of range of the enemy's guns. The levee varied in width, from four to ten feet, and was from ten to fifteen feet in height. It was in constant requisition as a line of communication between the regiments and the landing. At first, a strong guard was kept on either side, to prevent any but pedestrians from using it. As the flood increased, equestrians were permitted to ride upon it; finally, it became the refuge of the army, until the troops were driven to transports by the rising waters. During our sojourn at Young's Point, horses and mules occasionally passed over it, and groups of soldiers were constantly to be gathered upon it, for air and exercise.

'Twas the only *terra firma* to be seen, and was the spot where the sunny and shady side of army life were hourly exhibited. At Young's Point, at that time, war was robbed of its "pomp and circumstance," stood out in lines of stern reality, and taxed the endurance and patriotism of every man within its bounds. The location of our boat, so as to be accessible to hospitals and regiments, afforded a fine opportunity to witness the shifting scenes on the levee, which were constantly and rapidly changing. The superior officers, with their orderlies, could scarcely be distinguished from their subordinates, for all uniforms were faded and soiled, and the horses and mules alike jaded and forlorn. Mules were used entirely for transportation, as their toughness and dogged persistence far exceeded that of horses. The scattering of groups of soldiers at the approach of quadrupeds, and the attempted drill of regiments on the spongy

soil below the levee, formed the only variation in the monotony of army life at the time. Every such occasion was hailed with rapture, and created uproarious merriment, quite out of proportion to the occasion. The "boys" always made the most of every opportunity for a joke.

In the midst of this moving tableau, one view so constantly recurred that it appeared as a fixed feature of the scene. Nothing that we saw in the army, was more gloomy and significant, than the ever-repeated burials on the levee, at Young's Point. The dead heroes bore lightly on their bearers, for their emaciation was utter and complete, and they had no funeral trappings to add to their weight. A single piece of pine board formed the bier, and a blanket was the only coffin. Seldom more than four men, including the bearers, accompanied the body. Occasionally, two or three couples followed in the rear. At almost any spot, the meagre cortége stopped. On the side of the levee, which was a shelving bank, a shallow resting-place was hollowed, the body deposited rapidly, and lightly covered with earth, a head-board inserted, with the name and regiment of the deceased, and his comrades retraced their steps, to await their turn. These funerals continued from morning till night, almost unnoticed, scarcely attracting the attention of the groups of blue-coats, lounging within sight of them. Thus the levee of the Mississippi was fringed with graves so numerous, that the head-boards interfered materially with woman's apparel, as she sadly made her way amidst them.

One morning, when, to the surprise and delight of all, the rain had ceased for an hour, I observed from the end window of the sanitary store-house, an unusually animated and

cheerful group of soldiers. They were gazing at something hidden from my view with great interest and pleasure. I passed out to the guards, and, behold! the steamer Des Arcs, laden with stained coffins, had arrived during the night. I was amazed and bewildered at the feelings manifested by such a sight, descended the companion-way and plank, and caught the following language as I approached the men. "I'm glad my time didn't come till the coffins got here. I tell you 'tis plaguy hard to think of being carried on a board and buried in a dirty blanket." "That's so," said another; "'taint human to be buried like a dog. Death don't seem half so bad since I've seen these coffins." The mystery was explained.

The next day, I saw the practical working of the same principle—a genuine funeral—a novel sight at Young's Point. As it passed, the soldiers on our guards remarked it was "got up in style." One of the new coffins was placed on a board, and hoisted on four men's shoulders. Two pallid musicians led the funeral procession, and squeaked a mournful air from a very thin, shrill pipe, accompanied by a drum. "They had scared up a chaplain, sure enough," the "boys" said, and had eight soldiers following the bier, with reversed arms and bowed heads, the cynosure of all eyes. The rare ceremony brought out a swarm of admiring soldiers, who felt the elation of men restored to civilization and humanity. The grave was dug deeper, the chaplain made a prayer, the covering was heavier than usual, and more carefully spaded, the head-board more firmly placed, and the procession returned to the regiment with increased self-respect and decorous sadness. Who will dispute the statement that

the freight of the "Des Ares" was elevating to the *morale* of the army, and was one of the *most cheerful sights* to be seen at Young's Point? Good cheer, it must be remembered, is a relative quality.

During this visit to Young's Point I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of the widow of Gov. Harvey, of Wisconsin, who was assiduously visiting hospitals and looking after the general interests of soldiers; especially those whom she regarded as her special charge, and for whom her husband gave his life—the "boys" from Wisconsin. Her labors during the war and since its close, in the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of Wisconsin, have so materially affected her health, that she has felt obliged to yield to the entreaties of friends and go abroad for a year, where military work will be impossible, and the current of her thoughts turned into new and less exhausting channels.

While on the Silver Wave, we were suddenly called below to receive a procession of stretchers, containing sick men intended for the hospital-transport, the "City of Alton," which had arrived during the night. Through a mistake, not uncommon in the army, the boat had gone to the upper landing, and the poor fellows must remain with us during the night. We immediately prepared food and restoratives, for they were so weak that they were fainting with fatigue, when carried only two miles on stretchers. On one, lay an old man, whose silvery hair was inexpressibly affecting in such a place. I spoke to him, but he answered not. I knelt beside him and attempted to give him some nourishment, but he refused it. Suddenly he looked up with terrible earnestness, and said: "Mother,

have you heard from the boys?" To humor the fancy, I replied: "I had not." "Strange," he answered; "so long since we have heard; and the others, *dead! dead! dead!*" After another silence, he opened his eyes, with the same intense look, and said: "Mother, I'm glad I'm home. Bring me some water from the old well." I put a spoon to his lips. He pushed it back, gave a sharp cry, and all was over. His bearers were from the same regiment and town, and wept freely, for they said they loved the old man from Ohio, and felt so grieved for his wife. Four sons and the father had enlisted. Two had been killed in battle, and the father had been in great anxiety about the others, as he had not heard from them since the engagement at Arkansas Post. His comrades carried his remains back to his regiment, and they were placed in one of the stained coffins, to be buried on the edge of the levee, and add another to the funeral trains.

The next day, the hospital-transport, the "City of Alton" drew near to us. To my great delight, I found many of the same ladies whom I had met on the White River expedition, Miss Breckenridge being one of the number. I accepted her invitation to assist her the following morning in giving the men of her ward their breakfast. When I arrived, ambulances, government wagons and stretchers, were wending their way across the swampy bottom-land, to the boat. As the sick men were carefully lifted from the vehicles, hoisted on stretchers, and transferred to clean cots, white sheets and soft pillows, their exclamations of delight, or sobs of gratitude, overcame us.

We spent two hours in giving them their breakfast of

scrambled eggs, toast, green tea and white sugar — sick soldiers' special dainties. As they extended their clammy hands to grasp ours, a chill struck our hearts. One young fellow, pinched and withered, till he looked forty years of age, when only twenty, said, "Lady, please hold my hands. I have not felt a woman's hand since I left my mother, and yours are soft and warm like hers, and mine haven't been dry and warm for a month!" Some of the sick soldiers were insensible, or raving with fever, or muttering of battles, marches and home. Nothing remained to be done for these but soothing, bathing and medicating, according to the surgeon's prescription. The great sleepless eyes of men, staring from white faces, shaded with dark masses of damp hair, sometimes accompanied with a dry racking cough, or incoherent ravings, startled us, till we felt helpless and despairing. Each man that was conscious, begged us to stop and say a word, or look at the inevitable daguerreotype —the soldier's chief treasure. As this was my last meeting with Miss Breckenridge in the army, I know of no better place to give a sketch of her remarkable life and death, so inseparably connected with, and consequent upon her army labors. She fell a martyr to the cause of liberty, as heroically as the soldier in the front rank of battle.

MARGARET ELIZABETH BRECKENRIDGE

Was born in Philadelphia, March, 1832, and was worthy of her exalted lineage on both sides. Her paternal grandfather, John Breckenridge, of Kentucky, successively filled the positions of U. S. Senator and Attorney-General of the

United States. Her father, the Rev. John Breckenridge, D. D., was professor in the Theological Seminary of Princeton. He was a man of eminent ability, piety, rare eloquence, and unsurpassed fascination of manner. Her maternal grandfather, was the able and patriarchal Samuel Miller, D. D., of Princeton, New Jersey, whose name and writings are inseparably connected with the reputation and prosperity of that renowned institution of theological learning.

Miss Breckenridge possessed rare powers of mind: quick perception, retentive memory, keen thirst for knowledge, a strong emotional nature, broad humanity, and resolute will. This combination was beautifully tempered and harmonized by great vivacity, genial and lovely temper, and a self-abnegation, that made her heart a stepping-stone for all those she loved. The crowning graces of Christian humility and consecration were added to her lofty character.

A life of comparative leisure had afforded opportunity for extensive reading, and her love of study led her to cultivate her rare gifts. She wrote finely, and as a contributor to the Princeton *Standard*, nobly used her pen, as well as her other gifts, for the cause of her country. The exalted associations with which she had always been surrounded, had given her self-poise and perfect ease of manner. To satisfy the longing desire of numerous relatives, she divided her time among them, North, South, East and West. This cosmopolitan mode of life had obliterated all sectional lines, and developed and matured her broad nature. She had an instinctive love of justice, and the common brotherhood of mankind, that so tempered her aristocratic associations, and lofty surroundings, that she stood forth the lovely,

self-denying, dignified woman, ready for any work or sacrifice.

Her patriotism, next to her religion, or rather as a part of it, was the ruling passion of her soul. She was at St. Louis in the early part of the war, and when a bold stand on the radical platform involved the sundering of many friendships, dear to her sensitive nature, she did not hesitate a moment, but with uplifted eye and spotless garments, passed through the fiery ordeal. At St. Louis, when her former associates hissed to scorn the German troops, and wept passionate tears, because, as they said, native State troops were taken prisoners by foreigners, she fearlessly said: "God bless the Dutch for what they have done, and Gen. Lyon for his wisdom and decision in saving us from treason." In Kentucky she ranged herself beside her revered and patriot uncle, Dr. Robert Breckenridge, whose name will be recorded in the history of the war of the rebellion, as *the* man in Kentucky, who, taking counsel of none but God, upheld loyal interests in the Church, and in the civil government of his beloved native State, as no other man did; devoting his massive intellect, great administrative ability, commanding eloquence and caustic pen, to the cause of freedom and the Union, at great personal sacrifice.

Miss Breckenridge was in Kentucky, September 22, 1862, when Lexington was captured by Kirby Smith and his body-guard, without firing a single gun, our troops not having made a stand there. She facetiously described it in a letter to a friend, at a single stroke, by the remark of a servant of one of the staff of Kirby Smith: "Lor, Massa, this is the easiest took town we got yit." She wrote such faithful and humorous accounts of Gen. Kirby Smith's disappointment at

the non-observance of Jeff. Davis' Thanks-giving-Day, and of suppressed loyalty in Lexington, that the General considered her dangerous to the peace, and issued an order that she must not leave Lexington, which she did not, during his régime. She was in the house of her uncle Robert when it was surrounded by Texan Rangers, with wild, streaming hair, buck-tails, lances, and crimson flag with a black cross and lone star, waiting to capture the old hero, and threatening to hang him on one of his own trees. By the ready wit and ingenuity of herself and some of the Doctor's family, aided by faithful negroes, the Doctor was forewarned and turned back to Lexington, thus marring the iniquitous plot.

She had witnessed the terrific struggles in the border States, between loyalty and treason, freedom and slavery, till they had strengthened her already strong nature and determined patriotism, till it excelled that of almost any person whom I met, during the war. It permeated her whole being, breathed in every word, lineament and action. She resolved, notwithstanding the protest of many devoted friends, who saw the end from the beginning, to enter the army as a hospital nurse. They knew her intense nature, and her frail body, at all times barely containing the soaring spirit, and they shuddered at the sacrifice. She was wonderfully eloquent and persuasive in conversation, and so influenced them by her arguments and self-consecration, that they yielded their assent, and God set his seal upon her work, by His manifest blessing, and ere long gave her a martyr's crown. Who can murmur or repine at such a destiny?

I can never forget the moral sublimity of her words at Young's Point, when chided for over work, and told she

must die if she did not stop. "What if I do?" she said, with glowing face and dilated form, till her slight figure grew majestic in my eyes. "Shall men come here and die by tens of thousands for us, and shall no woman be found to die for them?" Silence was her answer, and she went on in her work unimpeded. At the prayer-meeting that night, when the story was told to the soldiers, they wept and said, "Shall we not be willing to fight and die, if women feel like that?" Her fragile and youthful appearance, musical voice, and overflowing sympathy, greatly fascinated the soldiers. They seemed to feel, as of Miss Safford, she was not of the earth, earthy, but an angel visitant, that had alighted on the boat from above, to minister to them. Her transparent purity and dignity awed them. Her light movements, beaming face, and unwearying attentions, made her the idol of the sick men.

As I followed her on the City of Alton, said a gray-headed veteran, "Ain't she an angel! She never seems to tire, and is always smiling, and don't seem to walk—she flies, all but. God bless her." Said another, a fair boy of seventeen summers, as she smoothed his hair, and told him he would soon see his mother and the old homestead, and be won back again to life and health: "Ma'am, where do you come from? How could such a lady as you come down here to take care of such poor, sick, dirty boys?" She replied, "I consider it an honor to wait on you, and wash off the mud you've waded through for me." Another said, "Did you ever hear her sing? Why, it is just like hearing a bird singing heavenly tunes." Some folded their hands as she passed, and raised their eyes. Nobody doubted what their hearts were saying.

She wrought for the souls as well as bodies of men, and without cant or pharisaical demeanor, led the wandering sheep "into green pastures and beside still waters," where, I doubt not, she now rests, wearing a martyr's crown, studded with precious souls. She said, with a quaint look, peculiarly her own, "When I first entered the army, and the soldiers heard my name, they looked on me suspiciously. I was, however, soon able to disarm their fears, and prove the name had been redeemed by more than one earnest patriot." Her humility in the soldiers' work was as touching as her earnestness. Desiring to be thorough in all she undertook, she determined to apply for admission to the Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia, to receive a thorough training as a surgical nurse, intending to labor in the hospitals of Kentucky. On the 2d of May, 1864, she entered the institution.

In one short month, she was taken with erysipelas, having nursed a severe case of the disease. By the kindness of friends, devoted to the work of that hospital, she was removed to a home of luxury, and nursed most tenderly by the family and her maternal aunt, who immediately went to her from Princeton. Her brother, Judge S. M. Breckenridge, of St. Louis, who sympathized with her in her patriotism and her work, was providentially in the East, and took her on her homeward journey to Niagara. I had the privilege of seeing her at the time, and can convey no idea of the anxiety of her friends at her cheerfulness, which they knew must be so soon clouded by the knowledge of the blow that might overwhelm her, and had been held back till the last moment.

Her brother-in-law, Col. Peter Porter, of Niagara, one of the most accomplished and elegant men in the country, hav-

ing improved the rarest opportunities for culture at home and abroad, having a residence unrivalled for natural charms, literary and scientific associations, with abundant wealth and an interesting family, had laid all these gifts on the altar of his country, and gone forth to battle, and fallen at Cold Harbor, gallantly leading his regiment. From the moment that Miss Breckenridge was made acquainted with this terrible calamity, although she bowed submissively after the first shock of agony, the pins of the tabernacle seemed gradually to be loosening.

With great care she reached Niagara, where the insidious typhoid that had lingered, watching for its prey when reduced to the extremity of weakness, struggled for five weeks for the mastery. With the approach of the grim messenger, came the submissive spirit of His conqueror, that led all her friends to say, "Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?" She was even willing to be laid aside from her army work, and softly whispered, "underneath are the everlasting arms." Not in rapture, but in peace, her spirit passed away, July 27, 1864. Beside her sister and brother-in-law, her precious dust rests at Niagara, whose sublime and endless moan furnishes a fit requiem for one of earth's noblest daughters.

From the figures furnished by the surgeons at Young's Point (for I did not act on impressions), I ascertained that 12,000 men were on the sick-list—about 33⅓ per cent. of the entire army at that point—a large portion of them giving evidence of incipient scurvy, which so inevitably complicated wounds and swamp-diseases, that a large number proved fatal.

The only remedy for this, we were assured by the surgeons, was a free use of vegetables and anti-scorbutics, pickles, sour-krout and lemons. Our duty to turn our steps northward, as soon as possible, and procure them, became very plain. I accordingly left, on the first boat going north, after the decision, and occupied my first and only day of strength, in the effort of interesting all on board, bound for various localities in the North-West, to do the same thing.

One gentleman, whom I approached on the subject, told me the following sad tale. He had been an army surgeon, relieved at his own request on account of feeble health. His uncle, a farmer in Southern Illinois, and a truly loyal man, had an only son in Gen. Grant's army. He had been very ill for many weeks. At the request of the father, sick himself, the surgeon had gone to Young's Point to have the boy furloughed, if possible, and taken home to recruit. "Now," said he, scowling darkly, "I am taking home his body, his life sacrificed by a copperhead; but the Governor shall have the facts of the case, and I trust justice may be meted out to him. The young fellow gained strength rapidly after I reached him; his surgeon pronounced him convalescent, his furlough was procured, and we were to leave on the next boat. In the meantime a letter came, which I opened at his request, and read to him. Had I known its contents, he would never have heard it. It proved to be from an uncle, a notorious copperhead. In the ordinary style of such men, he abused the abolition war and all engaged in it; expressed becoming horror at his nephew's connection with it, and begged of him not to be such a fool any longer, but to desert, if he could get off no other way,

and come home; they would take care of him, and added that the young man's father perfectly agreed with him. 'It is false,' said the poor boy, starting up. 'It is a lie, and he knows it;' and he drew another letter from under his pillow. 'Here is a letter I received from father yesterday, but the date is a day later than my uncle's; see what he says.' "My son, I love you better than anything on earth, but would rather see you dead than that you should desert your post at such a time as this, or fail in courage." 'And this is the way,' said the frantic youth, 'this is the way we are treated by such traitors when we come down here to fight and die for our country.'

"The surgeon soon came to give some parting directions, and started when he saw him, for his face was flushed, his pulse beating rapidly, but feebly, and he, unconscious, muttering incoherently, 'father,' 'uncle,' 'copperheads,' 'treason,' and 'the old flag.' 'What does this all mean?' he cried. I handed him the letter. He stamped his foot, and said, 'The sting of the serpent has killed him.' He sank in a few hours, never recovering his reason, as much the victim of treason, as if pierced by a bullet from a rebel rifle. I dread to meet his father, and fear the shock will end his already feeble life." This cruelty and treachery, practised towards our brave defenders when they most needed our sympathy and coöperation, were the bitterest curse of our army, and the most abominable stench in the nostrils of our soldiers. They felt like giving a fair field and square fight to rebels in arms, but with compressed lips and clenched fists, they longed to crush copperheads beneath their heel.

Mr. I. Y. Munn, and Rev. Mr. Burnell, of Beloit, worked nobly all the homeward passage to spread the knowledge of the want of vegetables in the army. Mr. Willard, like myself, was prostrate with fever. After the first day, I sank with a congestive chill, the result of excessive exposure and fatigue in the swamps at Young's Point, and but for the powerful remedies of a skilful surgeon, accustomed to such cases, I would never have been able to redeem my pledges to the soldiers. That homeward journey lies in the distance, like a fearful dream. I learned, however, better to understand the sufferings of sick soldiers, and trust my saved life was quickened in their behalf. Within two days after my return, I rode to the rooms of the Commission, and handed in my report. For the first and last time, I was suspected of carrying my heart in my sleeve, and overrating army sickness.

My reports were so unexpected and overwhelming, they were not willing to believe them accurate, and laughingly, but courteously told me, they feared I had onion on the brain. I *had*, and admitted it. The Commission were a little slow to believe at first, but our honored president and secretary at once aroused to vigorous action. Ira Y. Munn, Esq., promptly called a meeting of the Board of Trade, and made one of his telling speeches, which brought down the money, and a committee was appointed to send out circulars from the board. Mrs. Livermore and myself labored day and night, sending letters and circulars to every aid society, begging for prompt and liberal action. Agents were sent out to purchase vegetables, sour-krout and pickles. The Board of Trade and Sanitary Commission worked hand in hand.

Letters of the most imploring character, from Young's Point, confirming my statements, and begging for assistance, quickly followed me. A *furore* was raised. Cars came in loaded with vegetables and anti-scorbutics, and in the course of three weeks the pledge was redeemed, and thousands of barrels of vegetables reached, and were distributed to the army at Young's Point. Rations of these supplies were dealt out to regiments as well as to hospitals, and the universal verdict of officers and men was, that these and like supplies had saved the army.

CHAPTER XV.

Work at the Commission rooms.—A day at the rooms of the Sanitary Commission, by Mrs. Livermore.—Mode of raising supplies.—"Where there's a will, there's a way," by Mrs. Livermore.—"Women in the harvest-field," by Mrs. Livermore.—Mrs. Livermore's army trip to Milliken's Bend.

SUBSEQUENT to our return from Young's Point, the work of the Commission moved forward more vigorously than ever, as appeals for help, from surgeons, officers and men, were brought by every mail. Life at the "Rooms" became intensified, and the pressure so great, that our sanitary labors were often continued at our homes till midnight, and the sufferings of the army then tucked under our pillows, to visit us in our dreams. Days, weeks and months rapidly succeeded each other, and as they rolled on, cheered us with benisons and hallelujahs that the crisis had passed, the army was relieved and invigorated, and the heroic regiments crowding transports on the Mississippi, to reinforce their veteran brothers for the bloody work before them. Each day repeated the other in our busy life at home, of which I am permitted to present a picture, from the graphic pen of Mrs. Livermore, who has already given a "Peep into the

Boxes," and who was my co-laborer in the toils and privileges of sanitary life.

A DAY AT THE ROOMS OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

It is early morning—not nine o'clock—for the children are flocking in merry droves to school, making the sweet air resonant with their joyous treble and musical laugh, as with clustering golden heads, and interlacing arms, they recount their varied experiences since the parting of the night before, and rapturously expatiate on the delights of a coming excursion, or promised picnic. With a good-bye kiss, we launch our own little folks, bonneted, sacqued, and ballasted with books like the rest, into the stream of childhood, that is setting in strong and full towards the school-room, and then catch the street car, that leaves us at the rooms of the "Chicago Sanitary Commission." But early as is our arrival, a dray is already ahead of us, unloading its big boxes and little boxes, barrels and firkins, baskets and bundles at the door of the Commission. The sidewalk is barricaded with multiform packages, which John the porter, with his inseparable truck, is endeavoring to stow away in the "Receiving Room." Here hammers, hatchets, wedges and chisels are in requisition, compelling the crammed boxes to disgorge their heterogeneous contents, which are rapidly assorted, stamped, repacked, and reshipped, their stay in the room rarely exceeding a few hours.

We enter the office. Ladies are in waiting, who desire information. The aid society in another State, of which they are officers, has raised at a Fourth of July festival some six hundred dollars, and they wish to know how it shall be dis-

posed of, so as to afford the greatest amount of relief to the sick and wounded of our army. They are also instructed to investigate the means and method of the Commission, so as to carry conviction to a few obstinate skeptics, who persist in doubting if the Sanitary Commission, after all, be the best means of communication with the hospitals. Patiently and courteously, the history, method, means, views and successes of the Commission are lucidly explained for the hundredth time in a month, and all needed advice and instruction imparted—and the enlightened women leave.

An express messenger enters. He brings a package, obtains his fee, gets receipted for the package, and without a word departs. Next comes a budget of letters—the morning's mail. One announces the shipment of a box of hospital stores, which will arrive to-day; another scolds roundly because a letter sent a week ago has not been answered —which has been answered, as the copying-book indisputably asserts, but has been miscarried; the third has a bugaboo, mythical story to relate of the surgeons and nurses in a distant hospital, with large development of alimentiveness, who save little for their patients, being mainly occupied in "seeking what they can devour" of the hospital delicacies; a fourth pleads earnestly and eloquently that the writer may be sent as a nurse to the sad, cheerless, far-away hospitals; a fifth is the agonized letter of a mother and widow, blistered with tears, begging piteously that the Commission will search out, and send to her, tidings of her only son,

"Scarce more than a boy with unshaven face
Who marched away with a star on his breast.'

and has not been heard from since the battle of Grand Gulf; a sixth seeks information concerning the organization of an aid society in a remote town, which has just awakened to its duty; a seventh is a letter from nine-year-old little girls, who have earned five dollars, and wish to spend it for the "poor sick soldiers." God bless the dear children! An eighth begs that one of the ladies of the Commission will visit the society in her town, and rekindle the flagging zeal of the tired workers, who forget that our brave men do not stop in their marches, and postpone not their battles and their victories because of the heat, or of weariness; a ninth announces the death of one of our heroic nurses, who was sent by the Commission a few months ago to Tennessee, a blue-eyed, broad-browed, serious-faced, comely girl, with heart loyal as steel, and soul on fire with patriotic yearnings to do something for her country, and who has now given her life; and so on through a package of twenty, thirty and sometimes forty letters.

Now commences the task of replying to these multitudinous epistles; a work which is interrupted every five minutes by some new comer. A venerable, white-haired man, enters. He has been here before, and we immediately recognize him. "Have you heard from my son in Van Buren Hospital, at Milliken's Bend?" "Not yet, sir; you know it is only nine days since I wrote to inquire for him. I will telegraph, if you are not able to wait for a letter." "No matter," and the old man's lip quivers, his figure trembles visibly, his eyes fill with tears, he chokes, and can say no more. We understand it all; our heart warms towards him, for *our* father, a thousand miles away, is like him, white-

haired, and feeble. We rise and offer our hand. The old man's closes convulsively upon it, he leans his head against the iron pillar near our desk, and his tears drip, drip, steadily on the hand he holds.

"He has only gone a little before you," we venture to say; "it is but a short distance from you to him now."

"Yes," added the broken-hearted father, "and he gave his life for a good cause; a cause worthy of it, if he had been a thousand times dearer to me than he was."

"And your boy's mother—how does she bear this grief?"

He shakes his head, and again the tears drip, drip, on the hand he still retained.

"She'll see him before I do; this will kill her!"

What shall assuage the sorrow of these aged parents, bereft of the son of their old age, by the cruel war that slavery has invoked? Sympathy, tears, comfort are proffered the aching heart, and after a little, the sorrowing father turns again to his desolate home.

A childish figure drags itself into the room, shuffles heavily along, sinks into a chair, and offers a letter. What ails the little fellow, whose face is so bright and beautiful, and yet so tinged with sadness? We open the letter and read. He is a messenger-boy from Admiral Porter's gunboats, who is sent home with the Admiral's written request that the child be properly taken care of. Not yet thirteen years old, and yet he has been in battles, and has run the gauntlet of the Vicksburg batteries, which for ten miles belched forth red-hot and steel-pointed shot and shell, which yet failed to sink the invulnerable iron-clads. Fever, too much medicine, neglect and exposure, have done their worst for the

little fellow, who has come North, homeless and friendless, with the left side paralyzed. He is taken to the exquisite care and tenderness of the "Soldiers' Home" for the present.

Who next? A bevy of nurses enter, bearing carpet-bags, shawls, and bundles. We have telegraphed them that the hospitals at Memphis need them, and straightway they have girded themselves to the work. One is a widow, whose husband fell at Shiloh; another is the wife of a lieutenant at Vicksburg; a third lost her brother at Chancellorsville, and almost hopes, through the work of the hospital, to find the portal of the happy land where he has vanished. They receive their instructions, commissions, and transportation, and hurry onward. God guide you! brave, noble little women.

Ah! that white, anxious face, whiter than ever, is again framed in the doorway. Is there this time no escape from it? One, two, three, four days she has haunted these rooms, waiting the answer to the telegram dispatched to Gettysburg, where her darling only boy was wounded, ten days ago. The answer to the telegram is in our pocket—but how shall we repeat its stern message to the white-faced, sorrow-stricken mother? We leave our desk and involuntarily bustle about, as if in search of something, for we cannot tell her. There is no need—the morning papers have revealed her desolation to her, and she has only come to secure the help of the Commission in obtaining possession of the remains of her dead. There are no tears, no words of grief, only a still agony, a repressed anguish, which it is painful to witness. All that can be done is freely accorded her, and bowing and staggering under her heavy affliction, she goes forth on her sacred pilgrimage to recover her dead. Alas! how many thousand

mothers are, at this hour, refusing to be comforted because their children are not!

Soldiers from the city hospitals next visit us, to beg a shirt, a pair of slippers, a comb or a pincushion, and to talk of their sufferings and privations, and their anxiety to get well and join their regiments. They are praised heartily, petted in the most motherly fashion, and sent back altogether lighter-hearted than when they came. And so the day wears away. More loaded drays drive up to the door and disburse barrels of crackers, ale, pickles, sour-krout and potatoes, and boxes of shirts, drawers, condensed milk, and beef, etc., which are speedily sent *en route* for the hospitals. Men and women come and go—to visit, to make inquiries, to ask favors, to offer services, to utter complaints, bring news from Vicksburg, Memphis, Murfreesboro, or Nashville hospitals, to make donations of money, to retail their sorrows, and sometimes to idle away an hour in the midst of the writing, packing, mailing, and hurrying of this busy place.

The sun declines westward, its fervent heat is abating, the hands of the clock point to five or six, and sometimes seven; and wearied in body and saturated mentally with the passing streams of others' sorrows, we again hail the street car, which takes us back once more to our pleasant home, with its cheerful companionship, and the prattle and merriment and thoughtless gaiety of children. Five days of the seven, when not visiting some of the numerous auxiliaries of the Commission, scattered all over the North-West, we spend in these rooms, amid scenes like those we have described.

We have given you a "Peep into the boxes," a "Day at the

rooms of the Commission," and will now unfold the chapter of sacrifice and labor that filled these boxes and packages, till they reached nearly 70,000 in number, from a single branch of the great organization, to which we were tributary,—the United States Sanitary Commission. This revelation of fertile invention, determined patriotism and unflagging zeal, is so pertinent and graphic, in a sketch from the pen of Mrs. Livermore, that I rejoice to be able, through her generosity, to introduce it.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

In nothing is this more strikingly exemplified, than in the history of the cause of hospital relief. While indolence, selfishness and disloyalty, intrench themselves behind frivolous excuses, to shield them from doing their duty towards our sick and wounded soldiers, the generous, active and patriotic are fertile in inventions to obtain means for their relief, and glory in labors and sacrifices that carry comfort and plenty to the hospitals.

Some two or three months ago, a poor girl, a seamstress, came to the rooms of the "Chicago Sanitary Commission."

"I do not feel right," she said, "that I am doing nothing for our soldiers in the hospitals, and am resolved to do *something* immediately. Which do you prefer, that I should give money, or buy material and manufacture into garments?"

"You must be guided by your circumstances," was the answer made her; "we need both money and supplies, and you must do that which is most convenient for you."

"I prefer to give money, if it will do as much good."

"Very well, then, give money, which we need badly, and

without which, we cannot do what is most necessary for our brave sick men."

"Then I will donate to you the entire earnings of the next two weeks. I'd give more, but I have to help support my mother, who is an invalid. Generally, I make but one vest a day, but I will work earlier and later the next two weeks."

In two weeks she came again, the poor sewing-girl, her face radiant with the consciousness of philanthropic intent. Opening her porte-monnaie, she counted out—how much do you think, readers? *Nineteen dollars and thirty-seven cents!* Every penny was earned by the slow needle, and she had stitched away into the hours of midnight, on every one of the working-days of the week. We call that an instance of patriotism married to generosity.

Some farmers' wives in the north of Wisconsin, eighteen miles from a railroad, had donated to the Commission of their bed and table-linen, their husbands' shirts and drawers, till they had exhausted their ability to do more in this direction. Still they could not be satisfied, so they cast about to see what could be done in another way. They were all the wives of small farmers, lately moved to the West, living all in log-cabins, where one room sufficed for kitchen, parlor, laundry, nursery, and bed-room, doing their own house-work, sewing, baby-tending, dairy-work, and all. What *could* they do?

They were not long in devising a way to gratify their motherly and patriotic hearts, and instantly set about carrying it into action. They resolved to beg wheat of the neighboring farmers and turn it into money. Sometimes on foot, sometimes with a team, amid the snows and mud of early spring, they canvassed the country for twenty and

twenty-five miles around, everywhere eloquently pleading the needs of the blue-coated soldier-boys in the hospitals, their eloquence everywhere acting as an open sesame to the granaries. Now they obtained a *little* from a rich man, and a great deal from a *poor* man—deeds of benevolence are half the time in an inverse ratio to the ability of the benefactors—till they had accumulated nearly five hundred bushels of wheat. This they sent to market, obtained the highest market price for it, and forwarded the proceeds to the Commission. As we held this hard-earned money in our hands, we felt that it was consecrated—that the holy purpose of these noble women had imparted almost a sacredness to it.

A little girl, not nine years old, with sweet and timid grace, came into the rooms of the Commission, and laying a five-dollar gold-piece on our desk, half frightened, told us its history. "My uncle gave me that before the war, and I was going to keep it always; but he's got killed in the army, and mother says I may give it to the soldiers if I want to—and I'd like to do so. I don't suppose it will buy much for them, will it?"

We led the child to the store-room, and proceeded to show her how valuable her gift was, by pointing out what it would buy—so many cans of condensed milk, or so many bottles of ale, or pounds of tea, or codfish, etc. Her face brightened with pleasure. But when we explained that her five-dollar gold-piece was equal to seven dollars and a half in greenbacks, and told her how much comfort we had been able to carry into a hospital with as small an amount of stores as that sum would purchase, she fairly danced for joy. "Oh, it will do lots of good, won't it?" and folding her hands

before her she begged, in her charmingly earnest way, "Please tell me something that you've seen in the hospitals." A narration of a few touching events, not such as would too severely shock the little creature, but which plainly showed the necessity of continued benevolence to the hospitals, filled her sweet eyes with tears, and drew from her the resolution "to save all her money, and to get all the girls to do so, to buy things for the wounded soldiers." And away she flew, revelling in the luxury of doing good, and happy in the formation of a good resolution.

A ragged little urchin, who thrusts his unkempt pate daily into the rooms, with the shrill cry, "Matches! matches!" had stood watching the little girl and listening to the talk. As she disappeared he fumbled in his ragged pocket and drew out a small handful of crumpled and soiled paper currency. "Here," said he, "I'll give you so much for them ere sick fellows in the hospitals," and he put fifty-five cents into our hand, all in five-cent currency. We hesitated. "No, my boy, don't give it. You're a noble little fellow, but I'm afraid you can't afford to give so much. You keep it and I'll give the fifty-five cents, or somebody else will." "Oh, no," he replied, "you keep it. P'raps I ain't so poor as you think. My father, he saws wood, and my mother, she takes in washin', and I sells matches—and p'raps we've got more money than you think. Keep it;" and he turned his dirty, earnest face to us with a most beseeching look—"Keep it, do."

We took the crumpled currency—we forgot the dirty face and tattered cap—we forgot we had called the little scamp a "nuisance" every day for months, when he had fairly made

us jump from our seat with his shrill, unexpected cry of "Matches! matches!" and made a dive at him to kiss him. But he was too quick for us, and darted out of the room as if he had been shot. Ever since, when he meets us, he gives us a wide berth, and walks off the sidewalk into the gutter, eying us with a suspicious, sidelong glance, as though he suspected we still meditated kissing intentions towards him. If we speak to him he looks at us shyly, and offers no reply; but if we pass him without speaking, he challenges us with a hearty "Hallo, you!" that brings us to a halt instantly.

Had we space, we might continue similar narratives through pages. All who would, could do *something* for our poor boys in hospitals. If it were little, "many a nickle makes a muckle," and if it were much, it brought the blessing of many ready to perish on the donor. But all could do SOMETHING. "Where there's a will there's a way."

The most significant, and perhaps assuredly the most novel, chapter in the history of woman's patriotism, was furnished by the manual labor and *bonâ fide* muscular achievements of the wives and daughters of North-Western farmers, to release their husbands for army service, and keep the wheels of home machinery in motion, without disastrous friction or rupture. We have heretofore alluded to this new and strange manifestation, and gratefully accept a pen-picture of this phase of *prairie woman's* life, from Mrs. Livermore, who has placed it at our service.

WOMAN IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

During the war we were called much into the country. Throughout the harvest we visited, more or less, the great

farming districts of our beautiful prairie-land, and saw for ourselves how busy a time the harvest season was to farmers. It seemed to us, as we rushed along the railroad, for forty, sixty, or a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles, let our course lie in whatever direction it might, that our way always led through one continuous wheat-field. Everywhere the golden grain was waving; and the two-horse reapers cutting it down in a wholesale fashion, that would astonish a New England farmer, could be counted by hundreds in a ride of half-a-dozen hours. The crops were generally good, and in some instances heavy, and every man and boy was pressed into the service to secure an abundant harvest.

More than this, we found women extensively in the field, driving the reapers and binding, shocking and loading grain —an unusual sight to our eyes. At first we were displeased with it, and turned away, in aversion. But by-and-by, we came to observe how skilfully they drove the horses around and around the wheat-field, diminishing more and more its periphery at every circuit, the glittering blades of the reaper, cutting wide swaths with a crisp, craunching sound, that it was pleasant to hear. Then also we saw that when they followed the reapers, binding and shocking, although they did not keep up with the men, yet their work was done with more precision and nicety, and the sheaves had an artistic finish that the others lacked. So we said to ourself, "they are worthy women, and deserve praise; their husbands are probably too poor to hire help, and so, like the helpmeets that God designed them to be, they have girt themselves to do the work of men, and *are* doing it, famously. Good wives! Good women!"

Sometimes in our journeys, our route led us off from the railroad, across the country, six, ten and twenty miles—and always and ever, through the same yellow fields of grain, and green waving corn. Now a river shimmered like silver through the gold of the wheat and oats, and now a fine growth of young timber made a dark green background for the harvest fields. And here, as everywhere, in greater or less numbers, women were busy at the harvesting. On one occasion the carriage came to a halt opposite a field where some half-dozen women were harvesting with two men, and not a little curious to know what these female reapers were like, we walked over and accosted them.

"And so you are helping to gather the harvest," we said to a woman of forty-five, who sat on the reaper to drive, as she stopped her horses for a brief rest. Her face was pleasant and comely, although sunburned, with honest, straightforward eyes, a broad brow, and mouth of more sweetness than firmness. Her dress, a strong calico, without hoops, strong shoes, and a shaker."

"Yes, ma'am," she said; "the men have all gone to the war, so that my man can't hire help, and I told my girls we must turn to and give him a lift with the harvestin'."

"Have you sons in the army?"

"Yes, ma'am," and a shadow fell over the motherly face; "all three of 'em listed, and Neddy, the youngest, was killed at Stone River, the last day of last year. We've money enough to hire help, if it could be had, and my man don't like for me and the girls to be workin' out o' doors; but there don't seem no help for it now."

We stepped over to where the girls were binding the fallen

grain. They were fine lasses, with the eyes and honest mouth of the mother, but brown like her, and clad in the same sensible costume.

"Well, it seems that you, like your mother, are not afraid to lend a hand to the harvesting."

"No; we're willing to help out doors in these times. My three brothers went into the army, and my cousins and most of the men we used to hire; so that there's no help to be got but women's, and the crops must be got in, you know, all the same."

"I tell mother," said one of the girls, "as long as the country can't get along without grain, nor the army fight without food, that we were serving the country just as much here in the harvest-field as our boys are in the battle-field, and that sort o' takes the edge off from this business of doing men's work, you know;" and a hearty laugh followed this statement.

Another was the wife of one of the soldier-sons, with a three-year-old boy toddling beside her, tumbling among the sheaves, getting into mischief every five minutes, and "causing more plague than profit," as his mother declared. From her came the same hearty assent to this new work, which the strait of the country had imposed upon her, and she added, with a kind of homely pride, that she was considered "as good a binder as a man, and could keep up with the best of 'em. I, for my part," she continued, "am willing to do anything to keep along in these war times."

We would have talked longer with these women, who were now invested with a new and heroic interest, but the driver calling out that he had mended the broken harness,

and was ready to go on, we could only assure them "that they were worthy of the days of the Revolution, and that we were proud to have met them," and bade them "good-by."

Now we saw things with different eyes. No longer were the women of the harvest-field an unwelcome sight. Patriotism inspired them to the unusual work, and each brown, hard-handed, toiling woman was a heroine. Their husbands and sons had left the plough in the furrow, and the reaper in the grain, at the anguished call of the country, and these noble women had joyfully bid them "God-speed," and without weak murmuring or complaint, had put their own shoulders to the hard, rough farm-work, feeling that thus they also served the common cause. Yes, and amid all this weary labor, these women found time for the manufacture of hospital supplies, which came, box after box, filled with shirts and drawers, dried apples and pickles, currant wine and blackberry jam, to be forwarded to the poor fellows languishing in far-off Southern hospitals. All honor to the farmers' wives of the great North-West! "Many women have done excellently well, but these excelled them all."

At the first call, after the pressure consequent upon severe army sickness at Young's Point, Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Colt, at the request of the Sanitary Commission, visited the army, which had been driven by the swelling flood from the levee at Young's Point to the transports, and thence to Milliken's Bend, where it lay encamped at the time. This valuable contribution consists of a series of letters, written by Mrs. Livermore from the scene of action. While these complete the chain of our military and sanitary work at that period, they furnish gratifying and abundant evidence of the

success of the battle waged with the insidious army foe by various sanitary organizations throughout the Western and North-Western States.

On Board Steamer "Curlew," going down the Mississippi River, Saturday, March 14, 1852.

Dear —,— :—The wail of suffering from our brave men in front of Vicksburg, has been borne to the listening ears and tender hearts of the great North-West. The death which they looked for on Southern battle-fields, and to which they proudly hurled defiance, lay crouched unaware in the bottom-lands of the Mississippi, where their white tents had spread sheltering wings, and lurked in the clear water of the deadly Yazoo, and has sprung upon them like a tiger. Before they had learned of their danger, long trenches were filled with the uncoffined dead, and the quickly extemporized hospitals were crowded with the wasted forms and wan faces of our gallant North-Westerns, who patiently exhaled their lives on a fever-smitten air, or lingered in an agony worse than death. Simultaneously the West and the North-West have hastened to the rescue; Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis, moved by a common patriotism and benevolence, have sent to their relief the aid and succor necessary to conquer this insidious miasmatic foe, and to restore the sick to health. Wives and mothers have brought forth canned fruit, jellies and cooling syrups from their store closets, and shirts, drawers and sheets from their linen-presses. Farmers have unburied their vegetables, secured from the winter frosts, and barreled up potatoes, onions and pickled cabbage for the poor scorbutics, and everybody has poured forth money for the purchase of farina, corn-starch, lemons,

oranges, pearl-barley, tea, sugar, stimulants, condensed milk and the other necessaries of life to the hospital patients.

Nor has the work stopped here. Delegations of men and women, strong and skilled and tender, have accompanied these contributions. Surgeons and physicians who have grown gray in their successful fight with sickness and death, men of large executive ability, skilful in planning the transmission and distribution of the continual shipments of stores, women who have become familiarized with the horrors of hospitals, and whose mother hearts do not blench from them—these have been delegated as a corps of relief in this holy work; and so successfully have they labored, that already, death and disease have been beaten back, and our men are slowly emerging from the hospital to the battle-field, to them a welcome transition.

Still the work of relieving the sick of the Mississippi fleet goes bravely on. Twice, since January, have the Chicago Commission sent down to the sick in hospitals and on transports, in front of Vicksburg, immense quantities of supplies, with nurses and agents to disburse them, and there is now floating down the Mississippi, on the steamer "Curlew," a third shipment and a third delegation, bound on the same errand and to the same destination, and I have been privileged to be one of the delegation.

We left Chicago, Tuesday evening, March 10. The notable persons of the party are Surgeon-Gen. Wolcott, of Wisconsin—so noble a man that all who know him wish he might be multiplied a hundred-fold; Quartermaster-Gen. Treadway, of the same State; and Hon. A. G. Throop, a loyal member of the Illinois Legislature. There were also

in our party female nurses, and women as true, tender and competent as the sun ever shone on, but they are not "notable," as the world goes, and would be affrighted to see their names in print. The soldiers will carry their names in their grateful hearts into eternity, and that is glory enough. Between four and five hundred boxes, to be largely reenforced at Memphis, labelled CHICAGO SANITARY COMMISSION, all packed with every variety of hospital supplies, were committed to us for disbursement among the sick in front of Vicksburg, and we started on our sacred mission.

As we approached Cairo, we found that the Mississippi was indeed "on the rampage." For eight or ten miles back, the country was completely submerged, and we crept along at a snail's pace. As we entered the nondescript town, where one needs a "dug-out" most of the year to navigate the streets, we found the steam-pumps at work, for the water had so invaded the place, hollowed out like a wash-basin, that there was danger of inundation. When the water of the town rises above a certain permitted height, it is pumped out, as from the hold of a vessel. Here, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining transportation for our hundreds of packages, we were detained twenty-four hours.

While regretting the delay we were so fortunate as to run across James E. Yeatman, Esq., President of the Western Sanitary Commission, St. Louis, who was on his return route from Vicksburg, where he had been laboring for the last six or eight weeks. From him we gathered much information. The fearful and deathly sickness among our troops was abating when he left, the camps were becoming dry, hospital stores more abundant, and officers more considerate

of the health of their men. Drinking the *seapage* water is said to have caused more sickness among our troops than the protracted rains, mud, high water, exposure and neglect of officers all combined—and orders forbidding this have been issued in some sections, and soon will be in all.

As soon as our men get on shore, out of the transports into camp, their first effort is to devise ways and means to obtain drinking water, without going to the Mississippi for it, which is not unfrequently some little distance from the camp. So they dig a well and sink a barrel, which is instantly half filled with water clear as crystal, beautiful to look at, and delicious to taste. This is called seapage water, but to drink it is death to either man or beast. It percolates through the decayed vegetable matter of the swamps and bottom-lands, and in the present instance is rendered more poisonous by the infiltrating of the water from the encampments above. A negro on the plantations in the neighborhood who is detected drinking seapage water, is whipped more severely than for any other misdemeanor. Gen. Sherman has already learned its deleterious consequences, and has ordered any captain put under arrest who allows his men to drink it.

We came on board the "Curlew" on Thursday evening about eight o'clock, having been assured by the captain that she would start punctually at ten. Then the time was postponed till midnight; then deferred till the arrival of the morning train from Chicago, as some of the boat's crew were said to be coming on that train; then until after breakfast, when the rudder collided with that of another boat, which, of course, broke it, and it must needs be repaired, and after-

noon found us still hugging the levee at Cairo, as though loth to leave the hideous place. But at last we got off, and steamed slowly down to Columbus, Kentucky, where more freight was piled on the already overladen, crowded and unsafe little craft, and a barge of hay made fast to her, to be towed down the river. Those of us whose thoughts are on the sick soldiers ran ashore for a brief visit to the hospital, whose appearance was passably tidy and comfortable.

About midnight, I think, all the passengers on board had a new experience and a new sensation. We touched at Island No. 10, and were boarded by naval officers from an adjoining gunboat, who ordered all state-rooms unlocked, and proceeded to examine trunks, valises, baskets, carpet-bags, etc., pulling beds to pieces in the search; looking under berths and indulging similar quizzical vagaries. The search of all boats going down the river is ordered by Uncle Sam, who, with all reverence be it written, has a penchant for "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole," or, in the words of holy writ, for "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." A contraband trade in cotton has been carried on for months, supplying the rebels with the sinews of war, and is not yet wholly suppressed. This, however, is winked at, or timidly forbidden, the trade flourishes when it might be suppressed; but the trunks of loyal men and women must be overhauled for quinine and morphine, cotton cloth in the piece, and medicines in the package, which are rarely found.

The examining officers on this occasion were by no means formidable in appearance, notwithstanding the naval toggery with which they were accoutred, with fearful append-

ages of "sword and pistol by the side." Ranged along the saloon was a body of marines, sooty and grimy, armed with cutlasses, which they brandished as though about to depose our heads from our shoulders, and endeavoring to look very fierce at the bystanders, who stared in wonderment. No words of mine can do justice to the manner of the search.

The principal officer was a beardless youth of eighteen or twenty, quite small when measured by feet and inches, but huge, colossal, yes, a very Hercules, if taken at his own estimation. Approaching a state-room, where a feeble lady had retired for the night, he gave a thunderous blow, as though summoning a giant to the door of his castle; and when the poor woman delayed to dress as became decency, he twice repeated the insolent summons, and in the most lordly way ordered her to "make haste and come out of that." The ladies' baggage seemed specially obnoxious to these naval gentlemen. Plunging to the bottom of the nicely-packed trunks, they squeezed in a crushed heap immaculate collars and tasteful head-dresses, under-sleeves, under-clothing and all, kneading the whole in a heterogeneous mass, as though mixing bread; and when the work was over, the trunks looked, as one of the ladies remarked, as though "stirred up with a big spoon." To the search none objected, if the Government had ordered it; but the manner in which it was conducted, and the arrogant airs put on by these boys, born into the volunteer navy not six months ago, made at least one woman indignant. Your correspondent spoke so contemptuously of the whole farcical performance, that one of those ungentlemanly boys pronounced her *a secesh*, but as he left her trunk alone, of all the others, unlocked, and un-

searched and unexamined, I very much question whether he believed his own assertion.

Our sail down the Mississippi would be very delightful, if we were not in such anxious haste that our slow progress almost throws us into a nervous fever. Forty-eight hours from Cairo to Memphis, when the trip is usually made in twenty-four! The boat is very slow, and moves "like a sick man in his sleep, three paces, then falters," stopping at every landing to take on or off freight or passengers. The weather is evidently on its best behavior, for the sky is cloudless, and the air as soft as in June. The river is all over its banks, submerging the country adjacent, and making its width magnificent. The captain tells us this is a decided advantage, particularly now that we are approaching Memphis. The boat keeps very nearly the centre of the stream, and there are but few places along the route where cannon could be planted.

MEMPHIS, Sunday, March 15.

We have at last reached the city of Memphis, and taken rooms at the Gayoso House, which has the reputation of being stylish, secesh, and not very comfortable. As soon as possible we shall proceed to Vicksburg, but during our stay here I will write of this city, with its dozen hospitals, filled with our northern boys.

GAYOSO HOUSE, MEMPHIS, Tenn., March, 1863.

DEAR ——:—We have spent some days in Memphis, which have been employed to the utmost. It has been no easy thing to find transportation down the river for our stores and ourselves; and, indeed, up to the present time,

but one boat has left for Vicksburg since our arrival. A strict military *surveillance* is kept over all boats going down the river, and no one is allowed to leave without a pass from Gen. Hurlbut, who is in command here. But at last all difficulties are surmounted, passes are made out, state-rooms are engaged on the dispatch boat "Tigress," our four hundred and eighty boxes of supplies are shipped, and a guard placed over them to keep them from thieves, and at six o'clock this evening we are off. In the interim, while resting and waiting, let me tell you what I have seen in Memphis.

The hospitals have claimed our chief attention. There are eleven of them, and they contain about five thousand patients. Others are being fitted up. They occupy magnificent buildings, spacious brick blocks, confiscated hotels, and similar edifices. Their general management is fair, and is constantly improving, and the rate of mortality in them is much less than has been represented. In these particulars I confess myself happily disappointed. The terrible rumors that have reached us, of the shocking condition of the hospitals in Memphis, their neglected and uncared for state, and the frightful number of deaths occurring in them daily, are, I am glad to say, devoid of truth. There is fair order and medical attendance, female nursing, cleanliness, humanity and tenderness, evident in many of the wards. We (Mrs. Colt, of Milwaukee, and myself) have passed through nearly every ward of them all, have conversed with hundreds of the patients, and with most of the matrons and nurses.

The "Overton Hospital" is a magnificent building, designed for a hotel, but never occupied as such. The Yankees interfered with the plans of the proprietors by entering

the city *sans ceremonie*, and appropriating it for hospital work. The Sisters of Mercy, nine in number, are the nurses, and are faithful, gentle and tender. It is perhaps the pleasantest hospital of them all, in its general appearance, within and without. Most of the patients are convalescing, and all seem contented and happy.

The "Gayoso Hospital" has for its matron "Mother Bickerdyke," as all the soldiers call her—a woman of amazing energy, full of maternal tenderness to the sick and wounded soldiers, and nursing them through the depths of neglect, squalor, destitution and disease. But woe to him who steps between her and her charge, or infringes on the rights or privileges of her sick boys, or who is guilty of fraud or neglect of them—he is sure to be ground to powder. On all such, and on all drunken, incompetent and neglectful hospital officials, she comes down with sledge-hammer force, never remitting her hostility till they are beaten out of the service, or into decent manhood. She is a very unique person—*a rara avis*—sometimes a very Alecto, while many a one has found her a very Nemesis. Soldiers love her like a mother—most of the officers fight shy of her, and for good reasons. At a certain hospital where she was matron, the medical director gave orders for the dismissal of all contrabands employed about the hospital—an order emanating, as she believed, from petty spite, since every contraband employed saves a convalescent soldier to the service of the government. "Mother Bickerdyke" went immediately to the headquarters of the commanding general, although it was nearly midnight, and obtained a written order to employ as many contrabands as she needed in the

hospital service, and the medical director had to succumb. Of course, such a woman must make enemies, but that does not trouble her. Her hospital is the most homelike, cheerful and comfortable in Memphis, and it turns out weekly twice as many convalescents as any other.

All the other hospitals have Protestant female nurses, with the exception of the "Jackson," where all women are excluded from every department except the linen room, over which an Irish woman presides. It is a responsible position, and requires more executive ability and faithfulness than she manifests. This hospital seems to us comfortless and dreary.

The Officers' Hospital is greatly lacking in comfort. Government makes no provision for the care of officers when they are sick, beyond furnishing them their medicines. For everything besides they must pay from their own private purse, their salaries being sufficiently liberal to enable them to take care of themselves. Theoretically this is very well, but as they receive their pay at irregular intervals, and as many of them are much of the time as moneyless as the poorest privates, the practical working of this plan subjects them to great inconvenience. Between two stools they fall to the ground. Government does not take care of them in sickness, nor does it provide them with the means of taking care of themselves; and so it happens the Officers' Hospital in Memphis is more badly cared for than any in the city. They have the use of a confiscated building, and have received from some source hospital bedsteads and army cots, but at the present time they are without other furniture, without bedding, shirts, drawers and other sanitary delicacies.

There were over one hundred officers in the wards, mostly fine-looking men, possessed of more or less culture, and almost all of them showing marked superiority. But in their home-sickness and disability the privates have turned the tables on them with a vengeance; and while good hospital food, clothing and nursing is provided by the Government for the latter, the former shift as they can. Every officer in the hospital pays five dollars per week for his board, or is to do so at some future time, and from this pittance everything needful is to be furnished, or they must go without. It was pitiable to see their poverty and shabby condition, and grand to witness their patience, and to hear their expressions of pleasure that their "boys" fared better. This hospital furnishes a field for the labors of the Sanitary Commission, which I rejoice to say they are hastening to occupy. This noble organization extends the hand of relief to all sick or wounded soldiers, be they officers or privates, in the army or navy.

I wish every person in the North-West who doubts if the supplies of clothing and delicacies sent by the various aid societies through the Sanitary Commission, could see what I have seen these last few days. The beds give mute, but unquestionable denial to these doubts, as do the shirts on the backs of the patients, and the napkins and towels used about them. Nearly every article bears the stamp of the Commission or of an aid society. In nearly every hospital I have seen canned fruits or berries opened and dispensed to those needing them, by the matrons or nurses in attendance; eggs cooked in various delicate ways, toast with the dip made of condensed milk, delicious cocoa made of the prepared article,

and various other articles of sanitary diet, which many at home persistently deny are ever found in our military hospitals. To tell the truth, there is a vast deal of falsifying about hospital matters; and any person returning from the hospitals, who does not serve concentrated horrors to a hungry public, and unfold deeds of cruelty and barbarism on the part of surgeons and nurses in the hospitals, that by comparison render Nena Sahib a very tender-hearted person, is unanimously voted a fool, or "slow." To attract attention one must, on returning from the seat of war, deal in horrors by the wholesale; and I confess that some of our party are beginning to feel a little nervous that they have as yet been able to spy out so few fearful things to report. At times, when some fell epidemic swoops down upon our troops, cooped for a month on transports, and poisoned by the deadly malaria of these south-western swamps and rivers, or immediately after some great battle, when the dead, dying and wounded are huddled in promiscuous heaps, and cannot receive the attention they need, there is for a time great and unrelieved suffering; but these are not every-day occurrences, even in time of war. Of course there are discomforts, and until the raw troops get hardened to campaign life there is much suffering and sickness that is inevitable, which, in the case of our troops, is aggravated by disregard of discipline, and neglect of officers; but the extreme sensation stories that reach friends at home, should, as a general rule, be received at a great discount. Of two things I am certain —the sick of the army, especially in general hospitals, are better cared for than is generally believed, and the gifts of the country to the sick, sent through the Sanitary Commis-

sion, reach those for whom they are intended with a very small percentage of waste, loss or perversion.

In passing through the hospitals, I met with very many interesting incidents. A tremulous voice would pronounce my name, and as I advanced to the bed from which it proceeded, emaciated hands would be outstretched to me, and a gush of tears would welcome me. I have been unable to recognize former acquaintances in the thin wan faces of those who have recognized me, even when in two instances they were my former near neighbors and friends. Sometimes my name would be pronounced by the attendants, and the pale face of a patient would glow with pleasure as he would inform me he was acquainted with my husband, and had been an attendant on his widely-extended pulpit ministrations. In one hospital, a young man of seventeen, a mere boy, sat by the head of a cot where his older brother was dying. He was himself hardly convalescent from typhoid fever, and was convulsed with grief at his bereavement. To him the convulsive throes of the dying brother were indicative of agony, and it was not possible to convince him to the contrary, or to comfort him. "My father and mother have never lost a child before," said the poor lad, with streaming eyes, "and it will kill them to hear he is dead. And then he's got a wife that thinks everything of him, and a little girl a year and a half old. What *will* they do?" I remained till the dying man had passed beyond the reach of human care and sympathy, and was then compelled to leave the weeping survivor, who buried his face in his pillow, and vented his grief in sobs that shook his slight frame.

In another hospital the younger brother was dying, and

the elder was watching him. The almost maternal care and solicitude of the elder brother was touching to witness. He restrained his grief, lest it should disturb the departing spirit of the one he loved; and while his own heart was bursting, he spoke cheerfully and encouragingly to the dying boy, whom it was so hard to surrender to death. The lad, with large, hollow, beseeching eyes, was pleading for his discharge. "If I could be discharged, and sent home to-morrow, it would cure me directly," was his assertion; and his kind brother-nurse, moved to tears, answered him tenderly: "You are to be discharged; it will come soon." The discharge could not have been long delayed, for the boy was already cold with approaching death when we left him. The wan faces of some flushed into warm smiles, others gave short hysterical laughs, which had tears in them, and others held our hands, and vented their gladness in broken, childish words. It was so long since they had seen their mothers, wives, and sisters at home, and our presence was such a forcible reminder of them, that we did not wonder at the emotion manifested by the pale, weak fellows. It is a sad thing to be sick away from home and kindred, and they who are plunged into hospitals by the rigors of camp life, and who patiently bear weeks of wasting fever and racking pain, unsoothed by mother, wife or sister, are, I verily believe, greater heroes in the sight of God than those who boldly march to death at the cannon's mouth, and, in the frenzied excitement of the hour, fling life away.

Mrs. Governor Harvey, whose home for the present is in Memphis, accompanied us on a visit to the 15th Illinois Volunteers. Since the sad death of her husband, who lost

his life at Shiloh, she has devoted herself to the sick and wounded soldiers. The State of Wisconsin claims her services especially for Wisconsin, but all feel the influence of her kind and sympathetic nature. Her life is passed in the hospitals, where she is indeed an angel of mercy.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Livermore's trip from Young's Point to Lake Providence.—Visit to Mercantile Battery at Milliken's Bend.—Trip up the river to Cairo.—Contraband boy.—Refugee girl.

MILLIKEN'S BEND, LA., April, 1863.

DEAR——:—We came up to Milliken's Bend on the dispatch-boat "Fanny Ogden," because we were obliged to go where the boat was ordered. There are no hotels in this part of the world, no private boarding-houses outside of Vicksburg, and these, just now, are not easily accessible to Northern travellers. There are only tents for those who live on shore, and boats for those who take to the river. It is a difficult matter to decide which is preferable of the two. If you take to the tents, your *cuisine* is out-doors, where rain, smoke and ashes, saturate all the food; you eat, drink and sleep in the mud, and are phlebotomized by the musquitoes; but you are sure of plenty of fresh, pure air. If you live on the boats, your kitchen is under cover, to be sure; you avoid the mud and musquitoes, but you furnish a nightly repast to insects more vulgar than musquitoes, one species of which infests alike both camps and boats in these war times; while "the rats

and the mice, they make such a strife," that sleep comes not to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids, and the air is pestilential from the uncleanliness of the surroundings. Ugh! Haven't we had lively times o' nights, on board the boats, and haven't we recently acquired a practical knowledge of the utility of finger-nails? Government has impressed all the boats on the river into its service, and has used them at various times for the transportation of troops and army stores, and it must be confessed that Uncle Sam has not shown himself a miraculously good steward. Stripped of carpets, mirrors, elegant furniture, toilet appurtenances, everything in the way of luxury, and I had almost said convenience, marred by the troops transported on them, broken and battered in their repeated attempts to navigate unnavigable rivers and bayous, the pilot-houses battened with rough oak plank two and three feet thick, to protect the steersman from the muskets of the guerillas, neglected, befouled, and unhome-like, the boats on the Mississippi to-day bear little resemblance to the floating palaces of three years ago, when gorgeous with upholstery, and swarming with the fashionable and gay, they drifted down the river with music and dancing, as though life were one prolonged gala-day.

As the "Fanny Ogden" was "under orders," and would be running up and down the river for two or three days, on errands for General Grant, we determined to accept the invitation of the Chicago Mercantile Battery, encamped at Milliken's Bend, and try tent-life for a day or two. So we were put ashore at the landing, and, in the fading twilight, picked our way along the levee to their camp. What a hearty welcome was accorded us! What a chorus of cheer-

ful, manly, familiar voices proclaimed the gladness of the Battery at our arrival! Forth from every tent and "shebang" swarmed a little host of the boys, all bronzed to the color of the *Atlantic Monthly* covers, to use one of their own comparisons, all extending eager hands, all hearty, healthy, and impatient to hear from home, and to possess the letters and well-filled boxes sent them from mothers, wives, sisters and friends. Here they were—"our boys," of whom we took sad and tearful leave months ago, when we gave them to God and our country at the altar of the sanctuary, where they alone were brave, calm and hopeful. Here they were—the same boys, but outwardly how changed. Then, they were *boys*, slender, fair, with boyish, immature faces; now, they were men, stalwart, fuller and firmer of flesh, the fair, sweet, boyish look supplanted by a stern, daring, resolute expression. Marches and foraging expeditions, guard-duty and camp-life, and the battles of Chickasaw Bluffs and Arkansas Post, where they had looked death unblenchingly in the face, had graven firm lines about the mouth, and high resolve on the youthful brows. "Our boys" were the same, and yet not the same.

The best "shebang" of the camp was immediately placed at our service, and the boys bestirred themselves to make our stay with them comfortable. Everything in the way of shelter, in camp parlance, that is not a tent, is a "shebang." Those of the Battery are rough huts, made of boards, with plank floors, and roofed with canvas. A *bonâ fide* glass window at one end, a panelled door, and sometimes green blinds, at the other; planks, windows and doors, all "jerked" from some deserted plantation, make up the "shebang."

Inside are two bunks, one built over the other, bedded with husks or hay, each large enough to accommodate two sleepers; a rough pantry with shelves, holding rations, odd crockery, and cutlery, mostly "jerked" from the secesh, a home-made table, and long bench, and these, with a bit of looking-glass, sundry pails and camp-kettles, and a drop-light extemporized from a glass bottle or broken bayonet, holding a candle suspended from the ridge-pole by a wire, make up the furniture. To tell the truth, the wood-sheds of the fathers of these boys infinitely surpass these hastily improved camp-houses of the sons; but the latter, now accustomed to roughing it, continually challenged our admiration of their quarters with vociferous queries of, "Now, isn't this shebang splendid?" "Don't you see that we can make you ladies as comfortable as you would be at home?" Of course we would not for the world have hinted to the dear fellows that we had an opinion on the subject different from their own; and I am inclined to think that they believe we came away almost envying them their elegant southern residences.

We passed two nights and one day in their camp, and never enjoyed any visit more highly. The beauty of their location at Milliken's Bend cannot be surpassed. The trees —oak, magnolia, pride-of-china, and cottonwood—were in full leaf, the air was heavy with the fragrance of jasmine and roses, mocking-birds sang overhead, and the air was soft and balmy as the latter part of our June. If any one supposes that we had a Quaker meeting in that "shebang," on our first night, he is very much mistaken. We were put through a course of catechism concerning matters and persons at home that completely exhausted our stock of informa-

tion. We told all the news, and still the hungry fellows asked for more, till we began to think we should have to steal the trade of the newspaper correspondents, and manufacture a sufficiency. We examined photographs of dear ones at home, drawn from inside pockets, to decide how far the originals had departed from the "counterfeit presentments" since they were last seen. A plain dress cap fell from our travelling basket; the boys instantly hailed it as a home affair, and declared that "it seemed natural to see it, as their mothers had heaps of such female toggery lying round at home;" they would have it take the place of the bayonet immediately, and the cap was accordingly donned, greatly to their gratification. We discussed the past, we prophesied the future, we glorified the present; and then, when the tide of talk had flowed over the night into the morning, regardless of "tattoo," or signal-gun for retiring, we bade the boys "good-night" and went to bed. The couch was of corn-husks, the covering a soldier's blanket, the pillow a soldier's overcoat. It was our first night in camp; we were a thousand miles from home, in an enemy's country, surrounded by the fearful insignia of war; we heard the booming of guns at Vicksburg, fifteen miles below, and the novelty made us wakeful.

Long before the drums beat the reveille in the thirty or more encampments around us, or the myriad birds had finished their matins, we were wide awake, keenly alive to every sound or motion. Making our toilet before the liliputian mirror, six inches by three, we hurried out to roll-call and breakfast. Hot biscuit, baked in ovens made of Louisiana mud, ham deliciously fried, good sweetened coffee,

to which we added condensed milk, potatoes and pickles, constituted our breakfast—the best we had eaten since leaving the excellent dining-saloon at Centralia, Ill. On no account would we have lost this brief experience in camp-life; and if our gallant and obliging hosts received from our visit half the pleasure it gave their guests, it was a paying affair.

General McClernand's army corps is encamped at Milliken's Bend, and the next day we called at his headquarters, and informed him that the "Fanny Ogden," laden with sanitary stores, would be at the Bend in the afternoon. He immediately ordered notice of the same to be sent to every chief surgeon of the regiment or battery, which brought them out in full force on the arrival of the boat. They were all connected with regimental hospitals, which were greatly in need of the supplies we had on board. It was very gratifying to witness their gladness at the relief thus afforded their sick men, but the pleasure was exquisite when we went to the hospitals, most of them miserable affairs, intended only for brief, temporary use, and beheld the grateful emotion of the sufferers. Ale, eggs, lemons, codfish, condensed milk, tea, and butter were among the articles we furnished, and we waited to see the ale and lemons distributed to those needing them. Many insisted on paying for them; they could hardly be made to understand that they were the gift of the North-West. In ward after ward we repeated the story that the *people* had sent these supplies to the Commission, to be distributed to the sick in hospitals; and this evidence of kind remembrance by friends at home, seemed of itself to send a wave of healing through the entire wards. "And so

they don't forget us down here! That's good news. We were afraid, from what we heard, that they were all turning secesh, and that we'd got to *pint* our guns t'other way," was the response of a Missouri boy, whose lineaments bore a suspicious resemblance to our whilom prisoners at Camp Douglas, but who, I was assured, was loyal to the core.

Here Dr. Franklin is organizing an immense convalescent hospital. It occupies a beautiful deserted plantation, which was arranged as if expressly for its present use. The cabins for the negroes were built on wide streets, running parallel with one another, each entirely shaded by fine rows of trees. These are being renovated, and rendered comfortable for the convalescents, and between the rows of houses and under the shade of the trees, rows of hospital tents are pitched. The cooking arrangements, linen department, and every part of the hospital, is being organized on the largest scale. It already contains about 2000 patients, and its accommodations can be indefinitely extended. It will soon contain 5000 patients.

At the landing lay the floating hospital, "Nashville," and the hospital-steamer "D. A. January," both of which were visted. The "Nashville" is a receiving-boat. It is a hospital, three stories high, built on a barge, and will accommodate 1250 patients. It is towed from landing to landing, and receives the sick temporarily till they can be taken off by a hospital steamer, and carried further north. It is admirably fitted up with cooking apparatus, bath-rooms, laundries, etc., but its usefulness is greatly impaired by being built too low between decks. Only the upper deck is at all comfortable, and it is impossible to ventilate the two lower

decks so as to make them suitable for the reception of the sick. It is the most comfortless of the hospital-steamers, and I was not surprised to learn that the percentage of mortality on board is very large. Eleven coffins, containing bodies of the dead, stood on the after part of the boat awaiting burial, and on shore quite a detachment of men were busy digging graves.

The "D. A. January" presented a very different appearance. This is a hospital-steamer, which with two others, each having 500 beds, receives the sick from the "Nashville," and the regimental hospitals, and transfers them to Memphis, St. Louis, Mound City, Keokuk, and other hospitals at the North. These three steamers make regular trips back and forth, removing the sick to comfortable quarters. They are splendidly fitted up with every sanitary arrangement, are perfectly ventilated, well supplied with male and female nurses, and are a comfort to the sick, and a credit to the medical department. The "D. A. January" seemed almost faultless in its arrangements; cleaner beds, cleaner patients, purer air, better cooked food, or more watchful and tender nursing, one could hardly desire; and yet I am told by good authority that the "City of Memphis," also a hospital steamer, surpasses even the "January" in every respect.

There is also a medical purveyor's boat, loaded with medicines, surgical instruments, cots, bedding, hospital food, clothing, etc., which plies back and forwards, to supply hospitals and boats with such articles of the kind as they need, and thus obviate the delay incurred by sending for them. In addition, there is a sanitary-boat, loaded by the Commission with such sanitary stores as are not supplied

by Government, and which plies from point to point, or sends a tug with the supplies to the places where they are required. These supplies are constantly reënforced by shipments from the North. It is evident, therefore, that generous and ample arrangements are made for the care of our sick soldiers in this department; and if competent, humane, and skilful men were always in charge, to carry out the provisions of the Government and the Commission, the amount of suffering would be diminished, and the loss of life decreased.

From Milliken's Bend we went to Lake Providence. I shall be obliged to write one more letter to complete the history of our trip.

M. A. L.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., April, 1863.

DEAR ——:—We have made two visits to Lake Providence, one long enough for an extensive exploration of the town and encampments, and the second only long enough to load our boat with cotton for the Memphis market. It has become a point of great interest, from the fact that it was proposed to turn the Mississippi from its natural channels through Lake Providence, and several bayous, into the Wachita and Red rivers, where it would find its way back to the main river, nearly one hundred and fifty miles below Vicksburg. It was hoped in this way to circumvent the rebels at Vicksburg, but the plan has failed. It was a quarter of a mile from the Mississippi river to Lake Providence, with a fall of fifteen feet in the distance, and the river at its very highest stage of water. Consequently, when the river was let into the

lake, by cutting the levee between, it could not be confined to the narrow channel marked out for it, but flooded the whole north-eastern part of Louisiana, completely deluging and almost washing away from fifteen to eighteen of the richest counties of the State. Most vehement protests against this severe and destructive war measure were sent to Gen. Grant, from this entire section of rebeldom. Large sums of money were offered as bribes to turn him from his strategic purpose, but he was inexorable. The South has brought this ruin on itself, and has but to curse its own folly. "The South got up the music," said one of the boys, "and it mustn't blame the North if they dance to it."

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the condition of the troops at this point. We visited Gen. Logan's division mainly, and found them comfortably quartered in tents, with floors of plank, raised from the ground, and yet they had not been a week encamped here. The sick were few in number, and considering that they were in the almost always comfortless regimental hospitals, were well cared for. We rode for hours through the camps, in the inevitable ambulance, once breaking down in a "slough" (pronounced *slew* in the army) that would have answered to Bunyan's description of the "Slough of Despond." Everywhere the men appeared in rollicking health, brown, cheerful and busy. Occasionally, when we came to a group that manifested more than common interest in our visit, we halted for a brief chat, which was always agreeable, respectful and intelligent on the part of the men. And here let me say, that in all my intercourse with our soldiers in the field, camp

and hospital, in the East, West and South-West, from the commencement of the war to the present time—and it has been by no means slight—I have never encountered the least disrespect in word, manner, tone or look, from officer or private. Had I been what the sick men in hospitals have so generally called me, as to give me the feeling of being aged —"mother" to them all—their manner could not have been more wholly unexceptionable. I cannot, nor do I believe any woman can, say the same of the surgeons. Too many of them look with jealous eyes on the presence of even the best and most competent women within the hospitals, and do not hesitate to declare war against them, by petty acts of tyranny, insolent language and manner. Of course there are many and noble exceptions to this statement, and among these exceptions are found some of the most humane and skilful of physicians and surgeons.

I have come to believe that if every surgeon in the army were faithful in the discharge of his duty, humane, honest and upright, there would be no objection offered to the services of competent women in the hospitals. "Your Protestant nurses are always making a fuss, spying out some mare's-nest in a hospital, and writing home that this patient is abused, that one badly treated, or the other starved; that the surgeon gets drunk, or misappropriates the sanitary stores sent to him, or some other bugaboo story, and that's why I won't have them in my hospital," said a surgeon to me, in defense of his dismissal of the Protestant nurses sent him on his own requisition. He had replaced them with Sisters of Charity, because, as he averred, "whatever they saw or heard, they told nothing—the rules of their order forbade it."

My observations have also forced upon me the conviction that our men in the army do not deteriorate morally as greatly as is represented. I do not believe they are worse than at home. I heard no more profanity in the camps than I hear at home in the streets; I saw no gambling among the privates, but sometimes I beheld it on board the boats, where a large proportion of the passengers were officers, surgeons, quartermasters and their assistants; and I have only seen three instances of drunkenness among the privates, and that was occasioned by liquors sent them from home, in private boxes. These private boxes cause a vast deal of mischief. I happened in the camp of the 23d Wisconsin, the day after they had received several loads of private boxes from their several homes, and found that *sixty-three* were that morning reported unfit for duty, in consequence of sickness, superinduced by a surfeit of the goodies sent them by friends. General Grant has forbidden the free transportation of private boxes in future, which will tend to diminish materially the amount sent.

There are a large number of "contrabands" at Lake Providence, who have come in from the plantations in droves of hundreds, and are now employed in picking cotton for the Government. Very little of the cotton on these deserted Providence plantations has been gathered, and the Government has let the job to contractors, who pick it on halves, and deliver it in bales to the Government, the contractors paying negroes a penny a pound for the picking, and Government furnishing them rations. They are thus earning to the United States thousands of dollars a day. Those in charge of the contrabands were aiming to find means for

their removal further north, where they might be secure from both the soldiers and their former owners; but this plan has been frustrated by Adj.-Gen. Thomas, who proposes to confiscate these valuable and productive plantations for the use of such of the contrabands as cannot do military duty, which they are to cultivate under the direction of white overseers or managers.

While standing on the deck of the "Maria Denning," as she lay at Lake Providence, on which boat we had taken passage home, we were accosted by Ford Douglas, a well-known colored man of Chicago, of some repute as a lecturer, but now a regularly enlisted soldier of the 95th Illinois, where he is esteemed, respected and fraternized with, as if he were a white man. He had come on board to ask us to take a little colored boy, nine years old, to his mother in Chicago. The child's history was as follows:

Three years before, his mother, then a slave on one of the Louisiana plantations, went to Newport, R. I., with her master and mistress, to pass the summer, when, following the example of her mother and sister, she ran away from bondage to Chicago. Here she had resided for three years, mourning her separation from her little son, her only child, but rejoicing in her liberty. During this period she had made every effort to regain her boy, but without success. When, at last, Mr. Douglas' regiment was ordered south to Lake Providence, near her former home, she begged him to search for her boy, and to send him to her. He had found the child, and had long been watching for an opportunity to send him north, and now entreated us to take him in charge. The gentlemen of the party remembered the wicked black

laws of Illinois, which forbid, they said, any one to bring a negro into the State under penalty, and hesitated. But as politics are tabooed to women by the "lords of creation," it is no more than proper for them to ignore political laws also, and so they consented (what mother would have refused?), and he was brought aboard, and placed in care of the colored chambermaid, who, knowing his history, aided to shield and feed him.

We arrived in Cairo at midnight, too late for any effort to obtain a pass for his transportation to Chicago. As it was necessary for him to proceed with us on the three o'clock train, A.M., we decided to take him along without a pass. Accordingly, he was put away for the night, and in so obscure a part of the sleeping-car (accidentally, no doubt), that when the provost-marshal searched the train for negroes and deserters, just before it started, he stupidly missed our little black boy, Beverly Mix by name, who snored away as nonchalantly as though there were no such objects of terror as provost-marshals and black laws. So he reached Chicago in safety, and the next day, after a long search, the boy's mother was found, and the twain were brought face to face, and knew each other. With one joyful shriek of recognition they rushed into each other's arms, and wept uncontrollably, the poor mother lavishing the long pent-up affection of her heart upon her child, in kisses and embraces, and tender and endearing epithets. That joyful meeting, beheld by no one without tears, paid for all the trouble and risk incurred in bringing him from his home a thousand miles south; and if there is in this city, or any other, a happier mother and son than Mrs. Mix and her boy Beverly, once slaves, now *free*, we would like to see them.

At this point, Lake Providence, there were large numbers of sick soldiers brought on board, discharged from the service for disability, and given to our care on their way home. One of them, a boy of seventeen, died ere we reached Memphis, and was buried in the grave-yard of the convalescent camp at Memphis. Anxious to see his mother once more, of whom he talked incessantly, it seemed hard for him to die on his homeward journey to her—and yet it was a relief to see the poor suffering fellow at rest in death.

Another one of our protégés was a boy of fourteen, a native of Petersburg, Va. His case was a peculiarly interesting one. He was the son of a gentleman of property in Petersburg, who was a staunch Unionist, and voted against secession, talked against it, and opposed it with all his might. For this he was arrested, and sent to Richmond to jail, where he died. The boy, whose mother had previously died, and who was brotherless and sisterless, stood by his father in this emergency, and spunkily declared him right, and Virginia wrong. For this he endured much persecution, until one of his father's friends advised him to seek an uncle in Missouri, and helped him to a horse and money, and started him on the journey. The boy lost his uncle's address before he reached Kentucky, where he fell in with the 20th Illinois, before the battle of Donelson, and had shared the fortunes of the regiment ever since. He was now just recovering from a fearful sickness, and weak, feeble, and despondent, I found him crouched on the lower deck of the "Maria Denning," bound North—he knew not whither. It needed but little persuasion to induce the poor lad to come home with me.

Our protégés were further increased at Cairo by an orphan

girl of fifteen, a refugee from Arkansas, whose father was killed at Island No. 10, fighting for the Union, and whom I also brought home. The generous arms of the "Home of the Friendless" received them, where they now are, receiving such maternal care and medical treatment as their cases demand. By-and-by, when they shall have forgotten their hardships and multiplied sorrows, and shall have become recuperated in health and strength, homes await them in the free North, scores of which have already been tendered them.

The boat which brought us home was freighted with misery. On the lower deck were five hundred condemned Government horses and mules, sent to St. Louis to be sold—diseased, mutilated, and worn out, some of whom died daily. Above were contrabands, only a week out of slavery, clothed in rags and vermin, with scanty food, on their way North to seek new homes, their joy mingled with regret for some who were left behind; and in the cabin were sick and dying soldiers, some with sinking hearts, feeling that though each hour brought them nearer to their loved ones, they were yet drifting further and further from them out into eternity. Slowly we floated northward, gladly leaving the "abomination of desolation" behind us, and when we emerged from the cars into the streets of Chicago, it was, to us, as though we had entered a new world.

M. A. L

CHAPTER XVII.

Gen. Grant's plans to reach the rear of Vicksburg.—Transports running the batteries.—Overland march of the army to New Carthage.—Cross the river at Hard Times.—Six successive battles to reach the rear of Vicksburg.—Assaults on Rebel fortifications.—Steamer "City of Alton" sent for wounded Illinois soldiers.—Prisoners on board from St. Louis.—Incidents of travel.—Prisoners' guard.—Camp of Union army in ravines and rifle-pits.—Dining with regiments.—Southern bayous.—Visit to rifle-pits.—Bravery and endurance of troops.—Incidents of the visits.—Visit to 113th Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry.—Visit to its hospital.—Death of its color-bearer.

THE fruitless attempts made by Gen. Grant to reach the rear of Vicksburg, by a canal cut across the peninsula on which the city lay, by the Lake Providence, Moon Lake, and Steel's Bayou routes, would have so disheartened a less persistent man, that the task would have been abandoned as hopeless. On the contrary, as is well known, he determined, as a last resort, to run the batteries at Vicksburg, with transports under cover of gunboats, and by a land march of his forces into the interior, meet them at New Carthage, cross the river, and thus reach the long-coveted position in the rear of Vicksburg.

In the latter part of April, A.D. 1863, the bold experiment was successfully made, and seven out of the eight transports passed through the terrific thunder of artillery, safely. The invincible army, with its brave leader, at once commenced its perilous march into an enemy's country, building roads

and bridging streams as it went forward, till New Carthage, the "rendezvous," was reached. Behold! it had become an island, by the strategy of the enemy, and the weary troops were obliged to add fifty miles to their march, at the end of which they reached "Hard Times," where the transports awaited them, and carried them safely across the river to Grand Gulf.

The wary enemy, apprised of their approach, had at that point erected batteries, that proved too powerful for army and navy combined. Admiral Porter again braved the storm of iron hail, belching fire, and thunder of rebel cannon, and successfully reached Bruinsburg, where he met the troops who had pushed through the forest to meet him. The army landed on the 29th of April, Gen. Grant being the first man to set his foot on shore.

Then began a campaign of unequalled brilliancy, comprising the battles of "Grand Gulf," "Port Gibson," "Raymond," "Jackson," "Champion's Hill," and "Big Black River." By these six successive engagements, this pertinacious man, with his three army corps of "backers," Sherman's, Logan's, and MacPherson's, pounded his way to the rear of Vicksburg, cutting the rebel army in two, dividing Pemberton, driven into the intrenchments of Vicksburg, from Johnson in the rear. Even then this unflinching man did not stop to rest. While the country was shouting hosannas, the great Union constrictor was enfolding the rebel stronghold, and the army extending its lines, till on the 19th of May its east and west terminus touched the Mississippi, above and below Vicksburg, and formed a safe and permanent base of supplies.

The battles of this marvellous campaign were swift, crushing and destructive. At Champion's Hill, where two batteries and 1,000 prisoners were our trophies, 3,000 heroes bit the dust. At Big Black we paid for 1,500 prisoners and 18 cannon, with 373 loyal lives. But why dilate on this campaign, that for celerity, persistence, prowess and results, has rarely, if ever, been excelled? Hon. E. B. Washburne, the warm and steady friend of Gen. Grant, says he took with him "neither a horse, nor an orderly, nor a camp-chest, nor an overcoat, nor a blanket, nor even a clean shirt. His entire baggage for six days was a tooth-brush. He fared like the commonest soldier in his command, partaking of his rations and sleeping upon the ground, with no covering but the canopy of heaven." Such conduct proved the General's ability to comprehend the situation, and his resolution to master it.

But what *did* the "Boys in Blue"? They started, *minus the tooth-brush.* Unmurmuringly they marched and toiled. *Forward!* was their watchword, and *Work!* their motto. They felled trees, built roads, erected bridges, plunged into opposing streams in the face of showering bullets, fought six battles, won six successive victories, scarcely stopping to cover their uncoffined dead, or drop a tear to their memory. God and the home sufferers alone know what these victories cost. These passed, the triumphant army, in sight of the South-Western Sebastopol, fixed its eager gaze on the prize. Its approaches were enfiladed with batteries, and serried with the picked sharpshooters of the rebel army. The fortifications commanded the entire plain below, embarrassed with *chevaux-de-frise*, fallen timber, under-brush and rifle-pits, forming almost insuperable barriers to the advance of the Union

army, in the face of musketry and artillery, wielded behind powerful intrenchments.

I visited the battle-field of Walnut Hills, with a youth under twenty years of age, belonging to an Illinois regiment. As I looked in astonishment at the strength of what had been the rebel position, the boy-soldier pointed to a log that lay in a swampy bed, and said: "I lay under that all night, after our first attack, glad to escape the balls and shells crashing around us, while we waited for daylight to be up and at it again, when we finished the job, and planted the 'Stars and Stripes' on that hill yonder."

After the assaults of the 19th and 22d of May, the army went into regular siege. Opposing forts were erected, pits, corridors, parallels and countersaps dug, till the dividing wall between the foes became so thin, that the voices of the workers reached each other in the mines. All this while, huge balls and shells, from guns on rafts, from mortars, batteries and gunboats, poured a never-ceasing fiery rain into the doomed city, whose inhabitants were digging caves for shelter, that often became their graves. In the midst of all this prodigious and terrific activity, the Union hosts drew closer and closer to the city, only asking time, to crush out its bleeding heart, or have it cry "Surrender!"

This was the position of the Federal army when I reached Vicksburg. The terrific assaults of the 19th and 22d of May had been made. They stand preëminent, even in that list of bloody battles, and were fought up acclivities, at some points so precipitous that horses could not be trusted to draw up the gun-carriages; the battery-boys dragged

them up, *firing as they went.* As our army advanced, in the face of the foe,

> "Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them,
> Cannon in front of them
> Volleyed and thundered;"

more frightful still, fringes of the deadly Minié, in the hands of the most skilful riflemen. Still there was no faltering. On they went, closing up their ranks as they were decimated, and toiling up the bluffs, watered at every step with the blood of their comrades, who fell on the green sward as ripe grain before the reaper's sickle. Some assaults were so terrific, that the commanding general would not issue orders for special regiments, but called for volunteers, who were not found wanting, for thrice the number asked stepped from the ranks, with officers to lead them to almost certain death. It was after this terrific struggle, when the army lay ensconced in the ravines and rifle-pits of Vicksburg, that I visited it for the last time, and brought away sacred memories, now struggling to the light, in the "Boys in Blue and Heroes of the Rank and File."

The nation had been electrified, as tidings of these successive assaults flashed over the wires, and the hearts of many home watchers had been crushed or agonized by suspense, or notice of dead and wounded. As a large number of Illinois regiments had suffered severely in these battles, the patriotic Governor of Illinois, Richard Yates, seconded by Adjutant-General Fuller, determined to send a steamer, fitted up with every comfort, and fully supplied with volun-

teer nurses and surgeons, to bring the wounded of the Illinois regiments to northern homes or hospitals.

My son, Colonel of the 113th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, had been reported wounded—struck on the head with a piece of shell, in the advance on the 19th of May. I gratefully accepted the invitation of the Governor and General Fuller to visit and nurse him, and if necessary bring him home on the State boat. On the first day of June we left Chicago, an organized band, under the command of Col. Hough, of that city, and Col. Loomis, of Springfield.

At Cairo we met the noble steamer, "City of Alton," from St. Louis, where all arrangements had been made for our comfort, and for the transportation of the large amount of sanitary stores, including two car-loads of ice, furnished by the North-Western and State Sanitary Commissions. We found on board this boat a novel group of passengers—thirty persons from St. Louis, to be sent outside the Union lines, for *treasonable speech and action*. "*En passant*," we shall notice them, as one of the features of the remarkable war of the rebellion, and the unparalleled clemency of the Government. The company contained on its roll some proud Southern names, closely allied to officers of the highest grade in the rebel army. They were a motley group—old and young—male and female—coarse and refined. The assortment was incongruous, and must have been, in certain quarters, very distasteful. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and the stern mandates of treason forbade all distinctions but of color. Consequently there was a strange commingling, and droll companionship, entertaining and suggestive, if not enjoyable.

The prisoners were in charge of a Union officer and company of soldiers. In some unaccountable manner they had secured the choice state-rooms and tables of the steamer. Government paid the expenses of the forced journey, and it seemed, at its commencement, more like the triumphal march of conquerors, than of captive traitors. The gentlemen in charge of the volunteer surgeons, and nurses, who belonged to the best families in the State, could see no reason why these persons should be thus honored, at the expense of loyal men and women, who were going on an errand of mercy, to heal wounds made by them in an attempt to subvert the Government, treating them so leniently. The gentlemen in charge claimed the choice tables for the volunteers, and secured them, and were only prevented from taking the state-rooms, by the request of the ladies.

There was some disgraceful conduct on the part of the prisoners, and some exciting "*rencontrés*" between them and the nurses. A piano on the boat gave us the opportunity of singing in concert patriotic songs, which were more than once interrupted by the serpent's hiss in the chorus. One woman, sent beyond the lines for firing on a Union officer and offering her house as an habitual place of meeting for bushwhackers, remarked in a vociferous manner in the lady's cabin, that she should write to her friends in St. Louis that "the Yankees, thick as they were, had not yet gobbled her up, but treated her with that consideration that was her due, and let her say whatever she pleased." A noble woman, and earnest patriot, from Springfield, answered: "Thank God, the reign of such free speech will be short, as we are sure of an early victory." With the spring of a tiger, the female

rebel gained her feet. Clenching her fist, stamping her foot, and glaring wildly, she exclaimed: "Hold your tongue!—don't speak of Yankee victory. I hate the race, and so we all do that dare to speak. *We don't worship the same God, and wouldn't.*" The resolute, dignified woman replied in a magisterial tone, lifting her finger: "Not another word! Silence! You are a prisoner, and if you utter another sentence, I will have you confined in your state-room, as you deserve." The raging woman saw the point of the remark, retired precipitately as a rushing whirlwind, and kept silence afterwards.

All were not thus. The wife of a rebel major-general, and her unassuming family, were reticent, dignified and proper; but they formed the rare exceptions. The prisoners left us at Memphis, and, surrounded by the guard, marched up the gang-way, the leaders whistling a graveyard air to keep up their courage, and the chivalry carrying their own satchels, with jokes and grimaces, for lack of niggers, as they said. We met them again at Vicksburg, on a gunboat of the Mackerel Brigade, "*on dit*" living on soldiers' rations, till some Southern port would welcome them. As they leaned over the railing, despondingly, and we were looking towards them, down swept three steamers, laden to the guards with the "Boys in Blue," cheering, huzzaing, with bands playing and colors flying. The gunboat that took the prisoners to their Southern friends received a rebel broadside, but persevered, and landed them up the Yazoo River.

We had on board, as we stated, a company of guards, and quite a number of soldiers on their way back to their regiments, to share in the glory and danger of taking Vicksburg.

Our progress was unimpeded, the weather glorious, and the opportunity rare, to make the acquaintance of many sanitary workers in the State. Dr. McArthur, of Joliet, was placed in command of the surgeons and nurses of the expedition, and gave entire satisfaction throughout the trip.

The balmy evening air and lingering twilight ordinarily brought us together on the hurricane-deck for counsel and refreshment; and we usually spent an hour in singing patriotic and sacred songs. It was wisely said, by a great European statesman, "Let who will make the nation's books, if I may make their songs." Time may never disclose the mighty power of music in the war of the rebellion. In the camp, in the battle-fleet, in hospitals, on transports, in sacred services, I have seen and felt its power to inspire patriotism, subdue suffering, carry the wanderer back to home and the cross, and sustain the spirit amid weariness and agony. In our evening songs we were joined by the soldiers, who quickly gathered round us. As the shades of twilight deepened, and nothing but dim outlines could be seen, the sob of many a manly heart was heard in the pauses of hymns, made familiar at the Sabbath-school, the family altar, and the sanctuary. One evening, after a pause, we started the air, "Home, sweet Home." All joined in, except the soldiers. They sat in silence, and a long, deep inspiration at the close explained the reason. One, braver to speak than the rest, said: "Ladies, the boys never sing that song. It unfits them for duty, and makes them homesick." As we all know, Napoleon, on that principle, forbade the Swiss evening song, "Ranz des Vaches," to be sung or played in

his army. It paralyzed the arms, and crushed the spirits of his Swiss soldiers.

As soon as we arrived at Vicksburg, I was apprised of the partial recovery of my son, although the injury proved to be so severe, that I was obliged to spend many weary days and nights of watching in his tent, and finally, under strict orders from his surgeon, take him North to save his life. This casualty separated me from the company and the steamer "City of Alton," but gave me an opportunity of becoming part of the besieging army, and perfectly familiar with its animus and régime.

The main body of the army was encamped in a semi-circular form, in the rear of Vicksburg, and stretched its lines over an area of eight or nine miles. A portion of it was ensconced in the rifle-pits, as conies in the rocks, enduring the heat of a vertical sun, that had converted these excavations into ovens. Here the men crouched, to escape the shells and bullets from the rebel intrenchments, at almost touching distance. The dull, harmless-looking earthworks of either army had the appearance of peaceable clay bluffs, giving no sign of the slumbering volcanoes behind and beneath them, only awaiting the match to the fuse, or the word of command, to upheave their foundations, and belch forth brimstone and iron hail. Even the rebel sharpshooters were invisible, although they filled many Union graves daily. So exhausting was the service in the rifle-pits, that regiments alternated, every two weeks.

The ravines between the bluffs were quiet, cool places of retreat, and comparatively safe from the fire of the enemy. As I dined with different regiments in these shady dells, the

experience was novel and not unpleasing, when the branches of the lofty trees, detached by shells, came crashing down in the midst of the mess, or a spent Minié fell harmless at my feet.

The luxuriant bottoms around the Mississippi bayous, where some of the regiments were pleasantly encamped, proved to be deceptive places of refuge. The exhalations of the dense, dank foliage on their banks, wet with dews akin to those of the Nile in volume, and the miasmatic effluvia of their stagnant waters, were more deadly in results, than the weapons of the enemy. The malignity of the bayou fever cannot be overrated; and the value of our victory in season to avoid its prevalence in the autumnal months, exceeds computation.

The crowning interest of my Vicksburg trip, was my visit to the rifle-pits, where I stood beside the brave men holding them, looked through the loopholes of the earthworks, and, like every other civilian, imagined I barely escaped with my life, as I heard the whizzing Miniés, speeding a few inches above my head—the rebel salute for temerity and curiosity. The intense excitement of the position, the manly, cheerful bearing of the men amid their hardships, the screaming of shells through the trees, the booming of the heavy mortars, ever and anon throwing their huge balls into the city, and the picturesque panorama of the army, with its white tents nestling in the ravines, obliterated all sense of personal danger and fatigue, and made even the stifling heat of the rifle-pits endurable. The soldiers talked of the rebels as prisoners they were guarding, and treated suggestions as to Johnston's junction with Pemberton, with scornful

derision; saying, "the boys in the rear could whip Johnston without those in the front knowing it, and the boys in the front could take Vicksburg without disturbing those in the rear."

After leaving the topmost ledge of rifle-pits, I descended to the second line, where the sound of singing reached me; I turned in the direction from whence it came, and a few steps brought me to a litter of boughs, on which lay a gray-headed veteran, face downwards, with a comrade on either side. They did not perceive me, but sang on to the closing line of the verse:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with thy sins and fears oppressed,
And make this last resolve."

I joined in the second verse:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose."

In an instant each man turned, and would have stopped, but I sang on with humid eyes, and they continued. At the close of the hymn, one exclaimed, "Why, ma'am, where did you come from? Did you drop from heaven into these rifle-pits? You are the first lady we have seen here," and then his voice was full of tears. I answered, "I have come from your friends at home to see and comfort you, and bring words of love and gratitude; I have come to bring part of the *debt* we owe you, and long to *pay*, but *cannot*. I've come to see if the good things sent from home reach you. I dare not go home without seeing and hearing you, else

would I be scorned by all the loyal women." "Do they think so much of us as that?" he asked. "Why, boys, we can fight another year on that, can't we?" "Yes! yes!" they cried, and almost every hand was raised to brush away a tear. "Boys," I said, "the women at home don't think of much beside the soldiers. If they meet to sew, 'tis for you; if they have a good time, 'tis to gather money for the Sanitary Commission; if they meet to pray, 'tis for the brave Union Army, and the men in the rifle-pits of Vicksburg. Even the little children, as they kneel at their mother's knees to lisp their nightly prayers, say, 'God bless the soldiers.'"

A crowd of eager listeners had gathered from their hiding-places. Instead of cheers, as usual, I could hear an occasional sigh, and *feel* the solemn silence. The gray-haired soldier drew from his breast-pocket a daguerreotype, and said, "Here are my wife and daughters. I think any man might be proud of them, and they all work for the soldiers." Then each man drew forth the inevitable daguerreotype, and held it for me to look at, while his eyes beamed with pride and affection. There were aged mothers and sober matrons, bright-eyed maidens and laughing cherubs, all carried next those brave hearts, and cherished as life itself. Blessed art. It was part of God's preparation-work for this long, cruel war. These mute memorials of home and its loved ones, have proved the talisman of many a tempted soul, and the solace of thousands of weary, suffering veterans.

I had much work for the day, and prepared to leave. I said, "Brave men, farewell. When I go home I'll tell them that men that never flinch before a foe, sing hymns of praise in the rifle-pits of Vicksburg. I'll tell them that eyes that

never weep for their own suffering, overflow at the name of wife and mother, and at the pictures of wife and children. They will feel more than ever that such men must conquer, and that enough cannot be done for them." "God bless you!" "God bless you!" burst from the assembled crowd. "Three cheers for the women at home!" cried one. They were given with a will, and echoed through the rifle-pits. Hard, honest hands were grasped, and I turned away to visit other regiments.

The officer of the 8th Missouri, who accompanied me, said, "Madam, pray visit our regiment to-morrow; 'twould be worth a victory to them. You don't know what good a lady's visit to the army does. These men whom you have seen to-day, will talk of your visit for six months to come. Around the camp-fires, in the rifle-pits, in the dark night on the march, they will repeat your words, describe your looks, your voice, your size, your dress, and all agree in one respect, that you look like each man's wife or mother, and are an angel, surely." Such reverence had our soldiers for true-hearted, upright women.

In the valley beneath, just having exchanged the front line of rifle-pits with the regiment now occupying it, encamped my son's regiment, the 113th Illinois Volunteers. Its ranks had been fearfully thinned by the terrible assaults of the 19th and 21st of May, as it had formed part of the right wing of the line of battle on those terrible days. I knew many of the men personally, and as they gathered round me, and inquired after home and friends, I could but look in sadness for familiar faces to be seen no more on

earth. I said, "Boys, I was present when your colors were presented to you by the Board of Trade. I heard your Colonel pledge himself that you would bring them home, or cover them with blood and glory. Where are they, after your many battles?" With great alacrity, the man in charge of them ran into an adjoining tent, and brought them forth, carefully wrapped in an oil-silk covering. He drew it off, and flung the folds to the breeze, on that glorious day in June. "What does this mean? so soiled and faded, and rent and tattered, I should not know them." The man who held them said, "Why, ma'am, 'twas the smoke and balls did that." "Ah! so it must have been! You have covered them with glory! How about the blood?" A painful silence followed, and then a low voice said, "Four men were shot down, holding them—two are dead and two in the hospital." "Verily, you have *redeemed your pledge*. Now, boys, sing while you hold them, as you alone can sing, 'Rally round the Flag.'" As the soldiers' chorus echoed through the valley, I stood in sight of the green sward, that had been dyed with the blood of those that upheld the colors. Methought angels might have paused to hear the sacred song, for it spoke of freedom to the captive, and hope to the oppressed of all nations. Since that day it seems profane to sing it lightly.

After a tearful farewell to this noble regiment, I stepped into the ambulance that was waiting to convey me to the hospital. The brave fellows crowded around me with last messages for their friends up North. As we parted, three cheers arose for the Sanitary Commission and the women at home, and I fancied I heard them till I reached the hospital.

Here lay the wounded color-bearer. As I entered the tent, the surgeon met me and said: "I am so glad you have come, for R—— has been calling for you all day." As I took his parched hand, he said: "Oh! take me home to my wife and little ones to die." There he lay, as noble a specimen of vigorous manhood as I had ever looked upon. His deep, broad chest heaved with emotion, his dark eyes were brilliant with fever, his cheeks flushed with almost the hue of health, his rich brown hair clustering in soft curls over his massive forehead. It was difficult to realize he was entering the portals of eternity. I walked across the tent to the doctor, and asked if he could go with me. He shook his head and said before midnight he would be at rest. I shrank from his eager gaze as I approached. "What does he say?" he gasped. "*You can't be moved.*" The broad chest rose and fell; his whole frame quivered. There was a pause of a few moments. He spoke first: "Will you take my message to *her?*" "I will, if I go five hundred miles to do it." "Take her picture from under my pillow, and my children's also; let me see them once more." As I held them for him, he looked earnestly, and said: "Tell her not to fret about me, for we shall meet in heaven. Tell her 'twas all right that I came. I do not regret it, and she must not. Tell her to train those two little boys, that we loved so well, to go to heaven to us; and tell her to bear my loss like a soldier's wife, and a Christian." He was exhausted by the effort. I stood beside him till his consciousness was gone, repeating God's precious promises. As the sun went down that night, he slept in his Father's bosom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fast living in Chicago intensified at Vicksburg.—Army life at Vicksburg.—Army trains.—Dust.—Good-nature of the soldiers.—Thunder-storm.—Life in an army tent.—Bombardment of Vicksburg.—Reptiles and insects.—Climate.—Tornado.—Visit to Lutheran clergymen in the ranks.—Brave German lieutenant promoted from the ranks.—Wounded drummer-boy.—A boy-hero.

THIS is a fast age, and Chicago one of the fastest of fast cities. The rush of its busy throngs creates a whirl of excitement. Locomotives cross its main thoroughfares, fire steam-engines rush through its streets at a gallop, drawn by double teams. Express-wagons and drays run with two-forty speed. A busy tide of humanity blocks its sidewalks, and vehicles its streets, requiring, at certain points, policemen to enforce order. Broadway is reproduced, and Vanity Fair reënacted. Steamers and tugs puff up and down through its centre, on a river deep enough to float a man-of-war, and the spreading white sails of hundreds of vessels move through the heart of the city like phantom ships on the bosom of this deep, narrow stream.

All this, however, was quiet compared with Vicksburg during the siege. There, life stripped of its conventionalities, was still more intensified, with higher aims, and on a sub-

limer scale. The competitors in that more than Olympic race, had laid aside every weight, stripped themselves of every hindrance, and kept their eyes fixed on the goal. The stakes were life or death, freedom or slavery; the spectators, the whole nation; and *its gratitude*, the laurel wreath to crown the victor's brow. Such mighty issues, and the sublime resolution that met them, developed the nobility of 100,000 men at the siege of Vicksburg, and furnished a startling contrast to the sordid, grasping, frivolous life of multitudes at home, crowding and jostling each other in the scramble for gold and furbelows, cast aside by these heroes to enable them to come off conquerors.

At Vicksburg, the game of life was played on a great scale. Men lived and died with locomotive speed. The rattling of musketry, the crash of artillery, and the thunder of continuous trains of army wagons, miles in length, made fit music for this war-life, and pressed men forward without time or wish to look at "things behind." The elements of nature harmonized with the scenes of this great drama. Her rains were torrents, and left rivers and ravines in their wake. The shimmering rays of the tropical sun melted, blistered, and licked up the moisture of the valleys and hill-sides, as did Heaven's descending fire the water in the trenches of Baal's altar. Winds were tornadoes, snapping the trunks of lofty pines and cedars, as stems of pipe-clay. Animal and vegetable nature seemed to partake, in a measure, of this intense type of existence. Evergreens grew to the dignity of forest-trees; even the scathed trunks of the sylvan monarchs were robed with graceful vines and mosses, that trailed to the ground from their lofty branches. Huge pond-lilies,

with glossy, broad leaves, groves of magnolias, cape jasmines, and acacias, making the air heavy with their fragrance; large birds with brilliant plumage, monstrous and dazzling serpents, owls, lizards, bats, insects—and, to crown all, the mighty Mississippi, with its ceaseless monotone, were in strange harmony with the great issues to be decided, and the vast enginery at work to solve the problem.

No wonder that so great a conflict, for such principles, developed such military leaders as Grant, Sherman, and McPherson, and among their subordinates and "the heroes of the rank and file," thousands that would have been created field-marshals by Napoleon.

The memory of acres of graves, miles of hospitals, thousands of wrecked hearts and bodies, casts a shadow in which some must walk during the remnant of their pilgrimage. This terrific, but exalted education, gave to its graduates such experience of the glory of self-consecration and the sweets of an unselfish life, that no earthly pleasures can replace them. Many have thus learned to imitate the Divine example, in going about to do good—the only basis of true Christian character and exalted happiness.

Before the war of the rebellion, our nation, even in her extreme youth, was becoming sordid in spirit, corrupt in practice, and grovelling in aim. The golden calf had been erected on the plain of Dura, and men flocked to bow before it. Shadrach and his fellows were the rare exceptions. The nation seemed to be entrapped in the meshes of luxury, self-indulgence, pride, corruption and political depravity, and was fast hastening to the grave of luxurious, antecedent republics. The boom of the traitorous cannon, in April,

A.D. 1861, aroused her dormant energy and patriotism. After wading through oceans of blood, that threatened to overwhelm her, she emerged, with her Spartan virtues revived, four millions of bondmen enfranchised with pledges of protection, and, with high and firm resolves, took her place among the foremost of the nations, where she will remain with a brightening destiny, unless her statesmen and heroes shall be beguiled by the sirens of ease and luxury, or shall depart from the principles of liberty and justice that have cost so much to maintain. In the translation of our national Elijah, we beheld the chariot of fire, and the horsemen thereof, carrying the nation's idol to his own place, and were again taught the oft-repeated lesson, "Trust not in an arm of flesh." In the justice of our cause, and in the Lord Jehovah, is our strength.

The nearest point of the main body of the army at Vicksburg, was five miles from Johnson's Landing. The road of communication was chiefly new, and was cut through groves of timber, which left a plentiful sprinkling of land snags in their wake. The face of the country was rugged, and the soil red clay, that formed, when wet, mud of the tenacity of wax, and when dry and ground to powder by the ceaseless and ponderous trains of army wagons, dust, that pervaded all things. In many parts of the precipitous road two teams could not be driven abreast, and a stand-still of hours was not uncommon, to allow the great serpentine train to wend its way towards its destination. An entire day was allowed for the passage of such trains to and from the Landing, and an ambulance required from three to six hours to accomplish a distance of three miles. The clouds of dust

raised by this prodigious travel rivalled the simoom of the desert. They were agrarian, levelling all distinctions of dress and color. They enveloped and enrobed all things and all people with a dusky red mantle, and threatened suffocation to the daring adventurer who opened his mouth to prate.

A whole train was often blocked by the loss of a wheel, or the breaking of gears, the wonder being, that a bare skeleton of either should be left after such battering. In case of these constant casualties, the uproar, confusion, dust and heat, made heavy demands upon the patience, industry and cheerfulness of the "Boys in Blue." They were always ready to help each other, and help themselves. They were often obliged to dismount, put shoulders to the wheel, or unload their stores, or with a yoke of oxen drag the great laden wagon from its muddy bed. As to our ambulance, we always found willing hearts and hands to lift *it* and ourselves out of the slough of despond; so gallant and grateful were the soldiers to their lady visitors.

On one occasion, two ladies and myself, under the charge of an officer, left the Landing at 8 A.M., to visit the entire circle of field-hospitals. A brilliant morning sun promised a favorable day. We had scarcely advanced two miles, when the rain fell in torrents. We were in a confiscated carriage, drawn by confiscated blood-horses. "All is not gold that glitters." When the storm arose and beat upon our vehicle, its heavy wheels sank in the soft mud, and its fancy horses plunged, reared, and refused to advance; we longed for our light and homely ambulance, and the long-eared, persevering animals to carry us through. We were lodged between two trees, at the top of a steep rocky hill, one wheel

elevated in the air, and the other sliding towards the edge of the precipice, in the face of a huge train, thundering down the opposite declivity, in desperate haste to reach the Landing, and return before night. The gallant boys dropped their whips, struggled and tugged to extricate us in vain, as the prancing horses were of no avail. In the pouring rain, attended with incessant thunder, we alighted, and gained the opposite bluff, after planting all our rubbers on the hill-side, as they were drawn from our feet by the tenacious mud, as by a boot-jack. We sought the shelter of a spreading tree, but the lightning which played above and around us, like will-o'-wisps on the dark moor, drove us to the clearing, where we stood and braved the descending torrents.

I hailed an ambulance, and begged a ride to the tent of the sick Colonel of the 113th Illinois Regiment. The favor was cheerfully accorded, and specific directions given by the officer. Two frail boys, under twenty years of age, and just out of hospital, convalescing from typhoid fever, were the drivers. The swampy plain had become a lake, no road could be seen, no landmarks discovered. Three long hours the poor boys waded alternately, to find the road they were seeking. When we at last stumbled on the tent, we found a river had rushed through it, from the bayou in its rear. The fires were washed out, kindling all wet, not a hope for a cup of hot coffee for the half-drowned, shivering convalescents. Who can blame us for giving them a draught of old Bourbon to warm them till they could reach the Landing, and with the money given to them buy a warm supper? Poor fellows! how often I have wondered whether a relapse of fever, or the bullets of the enemy, had cut off their young

lives. Each of them said he had a good, kind mother. I was obliged to sit on a lounge with feet tucked under me, or walk through wet sand to attend to the invalid, whose cot barely escaped the rising water.

Many weary days and nights I watched in this tent. They seem in the distance like ghostly dreams, and come back at midnight to haunt me. There was intense isolation, but no loneliness in that tent, at the Chickasaw Bayou. The muttering of delirium, in which sharp, quick orders were given, companies called out, men cheered and led to battle, grated painfully on a strained ear and aching heart. Huge insects, stinging and whirling round the single candle that flickered in the night-air, green-eyed lizards, slimy serpents, hooting owls, and flitting bats, were companions as cheery and as welcome as Macbeth's witches on the midnight heath. The trains of army wagons, lumbering over the road all night long, within a few hundred yards; the neighing and braying of the horses and mules at an adjoining 'coral,' the crack of the rifle, sometimes of platoons of musketry, suggesting the rebels might at any moment, in desperation, cut their way through our army lines and sweep over the spot where our tent stood, the crash of artillery and screaming of shells, as they poured into the doomed city, forbade all silence, made night hideous, and crazed the wounded patient's brain. As I sat shivering and melting by turns, now wet with cold dew that pierced my vitals, and anon steamed by the protecting blanket, veering from Scylla to Charybdis in vain efforts to be comfortable, I could but follow those deadly missives in their fiery flight, from Parrotts, howitzers and mortars. My heart ached as I fancied the flight of the men,

women and children, who had refused to abandon the city when warned by Gen. Grant, before the siege. After the surrender, the battered walls of the beleagured city, and the caves of retreat, proved that my imagination had not exceeded the horrors of those days and nights, in the besieged city of Vicksburg. "Oh! Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou wouldest not! Behold, thy house is left unto thee desolate."

At Vicksburg, I was an unwilling witness of a southern tornado. At 5 P.M. I left the tent for the Landing, to remain till the following day, as the threatening of the rebel outbreak was so serious, that it was considered impracticable for a woman to remain in the encampment during that night. The day had been clear, the sun scorching—its oblique rays were grateful as I entered the ambulance. In accordance with orders, the drivers took a back and thickly wooded road, to avoid the wagon trains coming from the Landing. Within twenty minutes after I left, I observed a cloud of inky blackness, just above the horizon. As it rose and spread impetuously, its rim was exquisitely bordered with a pure white fringe, that floated in graceful beauty from the edge of the towering masses of cloud that soon veiled the canopy with darkness. The artillery of heaven blazed and crashed, till my heart almost ceased to beat. Even the stolid mules betrayed fear, brayed, plunged and swayed from side to side, threatening to overturn the ambulance. Suddenly, after a terrific peal of thunder, a deep moan, as from a lion's lair, swept through the forest. In an instant, huge trees cracked, twisted and were uprooted as though a mighty, but unseen hand, was plucking them for titanic warfare, whose artillery was playing round us. We

were on a rude bridge, flanked by huge forest-trees. Retreat was not possible, and an advance extremely difficult. At this juncture I perceived a monster pine, slowly, but surely, bending towards us. Escape seemed impossible. Breathless and speechless, I covered my face with the blanket, and bade farewell to earth. With the energy of desperation, the drivers lashed the brutes into a fearful leap, that carried the ambulance its length ahead, and as the forest king stretched his great trunk across the spot we had just passed, he grazed the rear part of the vehicle, sufficiently to teach us gratitude to God for this signal deliverance. Three miles of timber were traversed on that terrific night, before we reached the Landing. Although the tornado lasted but a few minutes, the tottering trees and broken branches continued to fall, and made this ride one of the shuddering memories of my life. The soldiers who drove the ambulance, though terrified at the time, forgot it as soon as passed, and did not consider it worth repeating the next day, when we returned to the tent —they were so inured to horrors. They had toiled up the bluffs of Vicksburg, in the face of cannon and rifles, with no protection but God's shield, and thought not of what was behind, but pressed forward.

On a bright June day I visited the field-hospitals at Vicksburg, and was rejoiced to find them so clean, comfortable and well supplied. They were situated on a clearing, on a pleasant green bluff, with sufficient trees for shade. There were three long rows of new hospital tents abreast, with accommodations for several hundred men, provided with comfortable cots, mattresses, soft pillows, clean sheets and pillow-slips—even musquito-bars admirably arranged on up-

rights. The refreshing air that rustled through the tents kept the atmosphere pure, and fanned the patients with their welcome breezes. Experience had taught that hospital-tents were more favorable to the health of sick and wounded men, than even well-built and furnished barracks, houses or transports. Cleanliness, purity, abundance of fresh air, suitable and nourishing food, were the best medicines for the army; and in proportion to their prevalence, the percentum of deaths was diminished.

In passing through those inviting hospitals, I noticed a swarthy-visaged man, with an intellectual face, sitting upright in his cot. He was a German, and in answer to my inquiries, informed me that he had been a Lutheran minister of the gospel. From motives of patriotism and religion, he had enlisted, to do his adopted country service, and influence his comrades, many of whom had been the sheep of his flock. I asked him if, after two years' experience, he felt satisfied as to the wisdom of his course. He replied, "Entirely so." He said he believed he had done more for the souls of men than he could have done in his home pulpit; that his example had raised a company for a regiment, and that he had done some good fighting for a glorious cause, and was not so badly wounded but that he hoped and expected to do more. He had the spirit of Luther, as well as his name, ecclesiastically. He added, if God should spare his life through the war, he meant to spend a year in travelling through the length and breadth of the land, to tell what God and the Commissions had done for the army. He said the good people at home, who had held on to the boys by their gifts and delegates, should know the blessed results of their work, which must

henceforth form a precedent for the wars of all Christian nations. War was a terrific evil, never justifiable but in the cause of truth and righteousness; and then proceeded to tell how greatly its horrors had been mitigated, and its demoralizing influences turned aside, by the wise, liberal, humane and Christian efforts of the Commissions, put forth in the war of the rebellion. Such testimony is weighty and valuable.

From these tents I passed to a hospital in an adjoining house, filled with badly wounded men, from the assaults of the 19th and 21st of May. As I entered, a group of soldiers was gathered around a cot near the door. All fell back, to give place to me. There lay a young man, apparently twenty-five years of age, with a fine Saxon face, regular features, and fair hair, over a broad, square brow. He was white and silent, seemingly insensible. Beads of water stood on his face, and his breathing was not perceptible. In reply to my inquiries, I was told he was an officer that led a "forlorn hope," on the 19th. He had been fearfully mangled, had just had a severe convulsion, subdued by chloroform, and the surgeon had decided he could live but a few hours.

Involuntarily I passed my hand across his clammy brow, and exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" With a suddenness that startled the group, the great blue eyes, as if touched by a spring, opened widely, and with a clear, low voice, he said, "Madam, there are no poor fellows here; we are all soldiers." "Excuse me, I should have said brave fellows!" "Not that, either; I only did my duty. When I entered the army I gave my soul to God, and my life to the country. It matters little whether I die this day, or this year, or many years hence. When God has done with me, He will take

me; and, by His strength, I am ready to go." It was as though an angel spake, and the sublimity of the scene awed all present into silence. I answered, "Surely you have only done your duty; but so many fall short of that. You must allow me, in the name of the women of the land, to thank you for what you have done." He smiled gratefully. "Where do your friends reside?" I asked. He sighed. "They are all in the fatherland, which I left when young. I enlisted in Chicago." "I came from there." His blue eye kindled, as he exclaimed, "God bless you! I owe all I am, and all I ever expect to be, to a good man there. Mr. Moody led me to the cross, and there I found peace. Tell him when you go home you saw me; that I am willing to live or die, as God wills." After such exertion I enjoined silence, and turned away with a heart too full for utterance.

One year after this time, at a meeting of the Christian Commission, on Sabbath evening, a badly wounded officer, on crutches, was assisted to the front of the platform, to address the assembled multitude, and I recognized at once the features of the brave lieutenant, whom I had thought dead almost a year before. He said but little, as he was still very feeble. He told the audience this was the first occasion on which he had left his room since he had arrived in Chicago; that he blessed God for the privilege of fighting and suffering for liberty and the Union, and the people for what they had done through the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. At the close of the meeting I ventured to approach him, scarcely expecting recognition. As he grasped my hand over his crutch, he exclaimed, "I saw you in the hospital at

Vicksburg." A brief interview revealed the fact that his injuries would cripple him for months, if not permanently, and thus add another to the list of young lives shadowed, if not cut off, by the war. After my return to Chicago I learned the previous history of this young man, which was so remarkable, that, by permission, I insert it, to complete the wondrous story:

Lieutenant —— possessed marked ability, and had the advantage of a liberal education. He was a determined infidel, and resolved to devote his life to the dissemination of his principles. He travelled extensively in the North-West, delivering lectures. At a town in the interior of the State he was told his efforts would be useless, as the young people of the place were organized for benevolent and religious action by a devoted young man, whose influence could not be resisted. The young lecturer warily made his acquaintance. Of captivating manners and superior education, he succeeded in inducing him to renounce his faith. He then left, to lecture elsewhere, but was perpetually haunted by the memory of his new convert, and resolved, at the end of six months, to return and ascertain his fate. He found that he had been retrograding in all respects, and was then dying. Rushing to his room, he exclaimed, "In whose faith are you dying?" "*Yours!*" answered the young man, with a look of despair, and shortly expired. Constant journeys, and eager pursuit of pleasure, failed to lay the ghost of a torturing conscience. The still small voice whispered, "What if I deceived him?" In his restless wanderings he drifted into a noonday prayer-meeting at Chicago. Mr. Moody, observing his extreme agitation during the meeting, drew from him at its close the

confession that he carried about him the means of self-destruction, and had decided to put an end to his existence that night.

After deep and bitter penitence he found peace in believing, and at once entered on missionary work among the destitute and ignorant of Chicago. He entered his name on the first list of volunteers raised there, and was promoted from the ranks, purely on his merits, to the position which he held when he led the "forlorn hope" in the first assault on the intrenchments of Vicksburg. May God bless and restore the brave lieutenant!

In the hospital in which I found this noble fellow, I met a nine-year-old hero, minus two fingers. His hand was covered with bloody bandages, the shattered members having been amputated. I stroked his almost infantile head, and asked what was the matter? Straightening himself with an important air, he replied, "I'm a drummer-boy, and had my fingers shot off yesterday." "What will you do now?" Looking up roguishly, he answered, "Drum on, I s'pose; I've been tryin' it, and can drum as well without 'em as with 'em;" and off he darted, followed by cheers and roars of laughter from the convalescent soldiers. He was evidently the pet of the hospital, as such boys always were.

At the first assault on Vicksburg, while the battle was raging, a boy in the employ of a regiment crossed the plain, where iron hail was falling, to reach one in action. "How can I help you?" he cried. "Bring us some ammunition," said Col. Malmsbury, "and be sure it's calibre fifty-four." The boy darted off, returned with his apron filled, and again half crossed the exposed plain, under a heavy fire,

when a bullet struck his hip; still he went forward, limping. Gen. Sherman's quick eye saw him, and he cried out, "Go instantly to the hospital." "I can't," said the boy. "You must," said the General. "I can't," said the young hero; "they need ammunition, calibre fifty-four." "Go instantly to the hospital, and I'll attend to the ammunition." As he trudged on, he bethought him he had not been sufficiently explicit. Slowly and painfully he limped back and called out, "General Sherman!" but the great chieftain was absorbed in directing the battle. Again he sung out, "General Sherman!" No answer. Still a step nearer, and a louder cry, "General Sherman!" "What now?" came quick and sharp. "General! *remember, calibre fifty-four.*" The wounded boy dragged himself to the hospital, and so severe was the injury that he was confined there for months. I insert the answer to a letter which I wrote to General Sherman, to ascertain the sequel of this boy's history. I had heard that through his influence he had obtained a place in a military academy.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
SAINT LOUIS, April 23, 1866.

Mrs. A. H. Hoge, Box 947, Chicago.

DEAR MADAM,—The boy Orion P. Howe, who came to me during the assault at Vicksburg, with the message from Col. Malmsburg for more cartridge, calibre 54, is now a cadet at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. I saw him there myself during a visit in January last.

Yours, truly,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

Still another sketch of a boy-hero, met by Mrs. Livermore and myself, on an eastern trip. Mrs. L. thus tells the story of

THE DRUMMER-BOY.

"Our return route was by way of Philadelphia, as both Mrs. H. and myself wished to pay a flying visit to relatives in that city and suburbs. On my way to the Camden ferry, I met a cheery-faced lad, dressed in the army uniform, who had lost a leg, and was walking with a crutch. I could not do otherwise than accost him.

"'My child, you have been very unfortunate!'

"'Yes, ma'am,' as cheerfully as though I had said, 'It is a pleasant day.'

"'Do you belong to the army?'

"'Yes, ma'am—I'm a drummer.'

"'Did you lose your leg in battle?'

"'Yes, ma'am. I suppose it was partly my fault, though. I was told not to go down where the fight was the heaviest, for I wasn't needed; but I wanted to see the fun, and went down, and a piece of a shell splintered my ankle so that I had to have my foot taken off.'

"'My poor boy! I am very sorry for you; and now you must be a cripple for life.'

"'Oh! well, it ain't so bad as it might be; I am going to have an artificial leg some time. I might have one now, but I should outgrow it in a year, and as they cost fifty dollars, a fellow can't afford to have a new leg every spring, as he can a new pair of trousers. But when I get grown I shall have one, and then I can go it as well as ever.'

"Blessings on the little cheery-faced thirteen-year old philosopher! In his sunny nature and hopeful spirit he has a greater fortune than the treasures of Astor would be without these mental resources."

During my sojourn at Vicksburg I visited Gen. Sherman at his headquarters, at 7 o'clock, A.M. He and his staff had just risen from their frugal meal, in a tent on a commanding bluff. I was fully prepared to find him "every inch a soldier," with his determined mouth, keen eye, and restlessly active movements. His nonchalant resolution was strikingly apparent. He had entered the contest to take the soldier's risk, and accept a soldier's fate. He considered the capture of Vicksburg a "*fait accompli*," but only the beginning of the end, the time of which consummation none could divine. Like Abraham Lincoln, he thought the job a "big one," but was prepared to finish it—to strike annihilating blows from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and sweep through the cotton States with his impetuous command; in his own words, till his country should "rise superior to all faction; till its flag should be adored and respected by ourselves and all the powers of the earth."

The enthusiasm of Sherman's army for their leader was unsurpassed. A rigid and uncompromising disciplinarian, he was loved by his men for his integrity, and admired for his genius and bravery. The story was simply told, by a group of blue-coats, the day after my visit to him: "Sherman is the bully General. He knows all that is worth knowing, and can do anything. He must be obeyed, to be sure; but he puts on no airs, but comes into the trenches and rifle-pits as if he were our brother, and with a hand on our shoulder encourages us." "*That's so!*" said a young soldier; "I'd die for him any time." "Boys! three cheers and a tiger for Sherman!" and the rollicking fellows, with a leap and a bound, started for the second line of rifle-pits.

I could not return on the "City of Alton," as my patient

absolutely refused to leave his post, and the steamer, laden with wounded Illinois soldiers, went north to homes and hospitals, and I abode in the tent. At length, the imperative orders of the corps and regimental surgeons, backed by the assurance it was the only chance for life, placed us on board the "Alice Dean," a handsome new dispatch-boat, about to leave for Memphis. The passengers were few, and were composed entirely of wounded officers and their attendants. Two of the number had each lost a leg. Another was raked by the bullets from the intrenchments the entire length of the spine, as he toiled bending up the Vicksburg bluffs. These frightful wounds were common at the siege, and were confined to assaults of this character.

A captain from Ohio had lost his leg, and was travelling alone. He had left a wife, five children, and a profitable business, to enter the service. The manly fellow said he could not afford a servant, as he must provide for his family; and although emaciated by suffering and loss of blood, was as full of pluck and patriotism as if rejoicing in a pair of limbs and vigorous body. I added him to my list of patients. His wound suddenly opened. There was no surgeon on board, and it was evident he had but little blood to sustain him. I plied my meagre skill till a gunboat hove in sight, when the captain lay to till the surgeon came on board, and gave me painful lessons in surgery, for future emergencies, while he dressed the bloody stump.

Slowly we steamed up north, as the opposing current was very strong. On a pleasant day, when we had finished our morning duties, the only lady on board, the wife of a wounded officer, rushed towards me, pale with terror, exclaiming,

"Hark! they're firing into us!" I had heard the crack of rifles and the boom of cannon, but such sounds had become so familiar, and my mind was so engrossed, they were unnoticed. As she spoke, the solid shot struck the boat, till she reeled, the splintered boards cracked and flew in all directions, and the employees of the boat rushed to the cabin for protection, dodging and shrieking. I retreated to my son's state-room, which was providentially on the side of the boat opposite the firing. My orders from him were, to lie flat on the floor under the berth, with my feet toward the balls, and *to keep cool.* I obeyed the first two orders *promptly*, and the last also, if it meant a drenching sweat and shivering chills. The six-pounders poured into the boat—grape, canister and miniés riddled her sides. Glass and crockery crashed, splinters flew, the terrified employees rushed and yelled, the horses on the lower deck pranced and snorted. The great danger to be apprehended was from the explosion of the boiler. One solid ball pierced it six inches above the steam-chamber; and another made a clean hole through the smoke-stack. A deck-hand was cut in twain by a solid shot, and another severely wounded.

In the midst of all the terror and confusion the pilot stood at his exposed post, and one intrepid fireman, single-handed, continued to ply the fires to the utmost, thus affording us the only means of escape from the barbarous horde of guerillas. After the danger was over we gathered round the captain to learn its meaning. It appears that Chalmers' entire force, of 5,000 men, including a battery, were collected at the bend, where the river was divided by an island; we being on the enemy's side, which was the channel of the

river. Our close quarters and slow time up stream, rendered it extremely difficult to avoid capture. The wounded officers, whose state-rooms were on the side towards the enemy, in desperation got out of their berths, God only knows how, and reached the cabin. They were found lying on the floor, their state-rooms and beds riddled and raked by grape, canister and shot. A grape-shot, taken from the captain's pillow, is preserved as a memorial of guerilla warfare, and of six of the longest minutes of my life, when under fire on a Mississippi steamer.

A council of war was held of all sick and wounded officers, to decide upon future action, as the captain said the same force would be met ten miles higher up. The peninsula was but three miles across, and he supposed the barbarous horde had started at once to meet and give us a warm reception. "No surrender," was the unanimous decision, all feeling they would prefer risk of life to imprisonment or capture by such a lawless band. A purse of fifty dollars was made up for the fireman. The amount of destruction to the boat and its furniture, in so short a time, was incredible, and proved the severity of the attack. The captain said the force was the largest, the best armed and officered, that he had seen during the war, and that he could single out the officers who directed the attack. The Commercial, a large steamer braced to another coming from below for repairs, hove in sight of the rebels, immediately after our passage. They anticipated a double prize and let us slip. The damaged boat lay toward the enemy, and formed a shield to the Commercial, into which the passengers of both fled for protection. The galling fire fearfully shattered the

broken steamer. She had done her duty well, however, in saving the Commercial and many lives on both steamers.

Guerillas abounded at that time, more than ever before or afterwards. The pilot-houses of all boats were protected with barricades of heavy timbers and cotton mattresses. The captain, with his glass, spent much time on the look-out; the blows of floating logs, hidden snags and rushing waters, gave occasion for continual apprehension. Arrived at Memphis, I breathed freely once more, and felt the danger past.

Alas! within an hour, we found that the beautiful Ruth, on which we expected to have taken passage, had been sent some miles up the river, carrying a battery and a regiment, to clean out a nest of guerillas that had committed depredations on steamers above Memphis.

A few days subsequent to our "rencontre," a transport was coming from below filled with discharged and furloughed soldiers. As the boat was tied up to procure wood, a band of guerillas attacked it. The case was desperate—the sick and wounded soldiers being comparatively unarmed. A dozen or more of these bandits had entered the transport, when a discharged soldier from Ohio seized a hatchet, coolly walked forward, and amid a perfect storm of bullets severed the rope, and the transport glided rapidly down stream, carrying off the guerillas on board, prisoners. The brave man, whose name I regret not to be able to record, refused the thank-offering of a liberal purse, saying he had only done his duty, and did not need it; but added: "Give it to those who need it more," and it was given.

On this terrible journey I took no note of time. Between night vigils, harassing fears, and endless work by day, it

seemed an age of horrors, and capped the climax of my army life. When once again at home, protected by civil law and order, surrounded by friends and relatives, enjoying the comforts of civilized life, and able to sleep without fear of rebels, stray balls, bursting boilers or hidden snags, methought what hourly thanks, what ceaseless toil, should be bestowed on the brave men daring and enduring all this, and a thousand-fold more, to insure the blessings we so carelessly accepted and enjoyed.

A most gratifying increase of supplies and money poured into the North-Western Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, at Chicago. These enabled it to enlarge its policy, and add "*prevention*" to its list of duties. In addition to hospital work, the Commission at once sent rations of vegetables and anti-scorbutics to regiments in the field. It followed in the rear of battles, and supplied the hospitals of Memphis, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Huntsville, Mission Ridge, Lookout, Marietta, Kingston and Atlanta, and dealt out its stores to veterans, marching with shoeless feet across the mountains of Eastern Tennessee to Knoxville, subsisting on three ears of corn a day, and on quarter rations for weeks afterwards—dauntless men! that not only dared to reënlist themselves, but called on others to fill up their skeleton regiments, some of which were reduced to one hundred members.

The influence of these hardy veterans on the *morale* of the army, and their stimulus to new enlistments, were only understood and appreciated by those who mingled with and led them. Their active efforts in the field did not equal the glory of this reconsecration, after so bitter an

experience. It presented to the world the most surprising leaf in the chapter of the heroism of the "rank and file" of the army.

As Sherman's victorious hosts swept through the cotton States, winning fresh laurels before the dew was dried from those just gathered, the army of home-workers kept pace with those in the field, and rolled in supplies with marvellous celerity. The ball was kept bravely in motion at the rooms of the Commission. The correspondence increased in intensity and rapidity. Quaint, spicy circulars, of a few lines for specialties, were scattered; and the caption could be divined by the answers that were hourly brought, in the shape of firkins of butter, barrels of pickles, krout, onions or potatoes.

The "Soldiers' Rest of Chicago" was the headquarters of soldiers in transitu, returning home to reënlist, brave fellows! or going back to the field, with the glory of a second consecration. These veterans visited the rooms of the Sanitary Commission to procure aid in some shape; or, at least, to record their gratitude, and receive welcome and encouragement in addition to that so lavishly given at the Soldiers' Rest. Large opportunity was thus afforded to obtain a knowledge of the *personnel* and *morale* of the army. Surgeons, military and sanitary officers, resorted thither, and added their statements to the official and accurate reports from various departments, thus completing the circle of reliable sanitary information.

Female nurses from the hospitals of Memphis, Vicksburg, Nashville, Huntsville, Chattanooga, Lookout, Atlanta, Kingston, etc., etc., reported at the Commission Rooms, in their

journeys back and forth, and gave accounts of the interior life of the various hospitals. Representatives of the hundreds of aid societies tributary to the Commission, continually visited the "Rooms" to procure information, bulletins and circulars, to see the "Boys in Blue" themselves, and hear and see what was being done, for the satisfaction of the donors. The shelves, store-house and books of the Commission always stood open, and invited investigation.

The saddest of all the visitors were the wives and mothers of the soldiers, who came in large numbers, after the frequent battles, to obtain information concerning their loved ones. The value of the Sanitary Hospital Directory of the Commission was then appreciated, and many a meek, white-faced woman came day after day for an answer to the telegram, or letter sent by us, to bear back joy or sorrow.

A gentle, refined and widowed mother, past fifty, already clad in weeds for the loss of one patriot son, came to learn the fate of the other, after the battle of Nashville. She had just taken a letter from the office, informing her he had lost his leg above the knee, and was likely to do well. She could not wait for the mail to tell her how well. She said "he had been drooping, and had a touch of the scurvy, but could not be persuaded to remain off duty when the battle began." My heart felt heavy. I knew, under those circumstances, what must be his inevitable doom, and proposed to telegraph, took her direction, and promised to send the answer. Two hours in advance of the time appointed, I shuddered as I saw the white face coming, for I had at that moment opened the telegram. "What shall be done with the body?" I hurried past her to the door, for how could I tell her?

With a mother's instinct she read my face, meekly clasped her hands, and sank fainting on a chair. After her return to consciousness I took her to her desolate home, which she soon left, to pass the remnant of her childless life among distant kindred.

Again: a bright-looking woman called to secure transportation to St. Louis, where she had heard her son was lying ill, from a fellow-soldier who had left the hospital two weeks previous. He had expressed an earnest desire to see his mother. She added, "I suppose he is homesick, for he is my oldest child and only son, and a great darling." I advised her to wait until I could telegraph, as he might have been removed to some other hospital, or returned to his regiment. I took her direction and promised to send the answer. With the restlessness of suspense, she entered the rooms as our messenger was leaving for her residence with the telegram, "He has been dead ten days, and died raving for his mother." She saw the envelope, and exclaimed, "Is that for me?" "It is, but sealed; you had better take it home and read it." Not heeding, she tore off the envelope hastily, gave a shriek so piercing and prolonged, that strong men, accustomed to army life, fled from the room. She lay almost lifeless in my arms as I accompanied her to her home and supported her into the room, where sat a fair young girl of sixteen, her only remaining child, and the idol of her brother. The frantic mother shrieked, "He's dead! he's dead! do you hear it?" Over the scene of agony that followed I would fain draw the curtain I have unwillingly raised, to sketch a representative case, alas! of numberless others.

I could tell of a widowed mother, who had come from an eastern city to Cairo, in response to the message that her only son was wounded at Donelson. She had wealth, position, and this only son, more precious than all. As she drew near to Cairo her anxiety became intense. A surgeon from the hospital entered the car in search of her. He said, "Madam, I left your son a few hours since, greatly improved. He is expecting you." As she leaned upon his arm, on her way to the ward, he remarked, "That is the dead-house." "Allow me to glance at it," said the relieved mother. "I have read so much of such places, I long to see one." He walked through, and drew aside the sheet. "My son! my son!" burst from the lips of the mother before she fell insensible, as the light of her life went out. A sudden chill had carried off the brave young soldier immediately after the surgeon left, and in the terrible succession of patients he had not been informed of his death.

The next car from the east bore a young wife who had weaned her first babe at six weeks old, to obey the lightning summons to Cairo, from New York. Day and night she had travelled; and now, within sight of the goal, the track was overflowed, the cars could not proceed, and there she lay all night, panting in agony. On her arrival at Cairo the next morning, a friend from the army was awaiting her. She screamed, as she caught sight of him, "How is my husband?" He shook his head and answered, "Had you arrived one hour sooner you could have seen him. All night long he called for you, and begged God to spare him to see you. 'I hear the cars—she's coming!' he said an hour since, and then gently breathed out his life." The ghastly young wife leaned

forward with clenched hands and tearless eyes, listening breathlessly to every word. At the close, she slipped off the seat in silence, and writhed on the floor in merciful unconsciousness.

In an hospital at St. Louis I noticed a woman seated beside the cot of a youth, apparently dying. He was insensible to all around: she seemed no less so. Her face was bronzed, and deeply lined with care and suffering. Her eyes were bent on the ground, her arms folded, her features rigid as marble. I stood beside her, but she saw me not —heeded me not. I said, "Is this young man a relative of yours?" Still no answer. "Can't I help you?" With a sudden start that electrified me, her dry eyes almost starting from the sockets, and her voice husky with agony, she said, pointing her attenuated finger to the senseless boy, "He is the last of seven sons—six have died in the army, and the doctor says he will die to-night." The flash of life passed from her face as suddenly as it came, her arms folded over her breast, she sank in her chair, and became, as before, the rigid impersonation of agony.

Never has the patient sorrow of these home-sufferers been more touchingly depicted than in a recent poem, which is pronounced by the "London Westminster Review" to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"Within the sober realms of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hours of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

"The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

"All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further, and the stream sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

"The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with many a martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

"On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

"The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

"Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

"Where swung the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallow circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

"Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east;
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

"Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

"There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

"Amid all this, in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

"Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

"She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

"While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall;

"Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

"Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

"At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene."

CHAPTER XX.

Necessity for increased supplies.—Appeal to pulpits.—Resolution to inaugurate a great Northwestern Sanitary Fair.—Resolution to inaugurate a great Sanitary Fair.—Sketch of the Pioneer Fair.—Work of preparation.—Pittsburg contributions.—Procession.—Lake County farmers.—Address of T. B. Bryan, Esq.—Incidents of the procession.—Dining-hall.—Sensations of the Fair.—Letter from Memphis hospitals.—Letter from Quincy hospitals.—Letter from Hon. Schuyler Colfax.—Emancipation proclamation.—Correspondence with President Lincoln.—Gold watch presented to the President.—Incidents of the Fair.—Soldiers' dinner.—Anna Dickinson's Address.—Resolutions at close of the Fair.—List of officers of the Commission.

THE visits of Mrs. Livermore and myself to the army had convinced us, not only of the value of sanitary relief to the sick in hospitals, but of the necessity of large accessions of money and supplies to meet the increased demands of our suffering army. We had appealed to the pulpits of the North-West for a simultaneous collection, and to the astonishment of all concerned, had received $15,000 in response. We felt assured there were depths of patriotism yet to be fathomed; and after various colloquies and visits to the branches and aid societies, to feel the pulse of the people, we determined to strike out in a bold and novel course, and inaugurate a great North-Western Sanitary Fair, as the most certain and remunerative plan to fill the treasury of the

Commission, also to stimulate the courage of the soldiers and develop the patriotism of the country.

This fair is entitled to special notice in this volume, as the PIONEER FAIR of the magnificent series that resulted in the addition of millions of dollars to the treasury of the U. S. Sanitary Commission and its branches, for the benefit of the "heroes of the rank and file." It was emphatically *The Women's Fair;* conceived, planned, and executed by the women of the North-West. This bantling of the prairies has been far excelled, in artistic beauty and golden charms, by younger sisters. It must, however, always maintain its prestige as the first-born of the family, with contour, lineaments, and vigor that were not disdained by its successors, and secured them a place and a name among the patriotic and benevolent developments of the war of the rebellion. A brief sketch of its outline and prominent features is all that space affords. These can be transferred to paper. Its glowing enthusiasm and intense patriotism can no more be depicted, than the foam on the breaker's crest, or the playful lightning that flits on the summer evening's cloud—indications of the slumbering forces that gave them birth, but evanescent and intangible, as they are beautiful and significant.

We at once consulted the gentlemen of the Commission in regard to our plan, and they gave us their hearty approval, although they were startled at our expectations of $25,000 nett proceeds. We called a mass meeting of the ladies of Chicago, who gave the hearty response that was their wont throughout the war. At this meeting a delegation of sixteen ladies was appointed to make arrangements for holding a Fair

It was also determined to hold a council of women from the North-Western States, at Bryan Hall, September 1, 1863, in order to place them "*en rapport*" with each other. A circular for this object was issued, with the names of the most prominent women of the North-West appended, who had consented to lend their aid to the effort.

So novel an undertaking occasioned great surprise, and some criticism. Some of our leading and patriotic men, who afterwards became the most assiduous helpers, gravely shook their heads, and prophesied failure to this quixotic scheme of womanly benevolence. But the women of the prairies were resolved. They had given their choicest treasures to fill regiments, hospitals and graves. Although many of them were clad in weeds and walked in a shadow, they determined that the sick and wounded of the army should be liberally supplied. Accordingly, an unexpected number of delegates responded to the call. One hundred and fifty met in Bryan Hall at the appointed hour, and double that number from the country, at various times, attended the sessions of the council. The delegates came empowered to pledge liberal and hearty coöperation. An executive committee, and committees for various departments of the fair, were chosen, consisting of leading and active women from all the States embraced in the call.

E. W. Blatchford, Esq., the treasurer of the North-Western Sanitary Commission, was unanimously elected treasurer of the Fair. His acknowledged ability and integrity were full guarantee to the public for the safe conduct of the funds. Mrs. Livermore, chairman of the committee on circulars, issued one forthwith, clearly defining nine classes of donations

to be solicited, and the various articles in each class, with specific directions for sending them to Chicago. At a meeting of the executive committee of the Fair, held shortly after its appointment, Mrs. A. H. Hoge and Mrs. D. P. Livermore were elected "managers of the Fair." The following programme was arranged. The Fair was to continue two weeks:

Bryan Hall was to be fitted up as a great bazaar, for the sale of fancy and useful articles of all varieties.

Lower Bryan Hall was to be arranged as a dining hall, where hot dinners for fifteen hundred persons were to be daily served. Light refreshments at all hours.

Manufacturers' Hall was to be a temporary building in the rear of Bryan Hall, for the display and sale of all varieties of manufactured articles.

The fine rooms in the theatre building, through the kindness of Mr. McVicker, were to be arranged as an Art gallery.

A relic and trophy hall, secured through the efforts of Judge Bradwell, who presided over it, was to be extemporized in the Supervisors' Hall, in the Court-House.

Metropolitan Hall was reserved for evening entertainments, which were abundantly and satisfactorily supplied by the genius of Mrs. Livermore. A North-Western Fair Gazette, to be called the "Volunteer," was to be published daily by the ladies.

Price of admission to Bryan Hall, Manufacturers' and Supervisors' Hall included, fifty cents. Season tickets one dollar.

Extra admission to Art gallery, twenty-five cents. Season tickets one dollar.

The women in the city and country commenced the work

of preparation with zeal proportioned to the great occasion. The press extended a generous and voluntary support, and by its graphic descriptions and unstinted praise, added greatly to the success of the Fair. Vigorous corespondence was opened with statesmen, military men, clergymen and aid societies. Circulars, with an earnest written line attached, were scattered like the forest leaves in autumn. On one day, sixteen bushels of mail matter were sent from the rooms of the Commission. The citizens and farmers became convinced the Fair would be a success, and came forward with donations of money, merchandise, manufactured articles, grain and vegetables. In fine, they made up for lost time, and gave the generous support that men always give in the end, to genuine womanly efforts in the right direction.

The *furore* increased and became contagious. Pittsburg, under the lead of Miss Rachael McFadden, one of the sanitary powers of the West, sent donations in manufactured articles and money, to the amount of several thousand dollars, greatly multiplied in value by the encouragement and stimulus they afforded in our early effort. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Connecticut, sent large and valuable donations. Ladies came from Pittsburg and Connecticut to take charge of their respective departments.

The great Sanitary Fair was no longer an experiment, but a "*fait accompli.*" Opposition was silenced, faith increased, enthusiasm accelerated, until on the morning of October 28, 1863, in response to the call of the women of the North-West, the wheels of business in the city of Chicago stopped; the courts were closed. the schools suspended, the

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.—The Privates' Victory. P. 336.

streets filled with tens of thousands, in their holiday attire, to witness the opening pageant of this great outpouring of the patriotism and benevolence of the people. We copy the graphic description of that glorious opening, rendered more brilliant by a bright October sun, from the columns of the "Tribune." It cannot be improved, and will possess the merit of being outside testimony. The pageant measured three miles in length, and was composed, in part, of elements that had never before graced a civic procession in our republic. The "Tribune" says:

"Yesterday will never be forgotten either in the city of Chicago or the West. Memorable it will remain, both as history and as patriotism. Such a sight was never before seen in the West on any occasion, and we doubt whether a more magnificent spectacle was ever presented in the streets of the Empire City itself, than the vast procession of chariots and horsemen, country wagons and vehicles, civic orders and military companies, both horse and foot, which converted Chicago for the time being into a vast theatre of wonders. From the earliest dawn of day, the heart of the mighty city was awake, and long before eight o'clock the streets were thronged with people. Citizens hurried excitedly to and fro, and country women with their children came in, early in the morning, with colors tied to their bridles and decorating their wagons, and with miniature flags tied to their horses' heads. From the house-tops, from the tops of buildings, was displayed the glorious flag of liberty. By nine o'clock the city was in a roar; the vast hum of multitudinous voices filled the atmosphere. Drums beat in all parts of the city, summoning the various processions, or

accompanying them to the great central rendezvous. Bands of music playing patriotic tunes, bands of young men and women singing patriotic songs, enlivened the streets. Every pathway was jammed with human bodies, so that it was with extreme difficulty any headway could be made.

"The procession was advertised to assemble at nine o'clock precisely, and was composed of nine divisions.

"As near ten o'clock as possible it started, banners flying, drums rolling, and all manner of brazen instruments stirring the air and the hearts of the vast multitude of people with thrilling, exciting music. On it came, that mighty pageant, following the course laid down in the printed programme.

"Such earnest enthusiasm as accompanied the procession from first to last has rarely been witnessed on any occasion. It was a grand, sublime protest on behalf of the people against the poltroons and traitors, who were enemies to the Government and opposed to the war. Bursts of patriotic feeling came from many a loyal bosom on that memorable and never-to-be-forgotten day. The people seemed to over flow with loyalty, and could not contain themselves. For a long time they had been silent, nursing their wrath, keeping alive their love for the 'old flag,' keeping alive, also, their hatred of those who hated it—who had so long fired upon it in the rear—finding nowhere, in no event, in no newspaper, any adequate utterance of their passionate feeling. Now the mighty eloquence of that majestic and sublime procession spoke for them. That was the thing which they all along had wanted to say, but could not. They were in themselves cyphers—mere units of the nation; but there, in all those thousands of men, they saw themselves multiplied into an

incalculable, irresistible host, and felt that their hour of triumphant speech had come at last! That was the answer which they thundered out in trumpet tones to the miserable traitors who had so long torn the bleeding heart of their country. 'I always knew,' said one old man at our elbow in the crowd, whilst we were watching the procession, 'that the heart of the people was all right. They didn't know their danger for a long while. Now they've found it out, and this is what they say about it.'

"The procession was remarkable in many respects as a pageant, and particularly in the number of fine horses that accompanied it. A larger number of well-mounted men has rarely been seen in a civic procession. The police came at the head of it, under command of Capt. Wilson; a fine body of men, with capital horses, looking as bold and brave as heroes.

"After these followed, in stately march, the Michigan Sharpshooters, the 1st Regiment of Illinois State Militia (Chicago City Guard), a fine lot of fellows, and the whole of their First Division, with their bands and flags and panoply of war. Amongst these, the carriage containing the captured flags attracted much attention, and excited great enthusiasm. These were the flaunting rags which the rebels had borne on many a battle-field, and which our brave soldiers had torn from the hands of their standard-bearers. There they were, *bellorum exuviæ*, spoils of war, flaunting no longer in haughty defiance, at the head of rebel armies, but carried in triumph at the head of a civic procession in the peaceful streets of Chicago. Many a tearful memory they must have conjured up in the minds of the spectators there present; whose sons

were in the battles where these flags were taken, and many of whom are at rest forever in their bloody soil.

"The Second and Third Division followed, and it was a most picturesque and pleasing sight to behold the long lines of members of the various lodges, societies and associations of the city in their many-colored regalias. Then came the benevolent societies, the religious orders making an imposing spectacle, which it would require the painter's art to represent, and to do which no words could do anything like justice.

"The Fifth Division, ushered by a fine band, and headed by J. Q. Hoyt, Esq., then came tramping by. There were scores of carriages, containing members of the press, the clergy, the municipal authorities, judges and officers of the courts, governors and ex-governors of the State, etc., etc.

"One of the most strikingly beautiful features of the procession, was a superbly decorated four-horse car, bearing the employees of the liberal-hearted Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, represented in this city by Geo. B. Chittenden, Esq., and suggestive, by the presence of working-women and sewing-machines at work upon soldiers' overcoats, of the utility of sewing-machines in clothing armies.

"Then the Sixth Division, consisting of wagons choked with children, singing 'John Brown's Body lies mouldering in the Grave!'

"Then the Seventh Division, of butchers, horseshoers of ponies and oxen contributed; and last, but not least, nay, greatest and mightiest of all, the sublime spectacle of

"THE LAKE COUNTY DELEGATION.

"A striking and noticeable feature of the procession was the long string of farmers' teams from Lake County. They came into the city at an early hour in the forenoon, and sufficiently early to join the procession. There were one hundred wagons, loaded to overflowing with vegetables, the staid old horses decorated with little flags, and larger flags pendant from the wagons, and held by stout farmer-hands. The leading wagon of the procession carried a large banner, bearing this inscription:—'THE GIFT OF LAKE COUNTY TO OUR BRAVE BOYS IN THE HOSPITALS, THROUGH THE GREAT NORTH-WESTERN FAIR.' It was a grand and beautiful free-will offering of the sturdy farmers, whose hearts beat true to freedom and the Union.

"No part of the procession attracted so many eyes, and no heartier cheers went up from the thousands who thronged the streets, than those given, and thrice repeated, for the Lake County farmers, and their splendid donations. There were *no small loads*. Every wagon was filled to overflowing with great heaps of potatoes and silver-skinned onions, mammoth squashes, huge beets and monster cabbages, barrels of cider and rosy apples, load after load, with many a gray-haired farmer driving, face weather-beaten, frame rugged, hands bronzed, and eyes sparkling with the excitement of the project his big heart conceived. And back of the farmer, mounted on the vegetables, were the boys, filled to repletion with fun.

"At the end of the route of the procession, the teams drove up to the Sanitary Commission Rooms, and unloaded their

precious freights of stores into the garners, whence they will go the boys in the field.

"This harvest-home was a sight to bring tears to the eyes of any man but a confirmed copperhead. There was an eloquence in it, a moral grandeur, that spoke louder than words. It told that the farmers, the bone and sinew of the country, were yet confident of success; that despair or distrust had not yet entered into their calculations, and that the boys in the field were worthy the best of their crops. There was no display, no advertisement lurking behind their contribution. It was a free-will offering from their great, generous hearts, for which they will have no recompense save the best of all recompense—the blessing of the gallant fellows in camp and in hospital. God bless the Lake County Farmers!

"The procession arrived at the court-house about 10 o'clock, when the bands struck up some patriotic tunes, after which Thomas B. Bryan, Esq., addressed the people substantially as follows:

"ADDRESS OF THOMAS B. BRYAN, ESQ.

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—I congratulate you upon this imposing pageant. It is indeed an auspicious prelude to the great Fair, the inauguration of which it is designed to celebrate. The civic and military procession embraces within its ranks men of all ages, all professions, and all nationalities. The voice of party, like the hum of business, is this day silenced. The municipal authorities, in patriotic proclamations, have recommended a general suspension of business. Barred doors and windows, empty houses and full streets, give proof of the prompt and universal response of the citizens.

"And why this unprecedented observance of a day not sacred as a national holiday? Why the thousands of flags gayly fluttering in the breeze or festooning the columns of bazaar and hall? Why this clogging of the wheels of the busy machinery of this great commercial emporium? Why this vast concourse of men, women and children, all clad in their holiday attire, and inspired by the very magnetism of their own numbers? Why this mammoth procession, with its cavalcade, its banners, and its martial music? Is it the triumphal entry of a newly laurelled military chieftain? Or is it the grateful welcome of some illustrious statesman, endeared by his public services to the hearts of his countrymen? No! it is pregnant with a higher and more impressive significance. It is a spontaneous tribute of a people's gratitude to the Armies of the Union! The great heart of the North-West pulsates with all a mother's pride and love for her patriot sons. She summoned them to battle for an imperilled Union, and they yielded prompt and cheerful obedience to her behests. And may she not be justly proud of their heroic fortitude and valorous deeds? Proud of their noble endurance of the privations, toils and exposure of this eventful war—proud of their glorious triumphs in deadly contests with outnumbering hosts—aye, even of the graves which on every battle-field remain as enduring memorials of their heroism!

"And on this gala-day we send special greetings to *common soldiers.* All glorious has been their fidelity to their country's flag—a fidelity that has proved itself a fortress, impregnable to all assaults, and to all the enginery of evil. *Though their names are unheralded with the tidings of triumphs,*

we shall never forget that their bravery and blood have aided in winning the garlands of victory that encircle the brows of their leaders.

> "'A thousand glorious actions that might claim
> Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
> Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
> And troops of heroes undistinguished die.'

"How refreshing in this tragical era of strife and carnage, to hear amid the clash of arms the gentle voice of woman's charity, to hear of her faithful vigils about the bed of the languishing, and of her ministrations of mercy and sympathy among scenes of suffering and death. It is to promote such noble ends, to provide, through the Sanitary Commission, for the necessities of our patriot soldiers, that this grand Fair is instituted, to which the present ovation is introductory. It is an enterprise born of woman, and nursed to maturity by her skill, her taste and untiring zeal. Most sedulously have the noble women of the North-West labored to provide for this festival all that ingenuity could devise or art create.

"It remains for the people, practically, to evince their appreciation of these labors, that they may not be unrequited. Surely, men, if you fully realize that the promised success of the forthcoming varied and grandly imposing exhibition is wholly ascribable to woman's indomitable energy and executive power, you will henceforth be prouder than ever before of your mothers and wives. A new zest will be imparted to the toast, 'Woman, God bless her!' Perhaps yon gallant fireman will coin another: 'Woman, the love

of whom is the only fire harmless and alike unquenchable.' At any rate, women of this day will nerve the soldier's arm and animate his heart. (Cheers.) As a bright sun propitiously smiles upon this day's ceremonies, so may the sunshine of woman's charity illumine the soldier's pathway.

"The noble generosity of contributions from abroad challenges the admiration of our own citizens. General thrift and prosperity lavish their blessings upon our young city, and we are called to respond from our abundance to the demands of charity. The appeal is in the cause of humanity; let it not fall upon our ears unheeded.

"Fellow-citizens! To the general display around us, I design to contribute no needless display of words. My province is to announce, as requested, that the opening of the Fair will be indicated by the firing of a cannon; and as a simple discharge of the gun is sufficient for that purpose, so, in my instance, brief and simple utterances are more appropriate to the occasion.

"Hark! the gun fires! Throw open the public halls, the doors also of your hospitable houses, and the portals of your generous hearts, FOR THE NORTH-WESTERN FAIR IS OPEN!"

This stirring appeal was fitly followed by the booming of thirty-four guns, at the close of which the farmers' procession wended its way to the rooms of the Sanitary Commission, to unload the patriotic offerings. Tearful spectators followed in its train, and many gave a helping hand. The places assigned for the deposit of these generous donations were found to be quite insufficient, and the offers of rooms for storage from surrounding merchants were gladly accepted. When the work was finished, the sturdy farmers accepted a

complimentary dinner from the ladies, in Lower Bryan Hall, on which occasion their offerings were formally presented by Hon. E. M. Haines, formerly of Lake county, and most happily and spicily received, on the part of the Fair, by Rev. Dr. Patton, Vice-President of the Board of the Sanitary Commission. An affecting meeting took place in the dining-hall, between a Lake county farmer and his soldier-son, most unexpectedly on his way home from Vicksburg on a short furlough. 'Twas all that was needed to raise enthusiasm to its climax, to behold the old man and his son, as Jacob and Joseph, fall on each other's neck and weep.

We cannot forbear giving a wonderfully descriptive account of this farmers' procession, from the pen of Rev. F. N. Knapp, Special Relief Agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, who came from Washington to witness the pageant:

"Many of the farmers were sunburnt men, with hard and rigid features, and a careless observer would have said there was surely nothing in those wagons as they passed, to awaken any sentiment; yet something there was about it all that brought tears to the eyes of hundreds, as the old farmers, with their heavy loads, toiled by. Among the crowd of spectators was a broad-shouldered Dutchman, with a face expressive of anything but thought or feeling. He gazed at this singular procession as it passed—the sunburnt farmers, the long, narrow wagons, the endless variety of vegetables and farm produce; he gazed, as those men with their sober faces and homely gifts passed one by one, until when, finally, the last wagon had moved by, this stolid, lethargic-looking man 'broke down,' with a flood of tears, and could say nothing and do nothing but seize upon the little child whom he held

by the hand and hug her to his heart, trying to hide his manly tears behind her flowing curls.

"Among those wagons which had drawn up near the rooms of the Sanitary Commission to unload their stores, was one peculiar for its exceeding look of poverty. It was worn and mended, and was originally made merely of poles. It was drawn by three horses, which had seen much of life, but little of grain. The driver was a man past middle age, with the clothes and look of one who had toiled hard; but he had a thoughtful and kindly face. He sat there, quietly waiting his turn to unload. By his side, with feet over the front of the wagon, for it was filled very full, was his wife, a silent, worn-looking woman (many of these men had their wives with them on the loads); near the rear of the wagon was a girl of fifteen, perhaps, and her sister, dressed in black, carrying in her arms a little child. Some one said to this man (after asking the woman with the child if she would not go into the Commission-rooms and get warmed), 'My friend, you seem to have quite a load here of vegetables. Now, I am curious to know what good things you are bringing to the soldiers. Will you tell me what you have?' 'Yes,' said he; 'here are potatoes, and here are three bags of onions, and there are some ruta-baga, and there are a few turnips, and that is a small bag of meal, and you will see the cabbages fill in; and that box with slats has some ducks in it, which one of them brought in.'

"'Oh! then this isn't all your load alone, is it?' 'Why, no. Our region, just where I live, is rather a hard soil, and we haven't any of us much to spare, any way; yet, for this business, we could have raked up as much again as this, if

we had had time; but we didn't get the notice that the wagons were going in till last night, about eight o'clock, and it was dark and raining at that, so I and my wife and the girls could only go round to five or six of the neighbors within a mile or so, but we did the best we could; we worked pretty much all the night, and loaded, so as to be ready to get out to the main road and start with the rest of them this morning; but I can't help it if it is little—it is *something* for the soldiers.'

"'Have you a son in the army?' 'No,' he answered, slowly, after turning round and looking at his wife. 'No, I haven't *now*, but we had one there once; he's buried down by Stone River; he was shot there. And that isn't just so, either. We called him our boy, but he was only our adopted son. We took him when he was little, so he was just the same as our own boy; and' (pointing over his shoulder without looking back) 'that's his wife there with the baby! But I shouldn't bring these things any quicker if he were alive now and in the army; I don't know that I should think so much as I do now about the boys away off there.' It was in turn for his wagon to unload, so with his rough freight of produce, and his rich freight of human hearts, with their deep and treasured griefs, he drove on, one wagon of a hundred in the train."

The dining-hall of the North-Western Sanitary Fair was a specialty, unequalled in extent and interest by any other of the series in the same department. So much curiosity has been manifested, to know the precise manner in which these dinners were extemporized and conducted, that I copy the following graphic and detailed account from the pen of Mrs.

D. P. Livermore, contained in the history of the North-Western Fair, published by the Commission, October, 1864:

"THE DINING-HALL.

"Lower Bryan Hall was occupied as a dining and refreshment hall; and the promise of the ladies to dine 1,500 people daily, with home comfort and elegance, was amply fulfilled. Mrs. O. E. Hosmer, and Mrs. W. E. Franklin, of Chicago, had this hall in charge; and to their admirable management, seconded by a very superior corps of experienced ladies, the entire success of the daily dinners was mainly attributable. The rush to this hall was as great as to the others, and hundreds went away, on some days, to restaurants and hotels, for lack of accommodation. The system with which the dinners were managed, demands a passing notice.

"The city was thoroughly canvassed for donations to the Fair, every district being taken by a lady, and faithfully visited by her. The names and residences of all who would contribute to the dinner-tables were taken, with the articles they would furnish, and the days when they would furnish them. The canvassing over, a meeting of the canvassers was held, and the aggregate supply for each day ascertained. Previous experience in these Fair dinners had taught the ladies what quantities of each article were necessary for one dinner. So many turkeys, so many roasts, so many ducks, so many pies, so many puddings, so many gallons of milk, so many pounds of coffee, so many cans of oysters, etc., etc. If the amount pledged for each day was not sufficient, the dinner committee was then prepared beforehand to supply deficiencies. These supplies, thus pledged, were sent to the dining-hall on the

promised days, or to depots appointed in various divisions of the city, from whence express-wagons ran daily to the hall at specified hours.

"In addition to this source of supply, large quantities of ready-cooked food were sent from various parts of the country, notification of the time when it might be expected having been previously mailed to the committee. Michigan sent immense quantities of the finest fruit, a dozen times as much as was required by the exigencies of the refreshment-tables. As it was mostly late varieties of apples, all surplus barrels were immediately dispatched to the hospitals, from whence, in due time, came grateful acknowledgment of the welcome donation. Grundy county, of Illinois, sent game almost exclusively, nicely cooked and carefully packed, and forwarded with such dispatch, that it had hardly time to cool before it was delivered by express. Elgin, Illinois, from her abundant dairies, supplied a large portion of the milk used during the Fair, her milkmen calling regularly at the dinner-hour with overflowing cans. Nor must we omit to mention the generous manner in which Dubuque came to the help of the dining-hall.

"The Dubuque ladies, who visited the Fair during the first week, learning that there was a scarcity of poultry, pledged for certain days of the week following. They hastened home and set themselves about making up the deficiency. Two or three of their best shots were instantly sent off "gunning." A general raid was made on the hen-coops; turkeys were begged or bought by the dozen, and on the days when they had promised edibles they sent to Chicago over one hundred turkeys, two hundred ducks, and nearly as

many chickens, exquisitely cooked, which were carried piping hot from the kitchens to the express-car. In order that they might go freshly cooked to the Fair, several of the ladies sat up all the previous night, and gave personal help and supervision to the work, dressing, baking, and packing these fowls with their own hands. By some mystery of the *cuisine*, which it is not our province to divulge, they were, on their arrival at Chicago, brought to the table as smoking hot as though they had just made their *débût* from the bake-pan.

"Fourteen tables were set in the dining-hall, with accommodations for about three hundred at one time. Each table was reset four and five times, daily. Six ladies were appointed to take charge of each table throughout the Fair, two of whom presided daily—one to pour coffee, the other to maintain general supervision. These ladies were the wives of congressmen, professional men, clergymen, editors, merchants, bankers, millionaires. None were above serving at the Soldiers' Fair dinners. Each presiding lady furnished the table-linen and silver for her table, and added such decorations and delicacies as her taste suggested, or she could secure from her friends and acquaintances. The table waiters were the young ladies of the city, neat-handed, swift-footed, bright-eyed, pleasant-voiced maidens, who, accustomed to be served in their own homes, transformed themselves, for the nonce, for the dear sake of the suffering soldiers, into servants. Both the matrons who presided, and the pretty girls who served, were neatly attired in a simple uniform of white caps and aprons, made, trimmed, and worn to suit the varied taste of the wearers.

"A more picturesque scene than the dining-hall afforded, when dinner was in progress, cannot be imagined. The decorations were like those of the other halls, with the national flag waving over every table, and crowning the table ornaments. As the hall was dim, the gas was lighted day and night. The numerous tables, crowded with ladies and gentlemen who had come to dine; the long line of carvers, one for each variety of meats, who had closed the ledger and laid down the pen, to don the white apron and knife of this department; the graceful girls in their pretty uniforms darting hither and thither in the discharge of their novel duties; the agreeable matrons who received all who came to their tables, as they would honored guests in their own home; the crowds who stood around, determined to dine in this hall, and good-naturedly biding their time with many a bon-mot, which provoked constant sallies of laughter; the continual incoming of fresh trays and baskets and pails, laden with viands for the dinner—all this formed an animated and unusual picture, that pen cannot portray. There was no lack of sociality at these dinners; mirth and laughter were as abundant as the food; wit held high carnival, and a stranger, ignorant of the occasion, would have been tempted to believe this a new Babel, where a second 'confusion of tongues' had been wrought.

"A kitchen was appended to the dining-hall, where the heavy work was done by servants, and into whose penetralia only a favored few were admitted. The rule was inexorable, and woe to the curious wight who entered within its precincts. Little ceremony was employed in enforcing his departure. Checks laid beside the plate indicated to each

his indebtedness, which was more or less, according to the bill of fare which he had ordered. These bills were settled at the table of the cashier, who gave in return a receipt in the form of another check, on the presentation of which at the door the party offering it was allowed to leave the hall. This method, it will be perceived, was a certain prevention of dishonesty, if any were wickedly disposed to leave without settling their bills. No department of the Fair required more executive skill, and none was more popular or successful."

The enthusiasm of the Fair did not abate a "jot or tittle," from its inception to its close. Crowds continued and increased, till they became a "jam." Everything was bought, counters replenished and again emptied. The people came, because they loved to come, and would have bought on, had there been anything to buy. They were fascinated, bewildered, magnetized, by the patriotic influences, and by each other. "*A la Partington*," "something was always happening." Continual announcements were made from the platform, a perfect hot-house of bloom and perfume, with the gorgeous background of the German department, rivalling all others in brilliant colors and artistic skill, under the direction of Mrs. Governor Salomon, of Wisconsin. Letters were constantly received from thousands of heroes, languishing in hospitals, for whose benefit this great movement was going forward. Letters from our lamented President, and distinguished statesmen, were also received and read, and most of them elicited shouts and cheers.

We subjoin two specimens of these hospital letters for the gratification of the reader:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Oct. 28.

To the Managers of the North-Western Fair:

LADIES:—The sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital at Memphis send you greeting, and through you, wish to return thanks to the women of the North-West—our mothers, wives, daughters and sisters—for their efforts to alleviate our wants and sufferings. We are deeply grateful for the sympathy manifested towards us in words and deeds. We are cheered, comforted, encouraged. Though absent, we are not to be forgotten. When returned to duty in the field, as we trust we soon may be, we shall be nerved once more to fight on, until this most unholy rebellion is crushed, and the old flag floats once more over a free, united and happy people. In the light of your smiles, and this great earnest of your sympathy, we also have an additional incentive never to relax our efforts for a land whose women are its brighest ornaments, as well as its truest patriots. May your success be measured by your love of home and country. In behalf of three thousand soldiers in hospitals at Memphis.

(Signed) T. P. ROBB,
Illinois Sanitary Agent.

These letters were written at the request of the soldiers, and indorsed by them. A thrilling letter from the hospitals of Chattanooga was also received, but owing to the sudden disappearance of the bearer was not secured. The following letter from the suffering soldiers and their faithful friends, is too touching to be omitted in this record, which is rapidly becoming history:

QUINCY, ILL., Nov., 1863.

The Soldiers' Club, representing the four hospitals in this city, and some seven hundred sick and wounded soldiers, desire to send an affectionate greeting to their kind friends in Chicago and elsewhere, who have interested themselves in their welfare, in connection with the North-Western Fair. We have been deeply moved by the enthusiasm of the ladies of the land in our behalf. We are quite certain that the wives, mothers and sisters that we have left behind at our many homes have not forgotten us. It gives us courage to bear privation and pain; to suffer on, and, if need be, offer up our lives on our country's altar. We believe the great interests at stake in this national struggle are worthy of all this sacrifice and suffering. Permit us once more to thank you for your noble effort, which has proved such a grand success—unprecedented in the history of Fairs.

We have in this city *two soldiers' aid societies*, the Sisters of the Good Samaritan, and the Needle Pickets, which are unwearied in their labors of love.

Our humble organization for mutual improvement has been greatly aided by the coöperation of the ladies of the city, who have been present at our meetings, and assisted in the preparation of a semi-monthly paper. It would give us great pleasure to be in connection with the friends of soldiers everywhere, and to receive articles which could be read at our meetings. On behalf of the Soldiers' Club.

S. HOPKINS EMERY,
Hospital Chaplain.

The following letter from Hon. Schuyler Colfax, a man to

whom the eyes of the nation are increasingly directed, as a pure patriot and able statesmen, was received in answer to a letter inviting him to a dinner given to governors, senators, etc., during the Fair.

SOUTH BEND, IND., November 2, 1863.

DEAR LADIES:—Just returned home from a speaking tour in my native State of New York, I find your kind invitation to the dinner to be given next Thursday, by the ladies of the North-Western Fair, and sincerely regret that I cannot attend.

I trust that your enterprise, inspired as it must have been from above, will result in the brilliant and beneficent success it so richly deserves. The Good Samaritan's affectionate care of the stranger, maltreated and wounded by thieves, will live on the sacred page as long as the earth shall endure. And if his humanity toward an "alien and stranger to the commonwealth of Israel," elicited the approval of Him who spake as never man spake, and the injunction to "go thou and do likewise," how much more should it teach us to care for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Republic? They suffer for us and our beloved land; they bleed and die that the nation may live. And, as the heroes, who by their patriotism and sacrifices established this Union, will live in all loyal hearts "to the last syllable of recorded time," so will, also, the heroes of to-day, who went forth from business, from family, and from home, some in the freshness of life's June, some in the maturity of life's October, to save the Union their brave ancestors formed.

But as I cannot be present in person, will you allow the

inclosed $100 to attest the earnest sympathy of your sincere friend, SCHUYLER COLFAX.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

The great sensation of the Fair was the gift of Abraham Lincoln of the original draft of the Proclamation of Emancipation, written and corrected by that hand that was always raised for justice and humanity, and stretched forth to elevate the lowly. It was accompanied by a letter, also written by himself. Hon. J. M. Arnold, Hon. Owen Lovejoy, and other representatives, had deeply interested themselves in procuring for us this great gift, so timely and appropriate, now possessing sacred interest.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, October 26, 1863.

To the Ladies having in charge the North-Western Fair for the Sanitary Commission, Chicago, Illinois:

According to the request made in your behalf, the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation is herewith inclosed. The formal words at the top, and the conclusion, except the signature, you perceive, are not in my handwriting. They were written at the State Department, by whom I know not. The printed part was cut from a copy of the preliminary proclamation, and pasted on merely to save writing. I had some desire to retain the paper, but if it shall contribute to the relief or comfort of the soldiers, that will be better. Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

The following correspondence tells the story of the Eman-

cipation Proclamation as connected with the Fair, and the beautiful and unexpected finale of this glorious gift, that must *now* make the Fair historical, had it no other claim:

CHICAGO, November 26, 1863.

President Lincoln:

SIR:—Among the many duties of our recent Fair, not one has been more pleasing than that now devolving upon us, of consigning to you the accompanying watch, and asking you to accept it as a memorial of the Ladies' North-Western Fair. During the progress of the Fair, Mr. Jas. H. Hoes, jeweler, of Chicago, a most loyal and liberal man, after giving very largely himself, in order to stimulate donations from others, proposed, through the columns of the Chicago *Tribune*, to give a gold watch to the largest contributor to the Fair. "*Thou art the man!*" Your glorious Emancipation Proclamation, world-wide in its interests and results, was sold for $3,000, the largest benefaction of any individual.

The precious document has already become the corner-stone of a permanent Home for Illinois soldiers: it will also be its cap-sheaf and glory. It will be built in a frame, in the wall of this noble institution, and stand a lasting monument of your wisdom, patriotism, liberality, and fatherly tenderness for the brave boys, who, at your call, so promptly "rallied round the flag," and so gallantly defended it. That the God of peace may be with you, as the God of battles has prospered you, is the earnest prayer of your grateful friends and admirers.

MRS. A. H. HOGE,
MRS. D. P. LIVERMORE,
In behalf of the Ladies of the North-Western Fair.

The receipt of the watch was acknowledged by the President, as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1863.

LADIES: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the watch sent by you to me, through the Hon. Mr. Arnold, and to return my sincere thanks for the kind and generous expressions with which it was accompanied.

I am, very truly, your obd't servant,

A. LINCOLN.

MRS. HOGE.
MRS. LIVERMORE.

T. B. Bryan, Esq., was the purchaser of the Emancipation Proclamation, which he gave to the Soldiers' Home, of which he was President, and photographs taken from it have already resulted in many thousands of dollars, for the benefit of that Institution.

During the progress of the Fair, large numbers of distinguished military men, and officers of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, came from the East to encourage us, and see what the Fair, creating so great a sensation, meant. Dr. Bellows, the originator of sanitary efforts, sent us a letter of congratulation, and no voice spoke but in its praise.

The most significant ornament of the various halls was the liberal sprinkling of blue-coats, for they were admitted *free* to all the departments. I met one of these at the central pagoda in the bazaar. He was holding aloft a silver cake-basket with one hand, the other hanging over a crutch, for he had lost his leg at Chickamauga. A silent, modest-looking woman stood beside him, and the eyes of both were dim

with tears, while the ladies were cheering and clapping. I asked the explanation. He answered, he had been months in the hospital, and had reached Chicago yesterday. His wife had come to meet and welcome him, and help him on his homeward journey. He had heard of the Fair all the way up from Nashville, and said to his wife, "Mary, I have one dollar left; we must go and see the great Fair for the soldiers." With the help of Mary and the crutches he mounted the stairs. Nobody would take his dollar, so it was left to buy something for the little one. Just as he reached the pagoda a fair young girl said to him: "The last of eighteen chances, a dollar a chance; will you have it?" Mary's face said, no; but he said, "'Twill be all for the boys, anyhow, wife," and he took it. "And now," said he, swallowing the rising sob, "I've drawn this elegant cake-basket for Mary," who stood shyly beside him, as the ladies, with tearful eyes, cheered again. The one-legged soldier and Mary, with their new treasure, took the circuit of the Fair, to see what the women at home were doing for the soldiers.

THE SOLDIERS' DINNER.

The last day of the Fair approached. It must be the most glorious of the twelve—the crown of this temple of patriotism and benevolence. Every soldier from the hospitals who could walk or be carried, must come to the farewell dinner, which should outshine all before it. At the first suggestion to the noble ladies in charge, it met with an enthusiastic response. Weary limbs grew strong, languid eyes flashed, pale faces flushed with pleasure, and with one voice all said, "It shall be the *banner dinner* of the Fair," and the noble and

unselfish women gathered up their declining energies, and went to work with fresh earnestness.

Vases of flowers were exhumed from hidden recesses, pyramids of comfits, jellies and ices were extemporized as if by fairy wands, dainty cloths and napkins, fish, flesh and fowl in endless variety were spoken into existence. The brightest and gayest belles of the garden city begged the privilege of waiting on these battered veterans, and, forsooth, must don costumes of red, white and blue, and multiply stars and stripes till the air seemed filled with them. When the tables were decorated and spread, and the hour arrived for the dinner, the graceful and enthusiastic young waiters ranged themselves in front of the entrance, two deep, in line of battle, to give the heroes a volley, not of Miniés, but of *welcome.* Presently foot-falls and crutch-falls were heard; not tramp—tramp—tramp, but hobble—hobble—hobble—the halt leading the blind, and the blind supporting the halt. The band surged forth the "Star Spangled Banner," but the treble cheers of the brave young girls, and the clatter of their small pink palms, rose above all the brazen music, and "broke the boys down" as by a stroke of lightning. Slowly they were seated, and a weeping audience looked on. A reverent blessing was asked by Chaplain Day, and then Anna Dickinson, that wondrous young girl and gifted orator, pale with emotion, stepped lightly on a chair, her only platform. With a voice of magic power and sweetness, with quivering lips and eyes aglow with earnestness, and hands pressed on her heart as if to check its beating, she turned from side to side to look upon the scene. That moment can never be forgotten by those privileged to be present. The deep foun-

tains of every heart were stirred, and prepared to hear her tender, earnest, thrilling words. She said:

ANNA DICKINSON'S ADDRESS.

"I have not come here to-day to make a speech, but simply as an American woman, out of a full heart, and with trembling lips, to thank you. Looking around upon you, and remembering how different in this crisis of our country's peril has been your conduct from that of a multitude of others; remembering how other men have stayed at home, some of them, perhaps, because they could not go to the war, others careless and indifferent, others with hearts full of curses against the cause of our country; remembering this, I thank you. The future will do you more justice, and better honor than the present, and history will blazon your names upon its records forever, as the grandest heroes of this grandest and most memorable time.

"Soldiers, you are contending not merely for the Government of the United States, for the Union, for the maintenance of any particular form of political institutions, but for the freedom of the world. That is the immense stake for which you are fighting. You stand as the embodiment of democracy and liberty against the serried hosts of despotism. Brave boys from across the water—sons of Scotland and Ireland, Germans and Scandinavians—recognize the fact that you are not fighting simply for the Government of the United States. Remember how your friends from across the water are looking with mournful, solemn, but hopeful sympathy at the progress of the great struggle, in which you are taking so noble a part. Remember how their hopes and interests

are bound up with yours in the great cause for which you are pouring out your blood.

"And for you, Americans—my own countrymen—brave boys, struggling here for this, your own native land, you are not only emulating the deeds of your Revolutionary fathers, but you are fighting in a cause, if possible, more glorious than that which stirred their blood to deeds of lofty daring. This, our country's second revolution, is of wider scope and involves loftier principles than the first.

"Some of you young men, standing here, are not as you were with us months ago, full of life and hope and energy. You have come back to us broken and shattered, maimed and helpless. 'But what of that,' said a soldier who had been wounded in one of Napoleon's great battles, when the surgeon was feeling for a bullet which had almost reached his heart, 'put your probe in a little deeper, and you will find Napoleon.' And the bullets that have gone crushing through the ranks of our brave boys, on the bloody fields of the South, have reached breasts so full of patriotism, that wounds, limbs, life itself, were but trifles, when weighed in the scale against their country.

"Some of you, alas! have come back to us blinded, with the beautiful light of heaven shut out from you forever, but it has been that the glorious light of justice might shine throughout the length and breadth of the land. What can I say to you, save that coming back to us halt and maimed and blind, the great loyal heart of the nation springs up to meet you, and to love you. Some of you may be going back again to renew your noble exertions in our great cause, to suffer, and it may be, to die for it. If there be any such

here, looking in your faces, I repeat, we thank you. Should it be the lot of any of you to return to us no more—should your life ebb on some distant battle-field, where no woman's hand can smooth your dying pillow, and no friendly ear receive your parting sigh—still, even there, our love and affection shall follow you. You shall have immortal crownings, and the world shall honor your graves!"

And now the waiters, hastily dashing away their tears, flew as on wings to fulfil their high behest. The dainties of the *cuisine* rivalled Delmonico's bill of fare, and surely the waiters added a zest that no condiments could furnish. Oysters, game, fish, soups, jellies, ices, passed in rapid succession; the eagerness of the fair earnest girls producing various collisions, to the great amusement of the soldiers. They could not eat half that they would, for looking; and somehow, they said, "*they could not swallow as well as usual.*" One, braver than the rest, after repeated efforts to do justice to the "magnificent spread," exclaimed: "Ladies, you've spoiled our appetites; but the sight of you all, and this glorious welcome, is better than a score of dinners. We can lie another year in the hospital after this, or die if need be." "Three cheers for the ladies, boys!" and they were given with a will. Then three cheers for Lincoln and for the Sanitary Commission and the Fair, and, at the request of Chaplain Day, a tiger battle-cry, such as they gave when rushing double-quick on the rebels. The "Battle-cry of Freedom," and "Red, White, and Blue," rang out, all the audience joining in the chorus. Suddenly, as the soldiers rose from their seats, Chaplain Day said in a clear voice, with great solemnity, "one thing more before we part. Let

us not forget our dead—they who went out with us to the conflict, but whose slumbers shall not be broken till the reveillé of the resurrection morn shall awake them. Let us remember that,

"'He who for his country dies, dies not,'
But liveth evermore.'"

And all stood in solemn silence, with uncovered heads, while the band wailed out a solemn dirge for that part of the "host that had crossed the flood." Strong men embraced each other and wept, and some feeble women grew too faint to stand. Some one present struck up the grand old Doxology—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

And, with mingled sobs and tears, we all joined in. At the place of exit were boxes of cigars, and none left without liberal provisions of fruit, nuts, and tobacco. All kept silence as the sad procession of maimed heroes left to turn back to the bare walls of the hospital, till able to go home or to their regiments, to run the soldier's risk. A dinner for the lady waiters followed, the gentlemen taking the places of the fair damsels. Fun and frolic ruled the hour, and proved a safety-valve to intense enthusiasm, and at eleven o'clock the company dispersed, ready, as they said, for another two weeks' campaign, if necessary for the soldiers.

Immediately after the dinner, the following resolutions were offered by the Connecticut delegation, and carried by acclamation by the assembled ladies. As these resolutions form the conclusion of the Fair, and manifest its harmonious action and more than kind appreciation of services rendered, they can scarcely be omitted here:

"WHEREAS, The Ladies in charge of the Fair have, by their untiring zeal, industry and effort, successfully inaugurated, conducted and concluded the great North-Western Fair; and

"WHEREAS, Those Ladies have been subjected to many personal trials and difficulties in the prosecution of their noble work for the soldiers; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we, the ladies of the Connecticut department of the North-Western Fair, wish to express our high sense of the invaluable services of the ladies in charge in the cause so dear to us all, and to thank them in particular for the ability, skill and success with which they have conducted the North-Western Fair to a triumphant conclusion.

"*Resolved*, That this Fair has been an unparalleled success, not merely in a pecuniary point of view, but as a great uprising of the women of the North-West, in signification of their devotion to the cause of our devoted and imperilled country.

"*Resolved*, That we offer our thanks also to Mrs. O. E. Hosmer and Mrs. H. E. Franklin for the admirable and courteous manner in which they have discharged the laborious and difficult duties devolving upon them, as superintendents of the dining-hall of the North-Western Fair.

"*Resolved*, That in view of the unanimity with which the North-Western States have combined in this Fair, we request that the name of the Chicago Sanitary Commission shall now and henceforth be 'North-Western Sanitary Commission, Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission.'

"*Resolved*, That we send greeting to all in the Federal service, whether in field or in hospital, whether in army or navy, of whatever State or birthplace, and desire to remind

them that in thus coming forward to fill the treasury of the United States Sanitary Commission, which Commission succors all, without distinction, who come within its beneficial range, we are offering sympathy and support to every individual of our country's defenders.

"*Resolved*, That inasmuch as no amount of money will purchase the indispensable garments which are made only by the women of our patriotic organizations, we will return home to set the machinery of our aid societies in still more active operation, and that we will continue our efforts and our work, not only as long as the war continues, but as long as there is a hospital to supply, or a soldier to succor."

Thus ended the great North-Western Fair, with net proceeds of $86,000; a small amount compared with those that followed, but more than triple the amount asked, and sufficiently large to provoke an emulation that startled the country with its munificent results. The success of the Fair was greatly owing to the ability, zeal and perseverance of the ladies controlling different departments. The names of scores who worked skilfully and indefatigably, might be recorded, but it is in vain to essay the task, as they would occupy more room than the entire sketch. The heads of the departments can alone be named.

In addition to the names of the ladies in charge of the Dining-hall, we would specially record the invaluable services of Mrs. H. L. Colt, in charge of the Art Gallery, and the liberal donations from Milwaukee, made through her. A draft for $1,000 was sent by Mrs. Nazro, from the citizens of Milwaukee. Mrs. E. C. Henshaw, of Ottawa, Ill., a lady

of remarkable ability, and a native of Connecticut, took charge of that department, and with her skilful coadjutors, carried it to triumphant success. In the Curiosity Shop, Hon. J. B. Bradwell and wife, Mrs. Dr. Carr, of Madison, Wis., and Mrs. W. E. Doggett, of Chicago, presided, assisted by Mrs. A. Fox and Mrs. C. A. Morton, of Quincy, Ill. Mrs. J. C. Fargo, Mrs. E. C. Long, and Mrs. C. A. Lamb, were the indefatigable secretaries of the Fair, while Mr. Fargo and Mr. Long gave invaluable services as cashiers.

During the inception and progress of the Fair, the following list comprises the names of the members of the Commission: Hon. Mark Skinner, President; Rev. William W. Patton, Vice-President; E. B. McCagg, Esq., Corresponding Secretary; E. W. Blatchford, Treasurer; Cyrus Bentley, Recording Secretary; H. E. Seelye, Assistant Treasurer; Wesley Munger, B. F. Raymond, J. K. Botsford.

From the opening of the Fair, the President of the Commission gave to it the encouragement of his presence and his hearty support, spending the greater portion of his time within its precincts. The Treasurer, Mr. Blatchford, so thoroughly systematized his part of the work, that labor was simplified, order maintained, and confidence imparted. To all the gentlemen of the Commission the ladies felt under deep obligation, for countenance, encouragement and substantial aid. The brave prairie pioneer little dreamed of its brilliant successors in the good cause. When they came, she bade them "God-speed" and welcome, all for the sake of "The Boys in Blue, and the Heroes of the Rank and File."

CHAPTER XXI.

Second Woman's Council at Washington—Dr. Bellows' address—Visit to Philadelphia—Sketch of meeting at West Chester—U. S. Sanitary Commission—Fair mania—Pittsburg Fair—Bazaar—Monitor Hall—Horticultural Hall—Philadelphia Fair—Union avenue—Hall of Arms and Trophies—Horticultural Hall—Art Gallery—President Lincoln's speech.

DURING the winter of A.D. 1864, the work at the rooms of the North-Western Sanitary Commission went forward on a munificent scale in proportion to its means and the necessities of the army, which had been greatly increased by the battles and siege of Vicksburg, the activity of the Army of the Cumberland, and the malarious climate of the South and West. The U. S. Sanitary Commission at Washington and the eastern branches experienced the same necessity for increased supplies. The value and expediency of sanitary fairs, as means of filling the treasury of the Commission, was presented to the officers of that organization, in a shape that required consultation with the branches. In view of these and other issues, the officers of the Commission resolved to call a second Woman's Council at Washington, Jan. 18,

1864. The following reasons for the call were set forth in a circular, addressed to the various branches:

First—To gather information as to the disposal of the supplies of constituents.

Second—To learn the principles and methods of the Commission thoroughly.

Third—To compare notes with the central officials.

Fourth—To confer various methods with each other.

Fifth—To inquire into the question of fairs on behalf of the Commission.

Sixth—To ascertain the relation of the delegates with other organizations in the home field.

Seventh—To impart to the Commission views concerning canvassing agents.

Eighth—To suggest improvements for the working relations of delegates with the Commission.

Ninth—To give the Commission information with regard to tributary societies.

The reasons above stated for a second council, were of sufficient import to draw together a large number of associate managers of the United States Commission, at Washington, Jan. 18, 1864. This meeting continued three days, the Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D., President of the Commission, presiding. The General Secretary, Dr. Jenkins, and Associate Secretary Dr. Newberry, Rev. F. Knapp, Special Relief Agent, and Mr. A. J. Bloor, Assistant Secretary, met with the ladies.

The President, Rev. Dr. Bellows, lucidly explained the conception and organization of the Commission, and powerfully enforced the necessity of renewed zeal in a work of

such vast import to the army and the country, thus fulfilling, most satisfactorily, one great object of the meeting. The General Secretary gave an outline of the work and present status of the Commission, and the Associate Secretary did the same concerning the Western Department. It is unnecessary to say more concerning the band of women that gathered in the council at Washington, than that they were the chosen representatives of the patriotic element, of almost the entire field of sanitary labor. Many names on its record will become historical, from their inseparable connection with the interests of the great Union army, and their skill and efficiency in managing the various branches of supply work of the United States Sanitary Commission.

Reports made to this council were ably written and eloquently spoken. Discussion was free and animated, and some changes in the mode of work, in the various supply departments of the Commission, were decided upon. The organizations of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, etc., etc., were there represented, and, after three days of conference, the sessions closed, the members feeling its desired results had been attained, and would redound to the benefit of the sick and wounded in hospitals and in the field.

Although not strictly within the scope of this volume, I introduce Mrs. Livermore's sketch of the contraband camp, which we visited in Washington. It is legitimate, as a part of the history of the results of the war, and furnishes a rare picture of the habits, manners, and religious exercises of the newly-born freedmen:

"A VISIT TO THE CONTRABAND CAMP.

"The contraband camp at Washington is made up of fugitives from Maryland and Virginia, principally, though we found, also, numerous representatives of the 'patriarchal institution' from North and South Carolina, and some from Georgia. There were about three thousand of them in camp when we visited them, but the number varies from week to week. Rev. D. B. Nichols has charge of this motley collection of escaped slaves, and makes the miserable quarters a happy home to these poor refugees from bondage.

"We found here all ages, both sexes, every shade of complexion, and every variety of character. Having lived on a Southern plantation some two years in my earlier life, the people and the scenes were not as novel to me as to some of my companions, who were overwhelmed with astonishment at the intelligence, good sense, and perfect decorum manifested by all. All with whom we conversed were able to give an intelligent and graphic account of their escapade from slavery, and their descriptions of 'massa' and 'missis' revealed a very clear insight into character.

"They universally admitted that they were not in as good condition now as they had been 'at home,' but they expected to have better times by and by, and to earn money, and to keep house, and 'live like white folks.' Not one regretted their change of circumstances. 'Why, missis,' said a very intelligent mulatto woman, with considerable pretensions to beauty, who had come from Point Lookout, laying the forefinger of her right hand in the palm of her left, to give emphasis to her speech, 'we'd rather be just as

poor as we can be, and not die, if we's only free, than to have all the money old massa had, or was eber gwine to hab, and belong to anybody.'

"Compared with the white people of the North they are not industrious, but they will compare favorably with the humbler classes of whites at the South, and are even ahead of them in intellect and industry. Every morning the men of the camp go down into the city to get work for the day, and so do all the women without children, or who have not young children to take care of. Few of them fail to find employment. Government employs the men, and the women find chance jobs of house-cleaning, washing, etc., for which they ask and receive moderate compensation. Many of them have thriven so well that they have rented an humble room or two, and have gone to housekeeping by themselves, which is an event to which all aspire. The contraband camp at Washington is therefore a self-sustaining institution.

"Our first visit to the contrabands proved so interesting, that we accepted an invitation from Mr. Nichols to attend their prayer-meeting in the evening. They hold meetings every evening as soon as supper is ended, and these meetings are the great staple of their enjoyment. In them they find never-failing ecstacy and bliss. They had already assembled, but the arrival of a large company of white people had the effect to disband several minor meetings in progress in the various huts, and to augment the principal one in Mr. Nichols' quarters.

"Room was made for us by the dense crowd, with great courtesy, the utmost decorum prevailed, seriousness sat on all faces, a hush reigned in the sable assembly, and the meeting

commenced by the singing of a hymn. It was a song and chorus. The leader, a good singer, stood in the centre, and sang alone the first two lines,

'I see de angels beck'ning, I hear dem call me 'way,
I see de golden city, and de eberlasting day.'

Then the whole congregation rose to their feet, and with a mighty rush of melody, and astonishing enthusiasm, joined in the inspiring chorus.

'Oh! I'm going home to glory—won't you go along wid me,
Whar the blessed angels beckon, and de Lor, my Saviour, be.'

"The leader was a good improvisatore, as well as singer, and long after the stock of ready-made verses was exhausted, he went on and on, adding impromptu and rough rhymes, and the congregation came in promptly; and with ever-rising enthusiasm, with the oft-repeated chorus. All sang with closed eyes, thus shutting out all external impressions, and abandoned themselves to the ecstacy of the hour. The leader gesticulated violently, swinging his arms around his head, uplifting his hands and clasping them tightly, and pointing into infinite space, while his companions swayed their bodies wildly to and fro, and beat time to the music with their feet, the swaying now and then becoming wild and dizzy gyrations, and quick convulsive leaps from the floor. Accompanying all this was a general hand-shaking, in which we white people were included. One powerful Maryland woman nearly toppled me from the elevated, but precarious seat, which I had selected the better to look down on the congregation, so fervent was her hand-

clasping; and all of us were glad when this exercise was ended, for our hands ached.

After this followed a prayer. Never have I heard a prayer of more pathos and earnestness. It appealed to God for the justness of the cause of the slave. 'You know, O King,' said the kneeling supplicant, 'how many a time we've been hungry and had noffin for to eat; how we've had no time to sleep, and take care ob our childen; how we've been kept out in the frost and snow, and suffered many persecutions. But now, O King, you've brought us up here under the shadow of the Union Army, and we 'pend on Thee to do the rest. It is the cause of the childen, O King, and we 'pend on Thee.' With the utmost fervor they prayed for the Union army, that God would 'smother their enemies and gib 'em victory;' and to both these petitions the whole audience added a perfect tempest of supplicatory responses.

"Mr. Nichols informed us that while the piety of these people is of the most orthodox kind, their morality is not so satisfactory.

"The vices of slavery, very naturally, stick to them, and they are not strictly truth-telling, nor honest. But there has been a marked improvement in them in this respect, since they came in camp. Their religious nature is exceedingly active, and it would seem as if the negro character, repressed in every other development, had run wholly into religion. Now, under the influence of freedom, their religious exercises are brightened by a gladness and gratitude that enhance their interest, and their supplications are mingled with thanksgiving. They assured us that all the slaves know of the President's Proclamation, and expect to be free before

the end of the war. And when they sang us their celebrated song, only secretly indulged in until recently, beginning,

'Go tell Moses go down into Egypt,
And tell King Pharaoh, let my people go,'

the leader improvised verses at the close, suited to their circumstances, and the congregation changed the chorus, shouting with excitement and gestures that would have been terrific, had they been less jubilant,

'He WILL let my people go!'

"The closing song was one I had often heard before in the South, and which always upset my gravity.

'Ole Satan's mad, and I am glad,
He'll miss *one* soul he thought he had.'

"Bidding us 'good-night,' the dusky forms vanished into the outer darkness, and we returned home, not much less excited than they, rehearsing all the way the songs, speeches and prayers to which we had listened.

"M. A. L."

Before leaving Washington, I yielded to the urgent invitations of Mrs. H. B. Grier and Mrs. Charles Hiester, associate managers of Eastern branches, to visit Philadelphia and West Chester, the field of their sanitary labors.

The day after my arrival at Philadelphia, a large meeting of ladies was convened, to consider the propriety of holding a fair in that city, for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission. At their request I gave them a sketch of

our Western labors and experience, and said in conclusion, what I knew to be true of my native city and youthful home (Philadelphia), that if she should inaugurate a Sanitary Fair, it would be scarcely second to any of its forerunners in results, and superior to all in elegance and completeness. At the close of the meeting, the ladies unanimously decided to hold a Fair.

At West Chester, I had the opportunity of seeing and hearing something of the work of Eastern women in the rural districts. Under the lead of Mrs. Hiester, the Aid Society at that place was extremely efficient. It was interesting and significant, to find the eastern valley women, like their prairie sisters, flocking at the "bugle call," in crowds that filled a large church, to hear of the "Boys in Blue" in hospitals, swamps and rifle-pits of western warfare. The same earnest looks, hearty greetings, tearful attention and white faces, the same busy fingers and untiring zeal that abounded in the Western prairies, were at work in this lovely valley of Chester, east of the Alleghany Mountains, which, with their lofty peaks and deep valleys, formed geographical divisions, but could not divide the nation's unity, nor check the electric thrill, that pervaded the loyal heart of the entire nation. True, the workers in the valley lived in ceiled houses, walked on paved streets, and were subdued in tone and manner, more than is the wont of prairie women; but the same patriotic hearts, generous impulses, strong wills and willing hands, beat time to the music of the Union.

There was a specialty in this meeting, that belonged to no other that I met during the war. To accommodate the scruples of some members of the Society of Friends, who by

their creed are bound to give no aid or comfort to war, a "Freedmen's Branch" had been added to the relief work of West Chester. Plain, close caps, shading meek faces, were sprinkled through the audience. I noticed, however, that the work soon dropped from the hands of these benevolent women, and their wrapt attention and streaming eyes gave proof that their hearts responded to the call of humanity and patriotism, and that no sick or wounded soldier would lack a helping hand from them.

I would fain dwell upon this pleasant memory—the sanitary meeting at West Chester—but space does not permit; suffice it to say, an hour after the meeting barely gave time to receive kind words, blessings and the tales of bereavement, found there as everywhere. These ladies afterwards sent me an elegantly inscribed roll of parchment, to which were appended the prized autographs of the officers of the society. The roll was surmounted by an exquisite tiny flag, inserted with great skill, and the entire affair was so novel, *récherché* and unique, that it must ever be preserved as a precious memorial.

Before special notice of successive Sanitary Fairs, I proceed to show their necessity, by introducing a brief sketch of a *small portion* of the supply work of the U. S. Sanitary Commission in the Western field, requiring large accession of money and supplies, as was the case elsewhere.

During the winter and spring of A.D. 1863, Dr. H. A. Warriner, Sanitary Inspector of the Army of the Tennessee, had, from his base at Memphis, thrown out liberal supplies at Corinth, Jackson, Hamburg, etc. I had the pleasure of coming into frequent contact with this able official,

especially at Vicksburg during the siege, where he was laboring, spite of bodily weakness, to the great benefit of the Western army, where he, and the Commission he represented, were thoroughly known and appreciated, as army blessings. So wisely did Dr. Warriner administer the stores, that Government frequently turned over to him boat-loads of ice, which he judiciously distributed, in addition to that furnished by the Sanitary Commission.

Dr. Read, Sanitary Inspector of the Army of the Cumberland, in accordance with the policy of the Commission, of careful preparation for exigencies, had been concentrating supplies at Louisville, in anticipation of coming battles. Consequently, after the battle of Perryville, Dr. Read was able to send at once to the field twenty-one ambulances, and three wagons, laden with supplies, attended by efficient agents, who issued them freely to needy and grateful surgeons, for their suffering patients.

Dr. Read himself pushed forward to Danville, where he found the court-house literally packed with wounded. With the assistance of a good Union man, who shot a bullock, and hauled the water some distance, as the wells were all dry; and with a "*faculty*" that would have immortalized a down-east Yankee, in the absence of kettles and pails carried off by the rebels, the good doctor exhumed an iron kettle, and converted covered firkins with handles, and a wash-tub, into receptacles for soup. Over a fire made of old boards, picked up in the court-yard, he manufactured sixty-five gallons of this precious beverage, and with it fed crowds of starving and wounded men. In an adjacent carriage-house, after having scattered two loads of straw

upon the bare floors, he housed two hundred wounded soldiers lying unprotected.

Ten additional tons of stores from the Sanitary Commission reached the wounded at Perryville, before the hospital stores of Government arrived; they having, in some unaccountable way, been detained on the railroads.

As usual, at Harrodsburg, the rebel wounded were left upon our hands, and were treated as our own men, although in many instances they wore the Federal clothing, said to have been taken, perforce, from our soldiers. A young rebel soldier in the hospital, with a U. S. overcoat on, was asked where he got it? He replied, "that when he was lying wounded on the battle-field, in a cold rain, a Federal soldier approached him, took off his overcoat and spread it over him."

It was immediately after the battle of Perryville that hospital cars came into general use, in the sanitary work of the Western army. Their invention is chiefly due to Dr. Harris, a member of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. They commended themselves so fully to the surgeons of the army, and were so gratefully hailed by wounded men, that fourteen were prepared after the plans and specifications of the Commission, and were wholly, or in part, furnished by it. Ten of them ran regularly on long routes, and were frequently turned over by the superintendents to the Sanitary Commission, as it had been proven they better understood their management, and the care of the sick and wounded men contained in them. "These cars were fitted up exclusively for the accommodation of the sick and wounded, with hammocks on elastic springs, couches, pillows and reclining

chairs, a medicine-closet, a complete cuisine, and all the appliances and attendance of the hospitals. They were ventilated, warmed and lighted, with special reference to the sick and wounded men, and most of them grooved to run on railways of different gauges, to avoid needless transfer of patients."

During this time the Fair mania was spreading throughout the land with marvellous celerity. To use the words of Dr. Bellows, "it was in the air." It overleaped all boundaries, and was subject to no laws. It appeared almost simultaneously in Boston, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, New York, Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Albany, Pittsburg and Philadelphia. Boston first followed suit, and was ready to report at the Woman's Council, held in Washington, January, 1864, proceeds from a Fair to the amount of $150,000. The queen city of the West, Cincinnati, also inaugurated a Sanitary Fair of huge proportions, that poured into the treasury two hundred and fifty thousand ($250,000) dollars. This achievement was a marvel, at so early a stage in the history of fairs.

The enthusiasm manifested by the business men of Cincinnati, gave a powerful impetus, and somewhat new direction, to these benevolent efforts. Pressing sanitary business prevented us from spending more than one day in visiting it; but that was sufficient to convince us, that its pecuniary results would far exceed those of its predecessors. Its full history has been published, and the limited time of our visit, and its great extent, forbid all attempts to describe minutely any department, when we had barely time to glance at its extended proportions—the results of the wonderful efforts of

its committee, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Caldwell being its indefatigable chairman.

It has been a source of great regret that we were not able to attend the Sanitary Fairs of Brooklyn and New York, both astonishing efforts. The Brooklyn Fair promised to realize $200,000, and at its close was able to record double that amount of profits. Its great success, while it inspired renewed effort in behalf of the Metropolitan Fair of New York, led many to fear a repetition in the immediate neighbood could not be so successfully inaugurated; but to the astonishment of all, the net proceeds of the New York Fair reached the maximum of $1,200,000, *bearing the palm of moneyed results over all other Sanitary Fairs.* Had the expectations and arrangements of the managers equalled the munificence of the people, it is said the results would have been greatly increased. The history of benevolence can rarely record the fact, that room could not be found for unexpected and overwhelming donations. Thus the ball gathered size and strength as it rolled onward, and accomplished the circuit of the principal cities of all the loyal States. Leading men in all professions and occupations made haste to lay a stone in this novel and dazzling structure of charity, that bade fair to rival in splendor the superb temple of old. The daughters of the land polished the stones of this pure edifice, which must occupy a hallowed and prominent place in the history of the rebellion. Like all other new and mighty efforts, it was sealed with lives sacrificed upon its altar. Some earnest women that slept beneath its dome are enshrined as martyrs, in the hearts of the people.

St. Louis, under the lead of her sanitary philanthropists,

J. E. Yeatman, Esq., and Rev. W. E. Eliot, D.D., had realized from a magnificent Fair, held for the benefit of the Western Sanitary Commission, the freedmen and refugees, the enormous sum of $700,000. Philadelphia and Pittsburg had decided on similar efforts for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, which were consummated in the green and leafy month of June.

An invitation by letter and telegram, to attend the Philadelphia Fair, drew me to the enchanted palace, and I shall ever rejoice I had the privilege of seeing it. On my way thither, I tarried a few days in Pittsburg, and through the courtesy of Felix H. Brunot, Esq., its executive chairman, and Mrs. McMillan, its able secretary, I had every opportunity of seeing its various and beautiful arrangements.

Each fair had a specialty, that grew out of its surroundings. The Sanitary Fair at Pittsburg resembled a joyous family gathering.

It was the golden wedding, if you please, of the Republic. The descendants came, hand-in-hand, with their votive offerings, as if all akin, to testify their love and loyalty to the dear mother of us all, who was entitled to special marks of devotion, because some of her lawful children (miscreants withal) had scouted her authority, and even dared to raise their parricidal hands to strike.

Pittsburg is an old city, in Western parlance. She is a stable city, also. Her progress and population are steadily and rapidly advancing, but her oldest inhabitant has long ago been gathered to his fathers. People in that proper, slightly smoky place are born and die, without moving twice a year. They marry and are given in marriage among friends

and kindred, and thus is formed a familiar, gregarious society, that budded and blossomed in its fullest development in the Sanitary Fair. It was *sui generis*, and to us peculiarly enjoyable, as a residence of seventeen years among its hospitable and generous people, had given us *entrée* within the charmed circle.

The BAZAAR was fitted up with a great variety of booths, some very beautiful. Among the rest was the Chicago booth, for the Garden City had not forgotten her debt of honor, and hastened to pay a small instalment. The Board of Trade of the city of Chicago sent almost three thousand dollars in money, and the merchants and ladies a booth full of goods. A miniature Swiss cottage was the leading attraction of the bazaar. It was complete, with several rooms on a lilliputian scale, beautifully furnished in proportion, and surrounded with a sodded lawn, gravelled walks, tiny flower-pots, and fairy fountains. The rooms were sufficiently large to admit adults, if properly submissive at the entrance, and would accommodate three or four misses at one time. It was for sale at the price of $1,000. No other Fair had so large and sensible a play-house.

The striking glory of the Pittsburg Fair, however, was its Horticultural Hall, which occupied an entire building. Its central ornament consisted of wooded hills, moss-covered rocks, evergreens, running streams, lilliput cottages, and mills with revolving wheels. Under the centre of the hill was Cudjo's Cave, a cool recess, with dripping waters, and lighted with a weird torch-light. A broad, oblong walk was bordered with beds of tropical plants and rich flowers, for the wealth of all surrounding conservatories had been poured

into it. At one end was the Garden of Eden, where our first mother, with her Author and Disposer, stood; and at the other extreme, was a bower of rest, in which brooks babbled over pebbles, cool fountains cast their spray, and rustic chairs beguiled the weary traveller, who paid by the minute for the luxury of a seat, "all for the Boys in Blue."

In a modest corner was a bower, where Hebe and her train dispensed ambrosial fruit and nectar. The pretty conceit was not marred by the postal currency and greenbacks that rapidly accumulated, and were, alas! so necessary, to the comfort of the brave "heroes of the rank and file." All the original features of the Pioneer Fair were here duplicated, and a unique and interesting feature introduced. In Monitor Hall was exhibited a mimic fight, between the Merrimac and the Monitor, which attracted a crowd of juveniles, and children of larger growth. Through the liberality and kindness of the Messrs. Knapp, of the Fort Pitt Iron-works, of Pittsburg, this beautiful and original department was duplicated at the Boston and last North-Western Sanitary Fair.

John H. Shoenberger, Esq., one of the most liberal and patriotic citizens of Pittsburg, opened his extensive gallery of art, for the benefit of the Fair; a fine illustration of the universal, hearty and family character of this enterprise, which seemed to enlist every man, woman and child within the bounds of the city and adjoining country. In all the fairs that succeeded the first, large contributions were made before the fair began. The excitement afforded a fine opportunity to open the pockets of wealthy individuals and corporations. Liberal responses were made, and Pittsburg realized the splendid sum of $300,000 net proceeds—a glori-

ous record for the Iron City. No other excelled her in patriotism, nor in liberality to the Union soldiers.

I found myself, on the second day of June, at the Great Central Sanitary Fair, held in Philadelphia, within sight and sound of its opening ceremonies, which were exciting and impressive. The breaking of the platform threatened serious interruption; but the interposing arm of its executive chairman stilled the rising waters, and order was promptly restored. I passed almost ten days of uninterrupted enjoyment in this Aladdin's palace, and shall give but a rapid sketch "*en passant*," of its most striking features, as they revealed themselves to me day by day.

The Central Fair was metropolitan in extent, *esprit* and surroundings. It was elegant in contributions, attendants and decorations, complete in plan, buildings and arrangements. A master-hand was at the helm, guiding the great vessel, noiselessly, but steadily and triumphantly, through the innumerable shoals of a popular sea, to a safe harbor. John Welsh, Esq., a man of large public business, consented cheerfully to accept the arduous post of Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Great Central Fair, and by his administrative skill, rare perseverance and courteous bearing, secured its successful issue.

A highly important branch of the great Fair, involving its artistic display and elegant arrangements, and second only to its general organization and control, was the Committee of gentlemen and ladies on Internal Arrangements; having respectively, Mr. James Henry Orme and Mrs. George Plitt, as chairmen. These officers, by their skill, taste and zeal, did much to render the "*spectàcle*" unparalleled, and

fully sustained the hands of the Chairman of the Fair, in his manifold labors.

C. J. Stillé, Esq., its secretary, has elaborated a valuable and interesting history of the Fair, inaccessible to the masses, from its expensive edition and limited number of copies. This fact emboldens me to give the impressions of one from abroad, as I know that thousands desire it, who lacked the opportunity of seeing this Sanitary Fair. The names of the officers of the Executive Committee were as follows:

John Welsh, Chairman; Caleb Cope, Treasurer; Charles J. Stillé, Corresponding Secretary; Horace Howard Furness, Recording Secretary; George W. Hunter, Assistant Secretary; William B. Dayton, Assistant Secretary.

Philadelphia was eminently a proper place in which to inaugurate a Sanitary Fair. It was the birth-place of the Republic so wantonly assailed, for the benefit of whose brave defenders the great series of Fairs had begun and were running their course. On Plymouth Rock, the apostles of freedom first set foot, and sowed broadcast the principles of civil and religious liberty; in Phildelphia, those principles were moulded and elaborated into a constitutional form; sealed, signed and delivered to the people, September 17, A. D. 1787, the first signature being

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
President and Deputy from Virginia.

Broad flings had been cast at the patriotism of the City of Brotherly Love. As it had been my birth-place and early home, I did not fear, but was content to wait developments. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Almost coeval with the transit of troops, were the great refreshment saloons of Philadelphia, furnished and attended by volunteers, inviting every soldier *in transitu* to take a warm, comfortable meal. These were followed by chapels, reading-rooms and hospital corps; all proving that the spirit of '76 still lived and flourished.

Æsthetics found their fullest development and exposition in the great Central Sanitary Fair, that impressed its myriad visitors with its vastness, its completeness, and its unity; all of which were fully disclosed by its unparalleled location.

Its vastness may be comprehended from the statement that over a million and a half feet of lumber were required for its buildings, which covered an area of two hundred thousand square feet.

Its completeness. Each department was so thoroughly and independently organized, that each seemed a fair within a fair, in perfect running order, but subject to its federal head; and this produced

Its unity, which was entire—emblematic of the empire of the Republic—complete in all its parts, still one and indivisible.

Its location was Logan Square, a spacious public park, whose broad walks seemed to have been created for the buildings of the Fair, and whose lofty forest-trees lent their leafy branches for ornament and shade, to the waiting and departing multitudes.

I would not describe the manifold parts of this fair, but barely glance at its leading departments, ranged on either side of the main artery of this stupendous enterprise.

Union Avenue was the central building occupied by the bazaar, five hundred and forty feet in length, sixty-four feet

in width, at its apex fifty-one feet in height. The sides were perpendicular; the roof a Gothic arch, secured by Howe trusses. The fresh June foliage of the branches that nestled in the arches, robed the naked rafters with rich green and delicate tracery, surpassing all frescoes as ornaments. Below this natural decoration, bright banners, trophies and guidons, were displayed from the arched ribs, contrasting finely with the green leaves.

The *coup d'œil* of this unbroken arch (said to be the longest in existence) from the orchestral gallery at twilight, when the dim light stretched the long aisles and multiplied the arches, resembled the vaulted roofs of old cathedrals, and when its thousand burners at once leaped from the darkness, the lighting of St. Peter's dome could only exceed it in strange beauty. With the full blaze of light, bands of music, heraldic devices, rough beams and green trees mingled with armorial bearings, it required but little imagination to conjure up King Alfred's merrymakings, and the feasts of good old Saxon days.

The tables on either side, filled to repletion with choice productions of art and skill, attended by ladies of leisure, refinement and culture, more eager to sell and persevering to endure than the tradesman, dependent on sales for daily support, the great bazaar became the living embodiment of the zeal of a patriotic people for its ideal—a Government of universal freedom, of civil and religious liberty, the most significant and unanswerable argument in favor of our young Republic. *Esto perpetua!*

THE HALL OF ARMS AND TROPHIES

Gave evidence of the rare skill of the committees in charge,

who succeeded in rendering this always interesting department of a fair, attractive from its beauty, fine taste, and effective arrangement. The monster cannon were wreathed with stripes and stars, flanked with gleaming blades and rifles, wrought into forms of beauty. Shot and shell were disposed in comely shapes; and relics of the war of A.D. 1812, of the Mexican war, and of the war of the rebellion, with beautiful models of fortifications and monitors, relieved monotony. Relics of good men and of bad men, of patriots and of traitors—autographs and ancient manuscripts, black-letter books, legal relics and treason-warrants—in fine, enough to transport an antiquary, were gathered together with such skill, that even the musty tomes and quaint, homely relics, were beguiled of their roughness. At the north end of the hall, opposite the entrance, on a raised platform, stood a warrior, clad in burnished steel, flanked on either side by brass cannon. A unique and brilliant background was composed of semicircular tiers of swords, muskets, rapiers, and spears, that reached almost to the ceiling, where was perched an eagle, wreathed with the stripes and stars. The exquisite, tri-colored bunting drapery completed the beauty of the department, and redounded great credit on the decorator. But time presses. We must hasten toward the triumph of nature and art, the greatest wonder of the greatest Fair,

THE HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

As I enter the vestibule of this temple of Flora, I pause at its threshold, abashed at my audacity in essaying its description. In the ocean of the past, that green isle lies

nestled undisturbed, for it has no peer in loveliness, and in its presence, even the captious are silent. Artistic skill and beauty seemed to have been exhausted in Union Hall. In Floral Hall, God's works were grouped and arranged by His master-workman—man—with skill divine, as taught in Eden. Its rich and fragrant memory seems to mock me, laughing, as it flies.

HORTICULTURAL HALL was one hundred and ninety feet in diameter, and was composed of six concentric circles, surmounted with a canvas dome, eighty-five feet wide at its base. The central circle was an island, and contained a huge pyramid of plants, thirty feet in height. Its second circle was a lake, fifteen feet wide, and three hundred feet in circumference. A flower-bed, three feet in width, filled with choice plants, girded this lake and formed the third circle. A walk, twenty-five feet wide, flanked by fifty columns, each surmounted with double gas-burners, made the fourth ring of beauty. The fifth circle consisted of twelve double floral tables surrounded with fifty other columns, which formed the inside boundary of the sixth and last circle, a grand promenade, twenty-five feet in width and almost six hundred feet in length. This walk was bordered with orange and lemon trees in full fruitage; oleanders, pomegranates, and magnolias in rich bloom; refreshment tables containing "ambrosial fruit," luscious scarlet berries smothered in snowy cream, ices, sherbet, lemonades, etc., etc., being interspersed at convenient distances. This outline is colossal in proportion, graceful in curves, rich in promise, still, after all, only a skeleton. The bewildering grace and irresistible fasci-

nation of its full development realized youth's brightest dreams:

The central pyramid of plants was composed of date-palms, bananas, rhododendrons, pomegranates and pineapples. India, Australia, Madagascar and Bourbon had brought their treasures from afar, and poured them into the lap of charity. Orpheus, from the recesses of this fairy isle, breathed forth melting strains; while classic figures, glimpsing through the openings, and model deer peering from the foliage, heightened the magical effect.

The goddess of this temple wore a triple crown. Surmounting her floral decoration was a crystal dome, formed of a hundred and fifty water jets, falling over a hundred and fifty gas jets, which, when leaping beneath the crystal drops, shivered them into a million fragments, forming a diadem before which the Kohinoor must pale. The lake that held this enchanted island in its embrace, was adorned with twenty-four fountains, gurgling through swans' mouths, revolving in circles or spirals, toying with golden balls, or shaking from their feathery heads, spray that watered the surrounding plants. Victoria regia, the royal water-plant, basked on the silver lake, spreading its huge green leaves. Fragrant water-lilies, tiny craft, model water-fowl, and a graceful rustic bridge, completed its aquatic decorations.

The flower-bed bordering it was neatly edged with sod, watered by day and renewed at night, and was ornamented with large vases of choice and rare exotics, in full bloom. In the same bed, at night, gas jets formed the stamens of artificial callas, so cunningly devised that they deceived even the skilled, who in this miracle of splendor, doubted nothing.

The hundred pillars were festooned and twined with evergreens, orchids and hanging baskets of flowers, mosses, and trailing vines. Grottes, aquariæ, ferneries and fruits, enriched the charming *mêlée*, while the air was heavy with the fragrance of violets, pinks, roses, jasmines, mignonette and magnolias. Young girls, with tiny, rice-straw baskets filled with flowers (the exquisite floral badge attached to the left shoulder), tempted purchasers, till each person held up for safety a basket or bouquet of flowers, thus creating a forest of circling bloom, mingled with radiant faces, merry voices and graceful forms.

The glitter, animation and delight of the moving multitude, the eager competition of the fair saleswomen as they displayed their tempting wares, completed the charm of this wonderful place. Few persons that saw it once, but were tempted to return again and again, by its surpassing beauty, sweet scents and murmuring waters, constantly falling and refreshing visitors and foliage.

> "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
> Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,
> Fit haunt for gods?"

Let us alight from these airy flights, and learn how even the epicurean art may be sublimated by charity, and form meet company for its bewitching neighbors. An avenue of canned fruits and rare confections, arranged in fantastic forms, pyramids, pagodas, arches and fortifications, and of bubbling soda and water fountains, led to the temple of Epicurus, the great

RESTAURANT.

The building was a ring one hundred and seventy feet in diameter, and forty feet in height, ceiled with a wooden canopy richly draped with tricolored bunting, converging in rays from its centre to its circumference. From its highest point was suspended a circular gas-burner, that shed at night a mellow light on the moving panorama below. The canopy was supported by a double row of pillars ornamented with warlike and musical instruments, and emblems finely grouped, the shields containing portraits of distinguished persons. The wooden wall was made beautiful and significant by a drapery of stars and stripes on which were written in white letters, the names of bloody battles that had developed Sanitary Fairs—these popular outbursts of gratitude and patriotism. In the area of the Hall stood one hundred and eighty tables, capable of accommodating seven hundred and twenty persons at the same time. Thirty small numbered tables were placed at stated intervals, in charge of thirty ladies dressed in black, with thirty pages to attend them. Each lady cashier had charge of six tables, made out the bills, and received and deposited the money daily. The picturesque effect of the scene was heightened by the trim figures, rapid movements, and neat dresses of one hundred and sixty well-trained colored waiters, dressed in black, with immaculate jackets, vests, and aprons, and a tricolored rosette on the left shoulder. The *cuisine* of this great establishment was on a scale in proportion with its design. It occupied sixty square feet, and had a range twenty-six feet long, and accommodations

for cooking for five thousand persons. On an average, nine thousand persons dined here daily during the progress of the Fair, and seventy-two thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars were received from the sales. This brief sketch may give some idea of the extent of the plan and the completeness of the details. As an exhibition of administrative ability and elegant neatness, it was unsurpassed. A seat in the outer circle of tables, gave ample opportunity for observation.

At the tables, the fair, roguish faces of the young cashiers in their sober habiliments, the darting movements of the nimble pages, the sable hues of the waiters, in fine contrast with their white trimmings and gay rosettes; the tricolored canopy and flood of soft light falling from above, formed a *tableau vivant* that excelled in life and beauty, any other perhaps ever exhibited in this land.

THE ART GALLERY.

The temple of the muses at the great Central Fair was on the liberal scale of the other departments, and vied in richness and fascination with the temple of Flora. A brick building, five hundred feet in length, twenty-six feet wide, and fifteen feet in height, was erected. Along the centre of the roof ran a spacious sky-light, that afforded ample and suitable light and ventilation, rendering the room at all times comfortable, with its multitude of visitors, and innumerable gas-burners, producing the precise light that artists choose for the full development of their pictures. The committee manifested both good taste and judgment in selecting from the bewildering profusion of contributions the works of

modern masters, many of whom were our native artists. The wonderful success of this Art Gallery, said to have contained the finest collection of pictures ever exhibited in this country, and the crowds that constantly thronged it, at an average of twelve thousand persons daily, proved that genuine art, in its freshness and beauty, is appreciable by those who possess ordinary culture and refinement, and the love of the beautiful that God has implanted in the human breast.

The *tout ensemble* of this culmination of artistic beauty and grace, the faithful reproductions of nature and art, the rich, but subdued coloring, choice light, and gliding throngs of living beauty, yielded pure and elevated enjoyment to multitudes, to whom they had been as a sealed book, and produced profound regret, that these visions of beauty might not be permanent, and continue to gild the material life of an eminently practical people, and become a well-spring of joy in the City of Brotherly Love.

The speech of our lamented President, at the collation, during his visit to the Philadelphia Fair, will form a fit conclusion to this brief and imperfect sketch. His simple utterances were applicable to the entire series of fairs, and patriotic efforts, in behalf of the army. The italicized words contain the opinion of Abraham Lincoln of the "Boys in Blue, the Heroes of the Rank and File."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPEECH.

"I suppose that this toast was intended to open the way for me to say something. [Laughter.] War at the best is terrible, and this war of ours, in its magnitude, and in

its duration, is one of the most terrible. It has deranged business totally in many localities, and partially in all localities. It has destroyed property, and ruined homes; it has produced a national debt and taxation, unprecedented, at least in this country; it has carried mourning to almost every home, until it can be said the "heavens are hung in black;" yet it continues, and several relieving coincidents have accompanied it from the beginning, which have not been known, as I have understood, or have any knowledge of, in any former wars in the history of the world. The Sanitary Commission, with all its benevolent labors; the Christian Commission, with all its Christian and benevolent labors; and the various places, arrangements, so to speak, and institutions, have contributed to the comfort and relief of the soldiers. You have two of these places in this city—the Cooper Shop and Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloons. [Great applause and cheers.] And lastly, these Fairs, which, I believe, began only in last August, if I mistake not in Chicago; then at Boston, at Cincinnati, at Brooklyn, at New York, at Baltimore, and those at present held at St. Louis, Pittsburg and Philadelphia.

"The motive and object that lie at the bottom of all these are most worthy, for *say what you will, after all, the most is due to the soldier, who takes his life in his hand, and goes to fight the battles of his country.* [Cheers.] In what is contributed to his comfort, when he passes to and fro, and in what is contributed to him when he is sick and wounded, in whatever shape it comes, whether from the fair and tender hand of woman, or from any other source, is much, very much; but I think there is still that which has as much value to

him—he is not forgotten. [Cheers.] Another view of these various institutions is worthy of consideration, I think. They are voluntary contributions, given freely, zealously and earnestly, on top of all the disturbances of business, the taxation and burdens that the war has imposed upon us, giving proof that the national resources are not at all exhausted—[Cheers] that the national spirit of patriotism is even stronger than at the commencement of the rebellion."

CHAPTER XXII.

Gen. Grant assumes command of the Union Armies.—Continued fighting.—Great need of sanitary supplies.—U. S. Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home resolve to hold a fair.—Great plans.—Close of the war.—Less enthusiasm.—President Lincoln.—Trip to Washington.—Visit to Mr. Lincoln.—Interview.—President's *levée*.—Interview with Secretary Stanton.—Admiral Farragut and Charles Sumner.—Miss Peabody.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT took command of the entire Union armies, east and west, March, A.D. 1864. To use the expressive language in his report, they had "heretofore acted independently, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from east to west, reënforcing the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough large numbers, during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes, and do the work of producing for the support of their armies. It was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position." General Grant planted himself on the banks of the Rapidan, and announced his policy of massing the largest possible bodies of troops against the enemy, and hammering them incessantly, till they should be ground to

powder. On this line he proposed to fight it out; and he did, after a year's perpetual attrition.

At this time, the Mississippi river was opened its entire length, and all the States west and north of it were within the Union lines. Louisiana, Arkansas south of the Arkansas river, and Texas, were in possession of the enemy, with an armed force of 80,000 men, and the entire disloyal population to guard them, and harass our troops. West Virginia was within our lines; but the whole of Virginia, except its boundary, the Potomac river, and a small area at the mouth of the James, and the border of the Rapidan, occupied by our troops, was in possession of the enemy. East Tennessee was held by our troops, and a foothold had been gained in Georgia, and on the coasts of North and South Carolina and Florida; but the interior of this vast area of country, with its communications and defences, was in the enemy's hands.

To accomplish the subjugation of so vast an extent of country, required not only great intellectual comprehension, administrative ability, and military skill, but numerous bloody battles, that taxed to the utmost the powers of the benevolent organizations pledged to assist the Government in its care of the sick and wounded. From the 4th of May, when the Army of the Potomac began to move, the Lieutenant-General kept the trip-hammer pounding. The mighty engine accomplished its work, but in so doing rapidly filled hospitals and graves. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna and Cold Harbor, while they effectually crippled and demoralized the enemy, made bloody work in the Union ranks, and called for unlimited sanitary supplies. In like manner, the brilliant campaign and

sanguinary battles of Gen. Sherman, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the fierce battle at Nashville, between Generals Thomas and Hood, had almost exhausted the funds and supplies of the North-Western Sanitary Commission, and rendered extraordinary effort necessary, to meet these increased demands.

At the same time, the Soldiers' Home of Chicago was greatly in need of funds, for the erection of a permanent dwelling for disabled soldiers. Upon deliberation between the representatives of these respective organizations, it was determined to hold a joint mammoth Fair, for their benefit; the Soldiers' Home to receive $25,000, and the balance to go to the Sanitary Commission. The board for this joint Fair was elected by representatives chosen from each body, and its executive committee was constituted as follows:

Thomas B. Bryan, President; E. B. McCagg, Vice-President; E. W. Blatchford, Treasurer; Mrs. D. P. Livermore, Mrs. A. H. Hoge, Mrs. O. E. Hosmer, Mrs. C. P. Dickinson, Corresponding Secretaries. Its inauguration was deferred till June, when the weather in the neighborhood of Lake Michigan would be more conducive to comfort and the beauty of the Fair. The movement was hailed with enthusiasm, and promised to be the crowning Fair of the series.

The heavy blows of our army had proved too much for the rebellion, reduced to a mere shell, and its crust was broken on the 9th of April, A. D. 1865, when the rebel Gen. Lee surrendered his army to Gen. Grant. The nation was convulsed with joy and gratitude to God, and the brave leaders, and equally brave men in the ranks.

The effect of the sudden collapse of the rebellion was

damaging to the Fair. It was difficult to convince the people that hospitals were necessary, after war had ceased. They could not realize the wounds, sickness and distress left in the train of battles, and with the cessation of the excitement the zeal of many grew cold, and the pledged donations were largely withdrawn. In addition to these discouragements, the Fair was paralyzed by the terrific blow under which the nation reeled. The President had consented to visit it, and permit the people of the North-West to look upon his face, for the first time since he had gone out from them, to take the helm of the Ship of State, which he had guided through perilous storms and rocks, in sight of a safe and glorious harbor. Myriads of loyal hearts were panting to welcome him, when slavery the foe of freedom, and its apostle, who should be consigned to a nameless as well as unknown grave, sped the fatal ball, and plunged an elated nation into the depths of woe.

The news of this disaster reached Chicago on the day appointed for a joyous procession, to break the ground for the Sanitary Fair. No need to tell the story, for it was the same throughout the land. "Rachel mourning for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not," aptly described the unutterable woe of a stricken people. The procession was abandoned. "Ichabod" was written on the projected walls of the splendid structure, and with heavy hearts and hands the work was begun. The precious memory of our departed leader was linked inseparably with the forthcoming enterprise, cast a sacred halo round it, and influenced its entire proceedings. The ladies met and decided to wear mourning badges, and a black and white

costume, as a token of respect and sorrow for the martyred President, and appointed a committee to address a letter of condolence to his bereaved widow. His likeness and emblems adorned every booth, and the feeling prevailed that his spirit hovered around the patriotic charity, for the benefit of his beloved army, which he cherished with fatherly tenderness.

Of this we saw a fine illustration, on the occasion of a division of Gen. Burnside's army passing through Washington. The President stood on a balcony at Willard's Hotel, as plainly clad as the most humble. The day was excessively hot. He wore a linen blouse. His tall figure was conspicuous, leaning forward; his eyes overflowing with tears as he gazed intensely on the marching heroes, while he clapped his hands with the multitude. His great heart was so filled with the scene, that he was oblivious of a sudden shower that threatened to drench him. He was advised by a friend to retreat under the shelter of the roof, but said reproachfully, "If *they* can stand it, *I can.*"

In the progress of preparation for the Fair it was deemed advisable that Mrs. Livermore and myself, as among its officers, should visit Washington, to carry the official invitation to the President, Mrs. Lincoln and several distinguished statesmen, and visit the Eastern branches of the Commission, to secure their coöperation. Mrs. O. E. Hosmer was at the same time appointed to visit Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans, for the same purpose, and met with large success. We proceeded at once to Washington. Previous to our visit we had been in correspondence with several friends of the President and Mrs. Lincoln, who had prepared their

minds for the favorable reception of the proposition. Accompanied by Hon. Jesse O. Norton, and Hon. I. N. Arnold, by appointment, we called upon the President one Saturday morning, in February, and presented the invitation. The ante-room was filled with an anxious crowd, each one having a petition to offer, and doubtful of its issue.

On entering the private room of the President, we were deeply touched with the pleasant smile and cordial recognition with which he greeted us. Throwing aside cares he conversed cheerfully, and with his quaint simplicity and humor. When the invitation was delivered in due form, he gave us the assurance that, unless prevented by State reasons, he would attend the Fair; and twenty-four hours before his assassination, he stated his intention to do so.

The interview of that day is clad with tender interest. In many respects it was remarkable—almost prophetic. The dawn of peace and liberty now appeared in the horizon, and the soul of the Chief Magistrate was uplifted with the hope of the full morning. We urged as a reason for his attendance at the Fair, that the North-West was longing for his appearance; that he needed change and rest; the nation felt he must have them. "Rest!" he exclaimed humorously—"go to a Fair to rest! I tried that once, at Philadelphia, and I will give you my experience. Crowds awaited us at every station on our journey, all expecting a speech from the President, and then they cheered till we were out of hearing. As there were many stations, there was not much *rest.* I could not refuse to see and speak to the people. *They were so loyal; and I knew it was because I represented the country, for which they had suffered so much and*

so willingly, that they wished to see and hear me. At Philadelphia, the people formed a solid phalanx. We could see nothing but masses of heads. The deafening shouts and cheers never ceased. Arrived at the Fair, *your promised haven of rest*, 'twas worse than ever; and oh! oh! the shaking of hands! During the collation, for half an hour, was the only quiet we enjoyed. The good people followed us to the hotel, and serenaded us till near daybreak; and the next day I came home, pleased and gratified, but worn out worse than before I went."

"Mr. President," said Mrs. Livermore, "I feel constrained to tell you that the enthusiasm of Philadelphia will be far exceeded at the West. Crowds will increase just in proportion as you reach your old home. The whole North-West is ablaze to see you."

Was it a foreshadowing of coming events that dictated my words?

"Mr. President, myriads of friends will greet you, but if you will consent to come, we will shield you from persecution; we will put you on a steamer on the border of Lake Michigan, where the *people can look at you, but can't touch you; your hands shall be protected, and then we will send you to a quiet place of rest, where none can follow you.* You shall go to Mackinaw, that invigorating and lovely island, and *none shall be permitted to trouble you.*" He laughed as gleefully as a child, and rubbing his long hands, said, "That's capital! that will do."

The President came to Chicago before the Fair opened, with a retinue of State, and passed through interminable crowds and under lofty arches. Myriads gazed on him, but

not one touched him. His weary hands were folded, and an iron barrier protected them. No shouts, nor cheers, nor joyous music heralded his coming; but dirges, requiems, silent foot-falls, streaming eyes and bursting hearts, were his reception. And then we sent him away to a quiet spot to rest, where none could follow him; "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And *all this happened on the borders of Lake Michigan.* The green prairies, studded with bright flowers, opened their swelling bosoms to receive their own beloved home again, till the morning of the resurrection.

To return to the interview with the President at Washington. At his request we repaired to the White House half an hour earlier than the opening of the reception, saw Mrs. Lincoln, and presented our invitation. She accepted it courteously, and expressed a determination to accompany the President, if he should be able to leave Washington.

After what proved to be the *last hearty grasp* of Abraham Lincoln's warm, broad hand, we retreated to a sheltered nook in his vicinity, where we could observe the people as they came to pay their respects to him. We had seen and heard him speak in public, had met him in private several times, and attended previous *levées*, but had never been so impressed with the simple grandeur of the man, as on this memorable occasion.

His toilet was simple, but studiously neat. He was becomingly attired in a full suit of black. His swarthy and furrowed visage, that usually looked as if his soul was aching for the nation's woes, was gilded by a smile as cheering as a sudden burst of sunlight, scattering portentous clouds. The

heavy burden was loosening, the shoulders were unbent, and he stood six feet two inches in height, looking fearlessly and hopefully in the face of the people.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax once said: "Mr. Lincoln had two ruling ideas, or principles, which governed his life. The first was hatred of slavery, which he inherited in part from his parents; the other was sympathy with the lowly-born and humble, and desire to lift them up." The renowned statesman fully apprehended the genius of the man, and furnished the key to his character and policy. His broad humanity and magnetic power were the natural outgrowth of these staunch roots, and made him what he was, emphatically, the *people's President.*

The multitude that thronged the *levée* was such an one as may be found at a republican court, and nowhere else. All the people had a right to come, and come as they chose, or as best they might. Some rolled over the smooth carriage-way to the White House in dazzling equipages, with liveried attendants, and were clad in velvet and royal ermine. Some wore badges and decorations, that signified rank and honorable service. Some went on foot, wearing sober but comely garments; and some with well-kept, thread-bare clothes, the mark of decent poverty. We noticed, as we stood apart, unseen, that the President treated all courteously; but his special and coveted attentions were bestowed on the meek and lowly, and on the battered veterans of the "rank and file." He stood erect in his place, as glitter and pomp, youth and beauty, approached him, with an extended hand and smile of welcome; but when a pale-faced little woman, with black cotton shawl and gloves, and rusty bonnet, drew near tim-

idly, scarcely raising her eyes, he stepped forward to meet her, bent over her, held her hand, till, in a low voice, he murmured words, unheard of men, but registered in heaven, that flushed the white face, raised the bowed head, and illumined the sad countenance with a flitting smile, as she passed on with a lighter step. Could it be that the meagre weeds she wore emblemized patriotic sacrifice? So it seemed; and the words of praise and tenderness from the Commander-in-Chief, had been to her as the balm of Gilead.

As each rusty, battered or maimed veteran approached the President, he stepped from his place to meet him, as if he were each soldier's debtor. After such welcome, he was at home and happy, and might be seen resting in an arm-chair of the East Room, gazing with delight and wonder on the gay throng and beautiful flowers, while the band played patriotic airs—a striking contrast to his three years' home; camps, transports and hospitals.

Our next visit was to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. While we were awaiting our turn, we had a better opportunity than we had previously enjoyed, of scanning the man at the head of the War Department, of iron nerves, strong will and patriotic heart, on whom the President leaned so confidingly; and whose eyes, unused to weep, shed such bitter tears around his dying couch.

Mr. Stanton stood at the extreme part of his long, narrow reception-room, opposite the entrance. One arm rested on his desk; his countenance was thoughtful almost to sternness, and his searching eyes bent on the ground, except when they were raised to scan each new-comer. The lines in his overhanging brow were deeper than the year before; the

silver threads more perceptible; the resolute mouth closed more firmly than ever. We sat near, and heard some passing words. The Secretary preserved profound silence and attention, as each one told his tale, or preferred his request; and then with studied brevity, in a low, determined voice, he uttered a few sentences, or may be syllables, that sealed the fate of the petitioner. At the close of one speech, more prolix than usual, delivered with trembling eagerness, the Secretary answered quietly, "Too late, sir, too late!" The verdict was absolute—final. No appeal could be taken. The man walked slowly on with a heavy sigh or gasp, and drew his handkerchief over his damp brow and eyes.

Mr. Stanton received us with marked courtesy. His reply to the invitation was so characteristic, concise and unanswerable, that I give it verbatim: "Ladies, I thank you and those whom you represent, for the kind invitation to attend the great Sanitary Fair to be held in Chicago, and would be happy to accept it; but we are at war; I cannot leave my post. We are engaged in the same work of putting an end to the rebellion; but my place is here, while yours is yonder." Like the pale man that preceded us, we offered no further plea, but with a kind farewell retired to make place for others, having learned by experience, that official interviews must be brief and pointed, as minutes become hours, when a nation waits. The Secretary of War, in accordance with our request, gave an order for the captured rebel flags which ornamented the Hall of Arms and Trophies, at the last North-Western Sanitary Fair.

We had the privilege, while in Washington, of making the acquaintance and presenting an invitation to the Fair, to

Admiral Farragut and his charming wife, worthy of her heroic husband. His modesty and *naïveté* charmed us. He had the proverbial frankness of the sailor, and the bearing of a gentleman; looked like a jovial, easy man, at peace with himself and all the world, rather than the old hero, braced to the mainyards in a tempest of iron hail and brimstone, roaring his orders through a trumpet, and directing the fierce, successive naval battles that reduced the coast and Gulf forts, and took possession of New Orleans. He was *the* star at Washington at the time, and was hugely lionized, dined, tead, and toasted. His humility and childlike simplicity saved him from the baleful effects of adulation. Like Abraham Lincoln, he looked upon himself as the mere representative of the triumph of the old flag, and in her name, and for her behoof, he received a grateful nation's plaudits. In the course of a free and easy conversation, the Admiral made a remark that furnished the key to his successful life, and may supply a rule of action for the young and enterprising. We spoke of the naval battles in the Gulf, of the huge obstacles to their success, of the prodigious valor developed, and the brilliant success of the campaign. He said: "I never undertake impossibilities, though some may call them so. I always expect to succeed, and always have, for that very reason. I never ask a man to do what he doubts his ability to perform. That doubt will entail a failure. If he says, after a full, calm view of the situation, 'it can be done, and I'll do it,' his success is pretty sure; but if he will only try, and do the best he can, and doubts the wisdom of the plan, I say he's not the man for the place. Confidence is necessary to victory—enthusiasm and indomit-

able will may overcome almost superhuman obstacles." Such men become magnetic, concentrating and consolidating scattered forces, and, like Napoleon's military squares, present quadruple fronts to the enemy, and bear down all opposition when they charge. The tenderness of the Admiral's heart was written in the lines of his mouth, whose womanly sweetness was redeemed by the firm clasp of lips, ready to be compressed at a moment's warning. He was a Virginian, and loved his State well; but the *Union more.* He told us he used every effort to induce Virginia to remain within the Union, and predicted the disaster that secession would produce, but was rewarded for his pains by an order to leave Norfolk within two hours, which he used with his accustomed dispatch, bringing off, as he said, sixteen large trunks, containing all their valuables, and the four persons composing the family. His kindly nature gleamed out, as he said he had taken large numbers of his old friends and neighbors prisoners, but always took good care to be out of the way when they surrendered, not wishing to add to their humiliation, which he had predicted to them, with earnest entreaties to forbear from the madness of secession, till they thought him crazy. Brave, good, honest man! so full of power, and so wreathed with laurels, yet withal, preserving the modesty and simplicity of genius.

We met during our visit to Washington, for the first time, the renowned President of our forthcoming Fair, Maj.-Gen. Joseph Hooker. Like everybody else, we were much impressed with his stately presence and gallant bearing, and could appreciate the remark of our lamented President, in our first interview with him, that Gen. Hooker

was one of the most gallant officers of the Union army. He entered into our plans with enthusiasm, talked Fair to everybody, and gave us all the encouragement and assistance that his commanding position afforded. We shall have occasion to introduce him more fully in connection with the progress of the Fair, which he assured us he would attend, if he were carried thither on a litter from the battle-field.

Hon. Charles Sumner, and Chief-Justice Chase, with his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Sprague, proposed to visit the Fair, if possible. The sudden close of the war and the murder of the President, so changed the plans and scathed the hearts of public men, who were his staunch friends, that their intentions were unfulfilled. Hon. Charles Sumner entertained very favorably the proposition to deliver a lecture on the occasion, but felt in no humor for it, when his friend and Chief Magistrate had gone that way, to return no more forever. It will ever be a cause of deep regret, that the North-West lost the rare treat of a literary production from so able a statesman, so ripe a scholar, and so eloquent an orator. Mr. Sumner seemed the great Alone at Washington — grand, gloomy, resolute—and when fully roused by the charge of holding back Louisiana from recognition, by dilatory motions, sublime, in his frank acknowledgments of his intentions, and self-justification on conscientious principles.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull, of whom Illinois is so justly proud, and his patriotic wife, rendered us great assistance. We found Mrs. Trumbull's name the "open sesame" to every charmed circle. She wrought for the cause with a zeal worthy of her staunch husband, and the prairie State he so nobly represents. We met nothing but kindness and encouragement, and al-

though the mighty events that intervened between our visit and the Fair curtailed the results of our mission, we had reason to know that not an inconsiderable portion of its success, *under the adverse circumstances*, was due to the publicity that it gained at the headquarters of the nation and in Eastern cities, and the substantial aid received in various ways from those directions. The U. S. Sanitary Commission, whose headquarters were at Washington, placed its manifold aids at our disposal. The General Secretary, John S. Blatchford, Esq., Rev. F. N. Knapp, and other officials, gave us every advantage and assistance in our work, and the near view of the breadth and activity of that organization, stimulated us to renewed efforts in its behalf.

While in Washington we met Miss Peabody, a rare and gifted woman, who first introduced Kintergarten schools into the United States. Miss Peabody had visited the President, and been completely won from vague dissatisfaction, to admiration and love. Her appreciative nature responded to the elevated character of this good man. Miss Peabody was introduced by her friend, Mr. Everett, as the sister-in-law of Hon. Horace Mann. Mr. Lincoln at once received her with marked cordiality, and entered into conversation which dissolved every mist of prejudice, and revealed so sincere, discriminating, and magnanimous a character, that he thoroughly charmed her. The President, when placed in contact with Eastern people, appeared even more a revelation, than to his Western constituents, who had longer known his worth and his simplicity. In speaking of the Hon. Horace Mann, Mr. Lincoln naïvely remarked, "I can never forget his reception of me

when I first entered Congress. He was then a leader; a man of much learning and wide reputation. I was an obscure young member, from a remote Western State; shy, awkward, and unknown to fame. Nevertheless, he took me by the hand, helped me up, and stood behind me, when I needed backing." He added, in a deeply thoughtful tone, "But for his help I might not have been here to-day." On the pinnacle of human fame, Abraham Lincoln did not forget the hand that helped him to mount, though it had long ago become stiff in death. His heart kept the record, his modesty believed it, and his big soul acknowledged and proclaimed it.

I copy an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Livermore from Washington, touching a marked specialty in the aspect of the city at the time—March, 1865.

"I think I have before spoken of the great number of deserters from Lee's army constantly coming into Washington. The number is incredible. You meet them two or three times a day, under the escort of our soldiers—ragged, unkempt, almost bare-footed, and often bare-headed; dirty, lean, wretched-looking fellows, but jubilant and sometimes hilarious. Fifteen hundred have come into Washington in less than ten days, most of them bringing their arms with them. A negro, who was believed trustworthy, was sent outside the lines with a six-mule team, to get a big load of wood. Having gone thus far, he seemed to think it worth while to venture a little further, and so kept on towards 'Uncle Sam's boys.' The rebel pickets saw him going, and rushed after him—our men saw him coming, and rushed towards him; the ebony teamster whipped up his mules, shouted,

hurrahed, and urged them on. Guns were fired on both sides, and there was great yelling and confusion for a few moments. The negro gained the day, and ran out of slavery into freedom. He was taken to the Quartermaster, who gave him several hundred dollars for his team; and so he got his liberty and a good start. You hear anecdotes like this by the dozen. Lee's army is melting away rapidly, and to him every deserter is a total loss, for the Confederacy cannot replace him. Most of the deserters who come into our lines are unmarried men, or, if married, their families are in the North."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Last Fair.—Reception of regiments.—Reception of Gen. Grant and Sherman.—Gen. Sherman's speech.—Gov. Yates' reception of Gen. Grant.—Humorous incidents.

I SHALL be pardoned for special and somewhat detailed notice of the last, as well as the first, of the series of great Sanitary Fairs, for the following reasons: The *prestige* of the first was its primogeniture, which gave it special birthright privileges; of the last, its *faithfulness unto death*, and its fulfilment of oft-repeated pledges to the soldiers, to work and minister, while one of them needed the help of the U. S. Sanitary Commission or Soldiers' Home.

The inauguration of peace, and the rapid return to civil life of so large a portion of the army, during its progress, made the last Fair a benefit for the "Boys in Blue," in a double sense. It afforded the opportunity to twelve entire regiments, in addition to large numbers of discharged soldiers and prisoners, representing almost the whole Western army, to see and enjoy the enthusiastic efforts that had been made, and continued to the end of the war, for their benefit. As each regiment of brave fellows came home, God bless them! with their brawn, bronze, and tatters, they were met in

Chicago by a citizens' committee, appointed by the Board of Trade, who gave them a speech and a welcome.

The ladies of the Soldiers' Rest shrank not from the prodigious labor of giving them warm, comfortable meals, sometimes to the number of thousands daily. The Fair also threw its doors wide open to receive them. Its executive chairman, T. B. Bryan, Esq., or some other able speaker, in the absence of military heroes, bade them welcome. The patriot saleswomen and spectators joined in the clapping and waving of handkerchiefs; while the soldiers, accustomed to plough through mud or dust, up bluffs, in face of ball and rifle, or through swamps and rivers, sighting the enemy, marched through the broad aisles of the great bazaar, having three avenues, each three hundred and eighty-six feet long, filled with dazzling gifts from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, California, England, the Continent, and Japan, besides the products of home taste and skilled labor. The air was filled with silk stars and stripes, fluttering in peace over the fair women at work beneath their folds, as though they were created for such gentle mission alone. The bewildered and delighted looks of the soldiers and their battered clothing, inspired the audience anew, and shouts and cheers rolled through the topmost arches of Union Hall.

The pistol which Jeff. Davis carried at the time of his capture, loaded and capped as he held it, was presented to the Michigan Department by Major Hudson, of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, who took the rebel leader prisoner. It was labelled in large letters, and hung in a conspicuous place. The soldiers enjoyed it above all other sights. They felt at home while looking at it, and remembering what the

treason of the owner of the villainous little weapon had cost them. They were, for the most part, mute spectators of the brilliant scene, that seemed to stun them; but here, their tongues were loosed, and with jeers and jests they slowly passed it, saying: "'Tis ours now; we have won and paid for it."

The regiments were taken through Horticultural Hall to Jacob's Well, where they received a free treat of lemonade, which involved the manufacture of twelve thousand glasses of the delicious beverage. Sometimes a company was treated to ice-cream, too expensive a luxury to deal out to regiments, *only* because the proceeds were needed for *sick and suffering* soldiers. But the crowning view of the returning heroes, was when they were met by their former leaders, Grant, Sherman and Hooker. Then the enthusiasm became overmastering. I had the privilege of standing beside these world-renowned heroes when they received many of these regiments, and longed, alas! in vain, for the power to reproduce the scenes, in their sublimity and pathos.

The aisles were packed with veterans, just as they had landed from the cars, to which they had marched from camps and battle-fields, where I had seen and known them. Their blue clothes were rusty—often ragged; their hats torn with bullets, the feathers shot off, or hanging down broken; their faces bronzed, their sinewy limbs and broad shoulders bearing arms and knapsacks. The glorious shreds of their once flaunting colors, were only scraps, or faded ribbons, but ah! how they talked! As they were upheld and waved, deafening shouts and yells of welcome greeted them, and *not a dry eye* looked upon them. They told of bloody work, and of

three hundred thousand comrades that had gone out with them, left behind—buried all over rebel soil—their graves fringing the Mississippi and flanking Mission Ridge, Andersonville and Atlanta. The eyes of the brave men were as dim with tears as the spectators'. From the platform we could see brown hands, for want of handkerchiefs, wiping them away.

As Gen. Sherman was introduced to a regiment, by a gentleman of the citizens' committee, he said, with inimitable quaintness, "I am greatly obliged to the gentleman for introducing me to the members of my own family." Shall I dare describe the roar of delight this simple utterance called forth? It struck the key-note of their souls, and produced such a tempest of enthusiasm, that the arches seemed to tremble. Hats flew up in mid-air; the sea of upturned faces, with open mouths, became rigid with excitement; the masses of soldiers swayed as the forest-trees in a gale, while tears coursed down their brown, manly cheeks. No wonder! 'Twas truly the father meeting his children *in peace, after a bloody war;* in a temple, raised by a grateful people for their benefit. They had stood with Grant, Sherman and Hooker, on whom they were looking, shoulder to shoulder, in the rifle-pits at Vicksburg, on the top of Lookout Mountain, and marched with their beloved commander from the Mississippi to the sea. They had together fought, braved danger, suffered hardships, gained victories, defended the honor of the Flag, maintained our nationality, and destroyed slavery, and now, met their chieftains in peace, within sight of home and sound of their children's prattle and wives' joyful welcome; and in the face of the loyal multitude, Sherman had called them his own

family. This master-stroke of eloquence inspired and melted every heart.

Another specialty of the last Fair, was the opportunity furnished to the North-West to give the first reception, aside from that at the National Capital, to the most renowned military leaders of the war. Had the Fair accomplished no other results than these, it would have amply repaid all the labor and outlay. So the North-West regards this outpouring of hosannas to her returning soldiers, especially as it was *the only peace jubilee proclaimed and inaugurated.*

Not only did this last Fair become the triumphal arch of the returning heroes, but memorable, as celebrating the last anniversary of the active existence of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, on the 9th of June, A.D. 1865, when the Rev. Dr. Bellows, the father of Sanitary Commissions, honored it with his presence, acknowledged it as his offspring, and gave a sketch eloquent with facts, of its inception and results, in a thrilling speech, delivered in Union Hall, on that occasion. In addition to all these moral results, the substantial sum of a quarter of a million of dollars was placed in the treasuries of three great patriotic organizations, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.

In the early part of A.D. 1864, Hon. Mark Skinner, from impaired health, owing in great part to excessive labors and perplexing interruptions, consequent upon his responsible position in the Sanitary Commission, resigned his post as President of the North-Western Branch, to the deep regret of all with whom he was associated, and of the community at large, where he was so justly esteemed. He, however, retained a deep interest in the affairs of the Commission, and

continued his connection with the Central Board of the Organization.

Ezra B. McCagg, Esq., was unanimously elected President, to fill Judge Skinner's place. Mr. McCagg remained at his post, and ably and faithfully fulfilled its varied and multiform duties till the close of the commission, was its President at the time of the Fair, and also held the office of Vice-President of its Executive Committee.

Three weeks before the opening of the Fair, the original basis for the distribution of proceeds was changed, and it was resolved by the officers of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home, to give to the Christian Commission fifty thousand dollars of the net proceeds. The officers of the Fair, and the Chairmen of its various committees, who composed its Board at the close of the effort, resolved, after paying the sum above named to the Christian Commission, owing to the imperative necessity for a permanent Soldiers' Home, to divide the remainder of the net proceeds, equally, between the North-Western Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission and the Soldiers' Home of Chicago; and this arrangement was faithfully executed.

The buildings of the last Sanitary Fair resembled those of Philadelphia more closely than any other of the series. Union Hall was a repetition of its stately prototype, except in length; as the park in Chicago was smaller, the buildings were necessarily more scattered. The Hall of Arms and Trophies, under the management of Hon. James B. Bradwell, Chicago and the Art Gallery, occupied Bryan Hall, generously placed at the disposal of the Fair by its Chairman, T. B. Bryan, Esq. Judge Bradwell succeeded in making the Trophy

Hall of the last Fair more attractive and significant than that of any other in the series of Fairs. It contained an array of relics, curiosities and trophies, arranged with such exquisite taste and skill, that, although disconnected with the main buildings, it drew a constant crowd of spectators, and maintained its popularity throughout the Fair. Horticultural Hall, in Chicago, took the place of Floral Hall in Philadelpha. In the latter city, in the midst of multiplied conservatories and affluent flower-gardens, Flora could hold her court, with suitable decorations. In the comparative absence of these charming results of the wealth and culture of older regions, only a landscape garden could be extemporized. Its rapid creation was admitted to be almost a miracle, and is so significant of Western energy and promptness, that I must be pardoned for giving the particulars of its construction. In the course of twelve days, the naked, macadamized thoroughfare on Michigan avenue, was transformed into a sylvan scene of such perfection, that it was difficult to conceive that months had not been occupied in its completion. The laborers, under the direction of Mr. John Blair, worked day and night, and, in this short space of time, the building was erected, pipes laid, lakelets formed, hills thrown up, walks gravelled, trees planted, banks sodded, a miniature Lookout Mountain reproduced, where Gen. Joseph Hooker, the President of the Fair, stood, enfiladed by "fair" women, instead of the "Boys in Blue." Its apex commanded, on the east, a magnificent view of Lake Michigan, with its changeful but bewitching face, dotted with sails, and animated by propellers, steamers and tugs, and the marvellous railroad on piles, over which incessant trains whirled to and from the depot,

depositing their living burdens within sight of the Fair. Michigan avenue, stretching miles to the south, with its border of palaces, and trees in full verdure, its centre filled with equipages, and its broad sidewalks thronged with visitors to the Fair, presented a wonderful moving panorama. I will not detain the reader by a prolix account of this jubilee, but will introduce a brief *coup d'œil* of several departments, from the pen of Mr. Taylor, editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal:*

"UNION HALL.

"Candor compels us to confess it is a herculean task to see the sights in all the departments of this emphatically great Fair. It is due to the truth of history to remark, that few really ever accomplish it. We cannot wonder that our friends from the city and country, who came in expecting 'to do' the whole in a single day, become wofully discouraged, and conclude a week is too short a time to scan the endless variety in detail, and picture in memory the multiform shapes of comeliness and diversified beauty.

"With the vast crowd constantly surging down Washington street, you reach the entrance of 'Union Hall,' and glance down the vast arch swelling above, and the eye first catches on either side a long row of purple flags of uniform size, on which is emblazoned the coats-of-arms of every State, in amicable alliance, symbolical of returning peace and unbroken unity.

"Below, are the long rows of gay booths, flanking the sides and occupying the centre. The thousand styles of decoration, the ingenious blending of the national colors into countless

types of brilliant ornamentation, form a picture of gorgeous splendor and imposing magnificence. Red, White and Blue encircle all, envelop all, overhang all. Here they are fluted or wrought into panels, there woven into flowing shapes or spangled into stellar forms, and yonder looped into easy *negligé*, wreathed with garlands, and deftly woven into regal coronets. The effect is pleasing beyond expression, and the resultant harmony of the radiant trinity of blended colors, stirs in the heart feelings of patriotic pride.

"But float along in the eddying current of humanity, and essay the critical examination of the myriad pretty, curious and useful articles, in succession, and soon the eye becomes wearied, and the brain tired. Every zone and clime have furnished souvenirs from their choicest treasures; every nation, its rare and curious products. Japan and China have sent fantastic oddities; Rome and Venice their classical memorials; Berlin and Paris their exquisite finery; and London and Liverpool their characteristic representatives. Shells from the dark caves of ocean; stalactites from the caves, and minerals from the bowels of the earth, invite the scientific observer to linger still. Mechanical skill displays its mastery over matter, and shows how it can subjugate the forces of nature, and make them minister to the necessity, convenience and comfort of man. In short, whatever the skill, ingenuity or research of man, or the taste of woman, could devise or gather up, all press their claims on the attention of the passer-by. What wonder, then, that long before the circuit has been completed you tire, and long to rest your wearied limbs and cool your excited brain? From the centre of Union Hall go into the east wing, and, stopping to provide

yourself with the indispensable voice of the Fair, which for a paltry dime an angel in disguise (a disguise which fails to deceive the gallant purchaser) dispenses, enter the precincts of

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

And turning to the right, ascend the steps, and a scene of enchanting loveliness greets the eye. Imagine Central Park epitomized and intensified, and you have the hall. It is four hundred feet long, sixty wide, and forty high, and lighted by windows of stained glass, which mellow the 'garish light of day.' The entire circumference is fringed with cedars, deciduous trees are scattered here and there, and interspersed among them, all varieties of evergreen found on the eastern continent. The remaining space is artistically laid out into meadows, lawns, ponds, flower-plats, and broad gravelled walks. At the south extremity, we are informed, is a neat apartment, containing a choice and extensive assortment of flowers, vases, and horticultural tools. Over and around this rises 'Point Lookout,' which is reached by a winding staircase. The upper part is gayly festooned with the national tri-color, while further down the green turf is seen, and dwarf spruces climb ambitious upwards. Amidst these, a clear spring babbles fresh from its pebbly source, dances gayly on and laughs down the rocky steeps, forming a miniature cascade. Flowing northward, it winds among grassy meads, washes the shores of petite islets, is arched by rural bridges, coquets with the bending flowers which mirror themselves in its bosom, and, replenished by the waters of a dozen fountains, glides on and disappears from sight. Near

the cascade is a dainty park, from which two fawns gaze out in mute astonishment and admiration. Hard by is an antelope, and four eagles perched proudly on their favorite points of observation.

"To the northward is a lakelet, fed by half a dozen fountains, whence the waters fall with ever-varying musical cadence, and, in pearly drops, haste to hide themselves in the dimpled lake, or, shivered into impalpable mist, seek companionship with their flowery neighbors, drawn by nature's great law of affinity. In graceful pose, the statuary quartette, 'The Seasons,' stand smiling by, and from the adjacent shrubbery, charming statues peep slyly forth. Beyond the fountains, the flowers cluster lovingly together, as if in reciprocal congratulation at their rare good fortune, in being permitted to offer their fragrant incense on this altar of humanity and philanthropy.

"From all lands these trees and flowers have come, to beautify and adorn this shrine of patriotic devotion. In generous rivalry, they vie with each other, in adding to the attractions of this charming spot. The pine from Scotland and Austria, and the spruce from Norway, contend for the palm of excellence with the evergreens indigenous to the American soil. Charmed by the dulcet notes of Freedom's voice, the heya camosa and colleus, from the West Indies; the blooming cactus from Central America; the nodding fuschia, the golden arbutelon, and the spreading begonia, from South America; the patient century-plant, from Mexico; the Washingtonia gigantea, from California; the eunymus and alban camelia, from Japan; the eugenia, from China; the delicate acacia, from Australia; the queenly oleander, from Florida;

the Ethiopian colla, the Syrian myrtle and Grecian laurel; all and hundreds more have hastened hither, displaying their richest hues, and perfuming the air with their fragrant breath, to unite with our own splendid flora, in sending up their glad tribute of thanksgiving, that the foulest stain which ever disgraced our escutcheon is washed away, and to join in a tender message of sympathy to the scarred and suffering heroes, who consecrated themselves a votive offering on Columbia's altar, and infused into her blue veins the crimson tide from their loyal hearts. From cages here and there pendant, the mellifluous Florida red-bird sends out a gushing stream of melody, the versatile mocking-bird echoes the melody, and the plumed orchestra catch up the inspiring theme, and the hall resounds with their choral songs. Scattered around are rustic seats and arbors; tiny ships float lazily on the lakelet's placid surface; in crystal aquariæ, fishes sport in glee, and display the golden sheen of their finny sides.

"But in surveying the surrounding scene, we have not failed to notice with peculiar admiration, the cunning arbor, where crowds are hastening to drink from

JACOB'S WELL,

But with epicurean taste we have reserved the most delicious to the last.

"Surrounded by cedars of Lebanon and the fir-trees of Bashan, in a cool grotto, stands queenly Rebecca and her fair attendants, and the pious Jacob, clad in the quaint costume of the orientals. Timidly we approach the cooling fountain, for our tender susceptibilities warn us of coming

danger, and soon claim the attention of the divinity presiding there. Beautiful Rebecca! charming Miriam! what words can portray the courtesy and winning grace with which you presented the goblet filled to the brim with nectar fit for the Olympian gods?

"Bask in this sunshine of life, child, youth, and maturer age, for we cultivate too little our love for the beautiful in nature and art. Your hearts will be purified by these associations, your souls enlarged and strengthened in goodness, and you better fitted for life—and the Life beyond. Return often to this enchanted land, for your eyes can never behold its like again till Eden dawns on your sight."

It is not surprising that one of the soldiers who had followed Gen. Hooker to the top of the mimic mountain, and surveyed the scene of life and beauty beneath, when asked if this reminded him of its namesake in Tennessee, replied, "Not much. It's thunderin' handsome, but it don't look, nor I don't feel like I did, when I got to the top of that big hill down South, and found old Joe there, dusty and panting like the rest of us."

I shall be pardoned for introducing, at this juncture, a sketch of the battle of "Mission Ridge," the PRIVATES' VICTORY, that immediately succeeded that of Lookout Mountain, here referred to. When Gen. Grant took command of the "Army of the Mississippi," he found Rosecrans and his forces shut up in Chattanooga, sixty miles from their base of supplies, and Bragg so confident of success, that he had sent off Longstreet, to drive Burnside from Knoxville. Plans for the relief of Chattanooga were rapidly

made and effectively executed, by Gen. Grant and his able coadjutors, Thomas, Sherman and Hooker. At the period of which I write, Hooker had scaled the heights of "Lookout," and in Jove's dominion, fought his famous battle above the clouds, whence he descended to thunder on the rebel flank, while Gen. Sherman pressed his weary, foot-sore, bleeding columns on the enemy's flank and rear, his battalions swaying and lessening at every foot of the terrible advance.

All this while, three divisions of the "Army of the Cumberland," in front of the rebel centre, lay crouching, silent, resolute; awaiting the signal-gun, to spring upon the foe. At four o'clock P.M. it sounded. One—two—three—four. As its echoes died in the distance, as if unearthed by the shock, up rose the blue lines of the "Heroes of the Rank and File." They pressed on, over a hundred and fifty yards of broken ground, in the face of cracking rifle and blazing artillery, to the base of the Ridge, four hundred feet in height.

Onward! still onward they ploughed their bloody way; their zeal and bravery waited not for the word of command. Each man earned a marshal's baton, and in his sublime consecration became so individual, that *orders were given in accordance with the action of the troops that had outrun their leaders* As their ranks were thinned, and their banners planted, one by one, in the midst of smoke, blood, and thunder, even the self-contained Thomas exclaimed, "General, I fear they will never reach the top." "Give 'em time, General, give 'em time," said Grant.

The brave fellows *took their time to bleed, and die, and*

conquer; and when the sun closed his eyes that night on the bloody steeps, like the "roar of many waters," shouts of victory reached the ears of comrades and commanders. The "PRIVATES' VICTORY" was won—they unfurled the "Old Flag" from the battlements of Mission Ridge. Bragg was in full retreat, and 7,000 prisoners and forty-seven pieces of artillery were the tangible results of the victory. The "Boys in Blue and Heroes of the Rank and File" were vindicated, and may justly claim one of the most hotly contested and triumphant battles of the war, as *their own.*

Amid other attractions of the Fair, I must not omit to mention the historical bird, the famous Wisconsin Eagle, "Old Abe," that earned $15,000 for the Fair, by his persistent patriotism. He was taken from his nest in Chippewa county, Wisconsin, by a Chippewa Indian, and presented to Company C, Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, by a gentleman who purchased him. When this regiment marched into Camp Randall, he spread his wings, seizing a small flag on his perch, and remained in that position till removed to other quarters. When the regiment cheered, he never failed to rise, but to the cheers of any other regiment he paid no heed. He had been in all its battles, as much exposed as the men. At the battle of Farmington, the Eighth Wisconsin was ordered to lie down, and he could not be kept on his perch. He was liberated, and at once lay flat on the ground; but when the men arose, he resumed his place of danger, and occupied it till the close of the battle. The rebel Gen. Price coveted him, and ordered his men to capture him, if possible; saying, he would rather have that bird, than the whole brigade.

He escaped all snares, returned with the victorious regiments to their Wisconsin homes, and like them rested on his laurels, in apartments expressly fitted up for him in the State House Park at Madison. Gov. Lewis gave permission for him to be exhibited at the Fair, and he occupied a conspicuous booth. By the ingenuity and energy of Mr. Sewall, of Chicago, from his exhibition and the sale of his photographs, the enormous sum above named was realized.

An autograph of President Lincoln, exhibited at the Fair, wonderfully characteristic of the man and his principles, deserves a place here. It was sent to a lady of St. Louis in answer to a request for his autograph.

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if it be God's will that it should continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's 250 years of unrequited labor shall be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

So many thrilling incidents occurred at the Fair, that it is difficult to make a selection, but the touching narration of the entrance of one of the battered heroes, for whom all this work was done, seems peculiarly appropriate to this volume. We would ask Mr. Taylor again to speak for us:

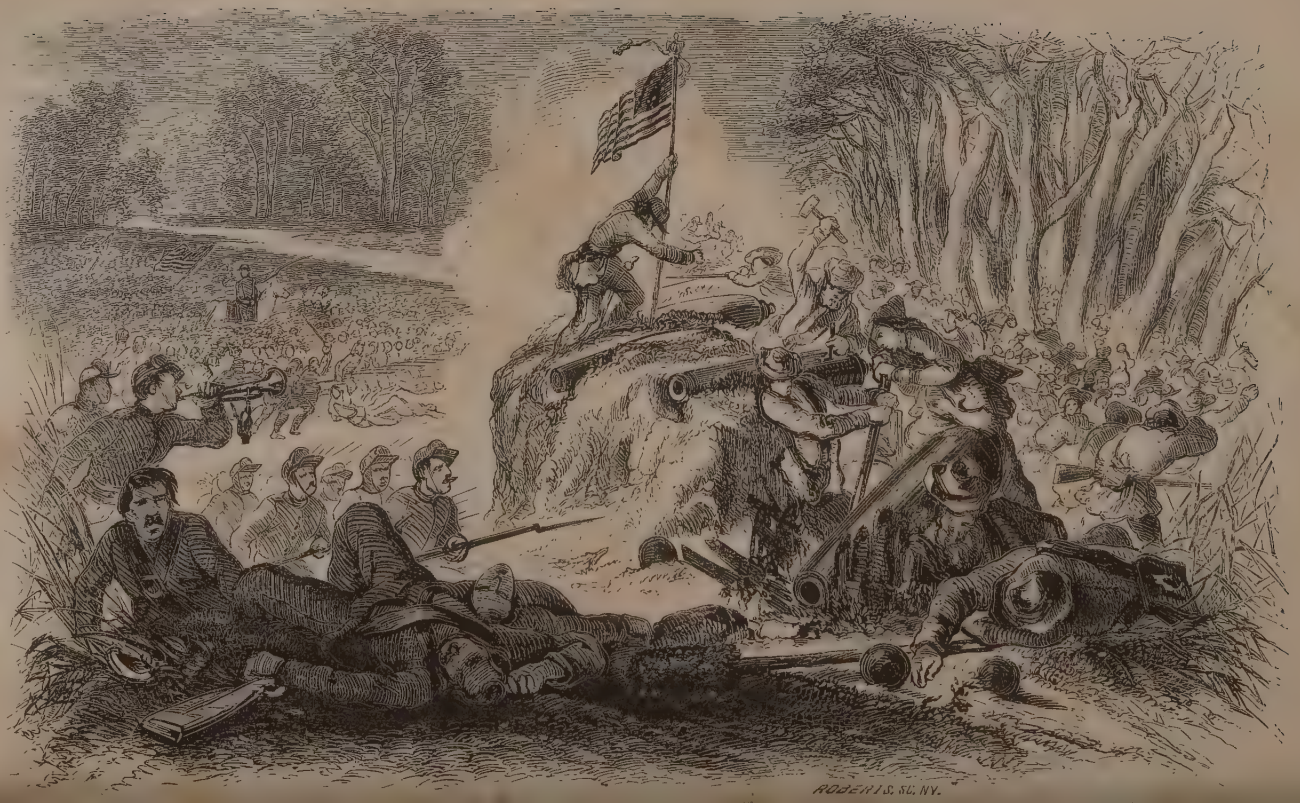
"This morning a strange procession moved through the brilliant halls of the Fair. The gay throngs parted silently as it came, the laugh subsided, and the smile faded out. It was a triumphal procession, without marshal or baton. Slowly, like a dark-colored thread drawn through a bright

warp, it passed on. And this procession had the freedom of the city. Not the Governor when he came, headed by drum and bugle, had a better right to enter there. Four soldiers, bearing a stretcher; upon it a wounded soldier, with a flag for a covering. And the soldier so taking his rest, was the color-sergeant of the 127th Illinois Regiment, and those hands of his, so feeble now, grasped the staff, as the eagle grasps the arrows, and planted the banner on the rampart, at the capture of Arkansas Post.

"And this man would see the halls the grateful land had built for his comrades and for him. Not for the pomp and circumstance of the big wars; not for pride or power, but for just this man, pale, silent, suffering, and for the thousands like him, is all this pageantry. Do you wonder there was a lighting up of his anxious eye? Was it a flash of sun without, or the light of a grateful thought dawning?

"Officers of the Commissions, noble President of the Fair, Chairmen of the Departments, true and earnest women, faithful as the Mary at cross and grave; bright, fair young girls, giving your days to unremitted toil, givers of the gifts around the world, you have robbed the angels of their mission!"

The foreign contributions to the Fair were hailed as gratifying omens of the sympathy of the masses over the water, with us in our struggles for the principles of universal freedom. Hon. N. B. Judd, our resident minister at the court of Berlin, and his patriotic wife, labored incessantly, and sent boxes filled with articles of vertu and needlework, of wondrous skill and beauty. These, with all other foreign contributions, and the California donations, as well as those from New York,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were artistically and tastefully arranged in booths, under the direction of Hon. Charles L. Wilson, former Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James. Mr. James McHenry, of London, in addition to a donation of $5,000 to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, sent to the Fair a lady's dressing-case, costing $1,000. It was so adroitly managed by Mr. Wilson, that it netted to the treasury $3,000, and was eventually voted to Miss Anna L. Wilson, niece of the chairman of the department, and daughter of John L. Wilson of the *Evening Journal.*

The denominational feature of this last great enterprise was unique and entirely successful. The clergy of all denominations entered heartily into this effort. The Rev. W. W. Patton, D.D, Vice-President of the branch of the Sanitary Commission at Chicago, was Chairman of the Congregational Department, and with his wife contributed largely to its success; Dr. Z. M. Humphrey and wife labored and stimulated to the utmost, the zeal of the Presbyterians; Rev. Clinton Locke and wife, the Episcopal Department; Rev. Robert Collyer, the Unitarian; Dr. T. M. Eddy and wife, and Dr. Tiffany and wife, the Methodist; Rev. E. B. Tuttle and wife, the Universalist; and Bishop Duggan, with Mrs. Gen. Sherman and Mrs. Judge Arrington, as aids, made the Roman Catholic Department a complete success. This happy result proved, that on the broad platform of humanity and patriotism, all denominations could unite, to testify their gratitude to God and their brave deliverers. Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota and Philadelphia, had handsome and remunerative departments, managed and controlled by their able representatives, who accompanied the donations.

As I have said, the most salient point in this great exhibition, was the reception of the returning regiments and their leaders, Grant, Sherman and Hooker. These military men are so widely renowned, and have so ineffaceably written their record on the hearts of the people, by their brilliant campaigns and triumphant successes, that nothing remains to the historian, but a simple narration of facts. The spontaneous and overwhelming ovation, given to them at the last Sanitary Fair, opened by tumultuous applause and enthusiasm, when Mayor Rice introduced Gen. Sherman in an emphatic and happy manner, and a poem, written by Judge Arrington, was pronounced by Hon. George C. Bates, in his graceful style.

Gen. Sherman's brief, terse and direct speech on this occasion, harmonizes so entirely with the character and scope of this volume, and is so confirmatory of the status claimed in it, for the "rank and file" of the army, that I shall introduce a portion of it.

Gen. Sherman spoke as follows:

"I thank you, sir, for the kind welcome you have given me to-day, and to the gentleman who read the poem, I also tender my thanks. I can hardly hope that my voice will reach yon recess, and if those who are near me can only hear the few words I propose to address to you, it is all I ask. I am not a man of words, and deeds can only be recorded by others, not by the actors themselves; for we see not the scenes remote; we see not what occurs behind us, but simply the limited space in front of our eyes. I have been far away from you, but my feelings have been here quite as much as though my body had been within the limits

of Chicago. My sphere of action lay away off in the South. *I had with me your brothers and your sons, and I never want any better backers in anything.* [Applause, long continued, and voices, "Hurrah for Sherman!" "Didn't they do it!" etc.] I can recall among those backers, men of Chicago, armed with stronger arguments than mere words or letters—armed with the twenty-pounder and the twelve-pounder, which speak in language which cannot be mistaken; the only voice with which men arrayed in arms against us are to be addressed, and the only means man can use when reason loses its sway, to convince. Now, all is peace from here to the Gulf, and you, gentlemen, know better than I can tell, what your duties have become," etc., etc.

Long-continued cheers concluded the reception, and the General could only shake a modicum of the eager hands stretched towards him, when he slowly wound his way to Jacob's Well, and paid his respects to the "Old Folks at the Farm-house." A few days afterwards, Gen. Grant was received by a vast audience of at least 10,000 people, who packed Union Hall. His advent was announced by the salute of 100 cannon, fired by the Chicago Light Artillery. Escorted by Gen. Hooker, the honorary President of the Fair, and other distinguished men, he entered the north door, and was instantly greeted by the chorus, "Red, White, and Blue," sung by a select choir. Their voices were drowned by the shouts of the multitude, whose enthusiasm amounted almost to insanity. The interior of the long line of booths in the centre and on either side of the magnificent hall, was filled with ladies, whose waving handkerchiefs and beaming eyes told the story of womanly patriotism. Gen. Hooker, in his

happiest manner, introduced Gen. Grant, and, as he said, "turned him over to the people."

GENERAL GRANT

Then stepped forward, and was again received with thundering applause. At the first lull, he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, as I never made a speech myself, I will ask Gov. Yates, of Illinois, to return the thanks which I should fail to express." Gov. Yates' speech is so glowing, brief and *historical*, that I present it, verbatim. He said:

"This is indeed an unexpected duty on my part. Gen. Grant has devolved upon me the duty of returning to the citizens of Chicago, his thanks for the splendid reception they have given him on this occasion. Fellow-citizens, while I feel illy-prepared for this duty, yet I conceive it to be the most precious moment of my life, that I should have the honor of replying in the name of this most distinguished citizen, to the people of Chicago, to the people of the State of Illinois. Some four years ago, as you will see in a paper published in the city of Vicksburg, it was then and there announced, that a certain Captain Grant had made a report to the Governor of Illinois, of the number of arms that the State of Illinois had at that time, and that Captain Grant, as the paper read, had reported that the State of Illinois had 900 rusty muskets, for the defense of the Government of the United States. But, fellow-citizens, before two years had elapsed, that same Captain Grant stood under the tent of Gen. Pemberton, smoking his cigar, while the glorious stars and stripes waved over the battlements of Vicksburg. And, fellow-citizens, we have

followed him from that day to this: at Donelson, at Belmont, at Shiloh, at Pittsburg, through the Wilderness, at Richmond, Lee's surrender; until, all along the banks of our rivers, along the ocean coast, from house-top to steeple, floats to-day, in proud, unsullied splendor, our ever-glorious, star-spangled banner. (Great cheering.)

"Fellow-citizens, I have often said, that you must allow me the honor of having commissioned Ulysses S. Grant. I did not know that the gentleman was so great a man then, or I might have been a little more complimentary. Now his name, crowned with garlands, and wreaths of shining victories upon more than a hundred battle-fields, proclaim him the delight of this country and the world: and, next to the noble Lincoln, he is now the choice and the honor of the nation. And, fellow-citizens, I am here to-day to say, that the proudest reflection that thrills the heart of this brave soldier and General is, that we have gloriously triumphed, that our nation is preserved, that our Government has been maintained, and that we have our free institutions, for us and our posterity forever." (Great applause.)

GENERAL SHERMAN,

Being loudly called for, stepped forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to-day to listen; I am not going to make any speech whatever. Always ready, always willing, always proud, I was willing to do anything that the Lieutenant-General asked me to do, and I know he never asked me to make a speech." (Cheers and laughter.)

Gen. Grant—"I never asked a soldier to do anything I could not do myself." (Renewed laughter.)

"Rally Round the Flag" was then sung by the choir, the vast audience joining in the chorus.

Mrs. Grant was called for, and came forward amid cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. Mrs. Sherman was also received with the same hearty tokens of welcome and favor.

A wag called for Mrs. Hooker, and the arches rang with echoes of the call. Gen. Hooker stepped forward, and with his gallant air, said: "I am greatly indebted to the interest you manifest in Mrs. Hooker. When I came here I hoped to bring her to respond in person to your compliments." As the General had not at the time bound himself with hymeneal chains, in which he now glories, his facetious reply added much to the hilarity of the occasion, which can never be forgotten by any who took part in or witnessed it.

In grandeur and beauty, the Fair surpassed all expectation, gave universal and unlimited satisfaction, and the net proceeds amounted to a quarter of a million of dollars—a larger amount for the time and circumstances, than a million would have been six months earlier. The great obstacles that had been overcome, had increased the triumph and enjoyment of the Fair, and made the patient laborers in its behalf, more willing to continue to bear its heavy burdens. Each successive night its brilliant halls were crowded with a delighted, grateful people. All places of amusement were deserted, in favor of its superior attractions. Even Grau, with his fine opera troupe, at the peerless opera-house, failed to draw an audience. Theatricals, concerts, etc., etc., drooped with deserted halls and empty coffers. At the dazzling Fair were found, old and young, grave and gay, clergymen, professors, senators lawyers merchants,

employees, blue coats and brass buttons, eagles and stars, sober matrons, bevies of fair young girls, troops of joyous children, with dancing eyes and rosy cheeks. Here the North-West had met twelve regiments, coming home, to be mustered out after bloody work—conquerors, covered with laurels—some maimed, some worn, but all jubilant. Here the people had welcomed Grant, Sherman and Hooker, and heard and seen them moving in the midst of their troops, giving and receiving congratulations.

But what shall we say of the "Fair women"? What Abraham Lincoln said, "God bless the women of America!" This, however, was not exclusively a woman's Fair. Leading professional and business men, in all departments, worked shoulder to shoulder, and became beggars in its behalf. Editors and reporters worked day and night, and did their best. Still, after all, men said, "Women were at the beginning, and the middle, and the end of it; and but for them, the Fair had never been." 'Twas true; they worked months beforehand, and during its continuance. By their magnetism and enthusiasm, they brought the crowds and kept them there. Had Chicago been under Roman rule, its men would have earned the freedom of the city, by the meek submission with which they transferred their household gods to the temple of liberty on Dearborn Park or Bryan Hall, and stood or sauntered round, seemingly enjoying home desolation at a distance; for "where the gods do congregate are found their worshippers." Wives drew husbands and children; youth and beauty, their devotees. Even quaint bachelors were swept in the current, and lost hearts they had failed to insure.

But the fairest flowers fade soonest, and the rarest earthly bliss is the most fleeting. The end drew nigh. The Fair's days were numbered—the beautiful creation must go the way of all the earth, and sad hearts said, Farewell! The booths were dismantled, partitions removed, but the banners and decorations retained. Long tables were erected, *and an elegant free dinner proclaimed for all the soldiers within bugle call*, given by the Fair as part of the celebration of the memorable 4th of July, 1865—the anniversary of an EMANCIPATED as well as an INDEPENDENT people; and also the annual celebration of the fall of Vicksburg. On a huge inclined platform scores of organs were placed, manipulated by skilful performers, and fifteen hundred trained singers, all under the charge of the world-renowned Balatka. An audience of ten thousand enthusiastic people joined in the choruses, and made such a volume of patriotic music, as has not been heard before nor since. The Hon. Henry Winter Davis, on that sublime occasion, pronounced a thrilling oration, that he might not have altered, had he divined he would so soon be summoned where actions and utterances must be met. A Marylander by birth and education, he indorsed liberty for the captive, and took his first public position on equal suffrage, which brought forth a thundering response, that made the arches that had echoed hosannas to Grant, Sherman and Hooker, tremble as of yore.

In conclusion, I would say, that the names of indefatigable workers in the Fair, were *legion;* and *so uniform and surpassing was their faithfulness*, selections would be invidious. The name, however, of Thomas B. Bryan, Esq., acting President of the Fair, may be mentioned, without fear of

jealousy or rivalry. The innumerable perplexities consequent on the position held by him, were greater than in any of its forerunners; owing to the undertone of opposition, on the ground of alleged needlessness. Even this current ceased to flow under his genial influence, and as the Fair progressed, the shifting sands became granite, and the edifice fell not; for it was founded on the rock of humanity and patriotism.

The following published statement, from the pen of Mr. E. B. McCagg, President of the Branch at Chicago, is so pertinent, and withal so satisfactory, as a record of some of the last work of the Commission, and an answer to the questions, "What is done and what will be done with the money raised from the Fair?" that we insert it entire:

"From the middle of April last, the work of this branch of the Sanitary Commission has been dependent on moneys received on account of the Fair, for its efficiency. At that date, its treasury became empty, and since then the larger portion of its receipts have been on Fair account. About $12,000 were expended in the latter part of May, in aid of returned prisoners from Andersonville, at Vicksburg, besides keeping up the ordinary work of the branches; and there is now in this city, a Chaplain from Fort Smith, Arkansas, with well-authenticated statements of present suffering among families of Union soldiers, themselves sufficiently heart-rending, to make one wish the entire receipts of the Fair might be sent to that storm-driven State. This branch of the Commission has sent off, on an average, a car-load of

supplies every three days, and the demand has not yet in any way lessened.

"E. B. McCAGG, *President.*"

The establishment of peace and the disbandment of the Union armies, was followed, in the course of a few months, by the evacuation of hospitals, thus ending the supply work of the Commission, and releasing the workers in that department. With its termination, came the close of our army trips, visits to aid societies, and sanitary work in various forms. I have endeavored, by the narration of our army and sanitary experience, to give a faint picture of the heroism of the "rank and file" of the army, in hospital and in the field, and of the sacrifice and suffering of the women at home. The volume is necessarily discursive, as scenes, individual sketches, and the work of various organizations, are portrayed, as they fall in by the way, and naturally become part of the narrative. My aim has been, to make the general effect and scope of the work, a unit, designated by the title. Its record belongs to the private soldiers. On their account, in their behalf, inspired by their bravery and endurance, Sanitary and Christian Commissions, Sanitary Fairs, and the entire round of patriotic efforts, were made and rendered successful.

Glorious as has been the record of the military leaders, in the words of Gen. Sherman, "the 'Boys' have put on their shoulder-straps." Triumphant and resplendent as are the stripes and stars, second only to the blue and starry heavens in beauty and significance, but for the brave volunteers, these honorable emblems would still be trail-

ing in the dust, *not* floating proudly from every fortress and every State capitol, from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. God bless the "Boys in Blue, and the Heroes of the Rank and File"! LET NOT THE NATION SAY TO THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN, "BE YE WARMED AND FILLED," BUT LET EVERY INDIVIDUAL, EVERY STATE, AND THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT, UNITE TO PAY THEIR JUST DEBT TO THE NATION'S CREDITORS—THE WORLD'S WONDER—THE RETURNED, VICTORIOUS ARMIES OF THE UNION!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. Howe's enlistment.—Raising a county regiment.—Speech at the meeting to raise recruits.—Enlistment of his coachman in same regiment.—He is made Postmaster of the regiment.—Advances money to pay regiment for two months.—His illness.—Return home to work for the boys.

I HAVE stated in the first chapter of this volume that the ranks of the Union army contained men of the highest position and worth. The following remarkable story, from the pen of James Parton, is most generously placed at my disposal, by Robert Bonner, editor of the New York *Ledger*, and is a powerful confirmation of the elevated character and exalted patriotism of some who entered the ranks of the Union army to battle for the right. We grant this case had few parallels, as regards wealth. Not a few, however, approached and equalled it in patriotism and self-abnegation.

A MILLIONAIRE IN THE RANKS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

No army, I suppose, ever contained such a variety of characters and conditions as that of the United States during the late war. There were men in it of almost every race and color; men of every rank—from French princes lineally descended from Henry IV. to the plantation slave; men of every degree of moral worth and unworthiness—from the

patriot-hero giving his life for his country to the plundering "bounty-jumper" who has since found a suitable home in a State prison. Among other characters, the strangest, perhaps, was a private soldier who possessed an income of $200,000 a year. Upon the staffs of major-generals, and at the head of regiments, there were several millionaires and sons of millionaires; but the gentleman of whom we speak, Elias Howe, Jr., the inventor of the sewing-machine—served in the *ranks* of the 17th Connecticut, and refused every offer of a commission, alleging as a reason that he was ignorant of military affairs and could render no effective service to his country except as a private. Having had occasion recently to gather information respecting the origin and progress of the sewing-machine, I heard the story of Mr. Howe's enlistment and service from the officers of his regiment, and now avail myself of the inventor's absence from the country to repeat it to the readers of the *Ledger*.

He enlisted in July, 1862, the second year of the war. The country, as we all remember, had put forth prodigious efforts to repair the calamity of Bull Run. An immense army had been assembled on the banks of the Potomac, which, after a long winter spent in organizing and drilling it, had been swiftly conveyed to Virginia and successfully landed near Yorktown. That proved to be the end of its success. Stopped for a month at Yorktown, until Richmond was ready to withstand it, that mighty host of devoted men came within sight of the steeples of the Confederate capital, whence, after a succession of mishaps, reverses and defeats, it was driven back to the James, and was soon after ordered

back to its old position on the Potomac. Nothing in the history of the war seems to me so remarkable as the high spirit and unshaken resolution of the people after disasters so terrible, so unexpected, and so peculiarly calculated to dishearten a nation unused to war.

It was July, 1862. The army was still on the James, protected by the gunboats of the navy. A new levy of troops was ordered. Until this time men had not hung back, and new regiments had come in about as fast as they could be equipped. But in July of this year, when the ripening harvest called farmers to their fields, and the tidings of defeat gave pause to those inclined to enlist, the forming regiments filled slowly, and there were vague rumors in the air of a possible draft. Then it was that it occurred to some gentlemen of Bridgeport, Connecticut, to raise a *county* regiment, the several companies of which should be composed of friends and neighbors. It was an excellent and fruitful thought. The sanction of Governor Buckingham was obtained, and a public meeting was called for July 17, to begin the work.

The public anxiety, as well as the patriotism of the people of Bridgeport, caused this to be one of the largest and most earnest ever held in the town. Mr. Howe attended it, and sat upon the platform as one of the vice-presidents. When the meeting had been organized, it was addressed by several speakers, who raised the enthusiasm of the crowd to the highest point. Money was liberally subscribed for the expenses of the proposed regiment—Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson heading the list with five thousand dollars, and Elias Howe following with one thousand. The whole sum raised was

twenty-five thousand dollars. This was encouraging, and it was then to be seen how the citizens of Bridgeport would respond to the call for services more perilous and more necessary than the subscribing of money.

When the time came for inviting men to enlist, Mr. Howe —to the astonishment of his friends, for he had never before addressed a public meeting—rose to his feet, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"At such a time as this every man is called upon to do what he can for his country. I don't know what I can do unless it is to enlist and serve as a private in the Union army. I want no position. In fact, I know nothing of military matters; but I am willing to learn, and to do what I can with a musket. At any rate, I mean to go. I have in my hand a piece of paper for the names of those who wish to enlist to-night, and my name is at the head of it."

With these words he laid the paper upon the chairman's table. The excitement produced by this announcement can neither be imagined nor described. Mr. Howe was known to every person present as one of the wealthiest men in the State, whose residence at Iranistan was as pleasant and attractive a scene as could anywhere be found; and to exchange this for the privations of a camp seemed to the audience, as it *was*, a most remarkable evidence of patriotic principle. Cheer upon cheer expressed and relieved the feelings of the excited multitude.

The next incident that occurred was one in which the comic and the pathetic were blended. The coachman who had driven Mr. Howe's carriage that evening, attracted by the continual cheers within the hall, had hired a boy to hold

his horses, and had entered the building to witness the proceedings. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, named Michael Cahill, past the age of military service as defined by law. Upon hearing his employer's speech, he rushed forward, and clambering upon the platform, cried out:

"Put down my name, too! I can't bear to have the old man go alone."

So down went the name of Michael Cahill, coachman, next to that of Elias Howe. Laughter and cheers, mingled in about equal proportions, followed the announcement of "Mike's" intention. Other names now came in with great rapidity. A large number of men were obtained that night, and such zeal and enthusiasm were created in the county by the events of the evening, that in twenty days the 17th Connecticut had upon its rolls the names of one thousand men. It was commanded by Colonel H. H. Noble, one of the leading lawyers of Bridgeport.

A difficulty arose when Mr. Howe had to be examined by the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Hubbard. All his life the inventor of the sewing-machine has been troubled with an hereditary lameness. Indeed, it was owing to the extreme fatigue which his daily labor as a journeyman machinist caused him, in consequence of this lameness, that he set about inventing something by which he hoped to earn his living less laboriously. The probability is, that if Elias Howe had had two good legs, he would never have invented the sewing-machine. When Dr. Hubbard hesitated about accepting him, and told him that he could not march:

"No matter," said the inventor, "you *must* pass me. I am *going!*"

Both the officers and men of the regiment soon discovered that to have a man in a regiment who is both rich and generous is extremely convenient. To some of the field-officers he gave horses from his stable, and to others he lent them; and whenever there was delay or difficulty in procuring an article necessary for the regiment's speedy departure, his purse was always open to supply the deficiency. Early in September the regiment started on its way towards the seat of war, and went into camp near Baltimore.

When the camp was organized and the regiment entered upon its routine duties, Mr. Howe discovered that the doctor was right—he could not march with a musket in his hand, even to the extent of standing sentry. But, determined to be of service, he volunteered to serve the regiment as its postmaster, messenger, and expressman. Sending home for a suitable horse and wagon, he drove into Baltimore twice every day, and brought to the camp the letters and parcels for the regiment, which he distributed from his own tent with his own hands. He served, in short, as the father of the regiment. Going home, occasionally, to Bridgeport, where he was then building a large factory, he always gave notice of his intention, and made his journey with a small cargo of letters and bundles for the families of his comrades, and took unwearied pains in performing every commission intrusted to him. As one of the officers said to me, "He would run half over the State to deliver a letter to some lonely mother anxious for her soldier boy, or bring back to him in the camp a favorite pair of boots, which he needed during the rainy winter of Maryland."

I once heard Mr. Howe relate a curious anecdote of one

of these journeys. He was sitting in the cars, behind two wild secessionists, who were conversing eagerly about the war. One of them said to the other:

"Yes, sir! the whole thing was got up for the purpose of giving fat contracts to the d——d abolitionists. There's old Howe, the sewing-machine man, worth his millions; they have actually given *him* the contract for carrying the mail to the army."

"You don't say so," said the other.

"'Tis a fact," rejoined his friend. "I saw Howe myself riding in one of the mail-carts yesterday."

Mr. Howe smiled, but said nothing.

Another story of his warlike experience is related by Colonel Stephen A. Walker, paymaster of the division to which Mr. Howe's regiment belonged.

For four months after the 17th Connecticut entered the field, the Government was so pressed for money, that no payments to the troops could be made, and, consequently, there was great suffering among the families of the soldiers, and a still more painful anxiety suffered by the men themselves. One day, a private soldier came quietly into the paymaster's office in Washington, and, as there were several officers already there to be attended to, he took his seat in a corner, to wait his turn. When the officers had been disposed of, Colonel Walker turned to him, and said:

"Now, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called," said the soldier, "to see about the payment of the 17th Connecticut."

The paymaster, a little irritated by what he supposed a needless and impertinent interruption, told him, somewhat

bluntly, "that a paymaster could do nothing without money, and that until the Government could furnish some, it was useless for soldiers to come bothering *him* about the pay of their regiments."

"I know," said the soldier, "the Government is in straits, and I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two months' pay; and if you will tell me, I am ready to furnish the amount."

The officer stared with astonishment, and asked the name of the soldier, who was no other than Elias Howe. On referring to his books, Colonel Walker found that the sum required was $31,000. Upon receiving the information the private wrote a draft for the sum, and received in return a memorandum certifying the advance, and promising reimbursement when the Government could furnish the money.

Two or three days after, at Fairfax Court-House, the regiment was paid, and there were a thousand happy men in camp. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk, received twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents of his own money, and signed the receipt therefor, "Private Elias Howe, Jr." We cannot be surprised at some of the officers of neighboring regiments sending over to inquire if they could "borrow" this private for a while from the 17th Connecticut.

During the winter Mr. Howe was twice prostrated by sickness—first by dysentery, and afterwards by fever. It was proposed to convey him to the officers' hospital, but he insisted on being taken to the hospital of the privates, and to be treated in all respects as a private soldier. There was

no difference, however, in essential points, between the hospitals for officers and those for private soldiers.

When the spring came, and the regiment was about to enter upon active service and to make long marches, it became clear to Mr. Howe that he could be nothing but an incumbrance, and, therefore, after rendering all the service which a man in his physical condition could render, he reluctantly asked a discharge, and returned home. He used to say to the soldiers:

"I've got to leave you, boys. I'm of no use here; but never mind—when your time is out, come to me at Bridgeport. I'm building a large sewing-machine factory there, and I shall have plenty of work for those who want it."

Many of his comrades took him at his word, and are now at work under him in various capacities. Honest "Mike," after faithfully serving out his term, went to his old home, and has advanced from driving Mr. Howe's carriage to driving his own horse and cart, which he is still doing.

Mr. Howe's enlistment to serve in the ranks of the army was due to a genuine patriotic impulse.

An officer of his regiment related to me a conversation which he had with him one gloomy day in camp, when bad news was coming in from the West.

"Well," said the officer, "what do you think the trash we call our property will be worth when this is all over?"

"So that this thing is settled *right*," said Mr. Howe, "I don't care a copper. As for me, give me three acres of land, and I can earn my living upon it, and that's all I want."

APPENDIX.

See page 44.

THE prisoners from Fort Donelson were among the first that reached Chicago. They occupied barracks at Camp Douglas that had been previously filled with Union troops who had been ordered to the front. Large numbers of these prisoners were ill with pneumonia, pleurisy and other diseases, consequent upon their insufficient clothing, change of climate and hardships endured at Donelson. The report of this state of affairs soon spread through the city, and large numbers of the citizens repaired to the camp, laden with edibles, clothing, books and papers. I speak from personal knowledge, as I gladly assisted in this work of humanity. I became very much interested in many of these men. They were mainly from Tennessee, conversed freely of their situation and prospects, expressed great surprise that Yankees should treat them so kindly, and in many cases said, had they known the true state of feeling in the North they would never have taken up arms. In the hospitals, to which I directed my chief attention, the men freely said that all that was possible, under the circumstances, was done to make them comfortable. This state of affairs continued, until the treasonable speech of some of the Southern women residing in Chicago, who were freely admitted to see and comfort their friends, obliged the

commanding officer to shut the doors of the camp to *all*. To such unwise sympathy and false encouragement from Southern sympathizers living in the North, a vast amount of bloodshed and malignant feeling may be traced. Home traitors were practically the worst enemies of the South, and by far the most inexcusable foes of the Government.

See page 219.

As will be seen by reference to Mrs. Livermore's "Day at the Rooms of the Sanitary Commission," the little messenger-boy on the naval hospital-boat was sent to Chicago for care and nursing. It will be interesting to hear later accounts of the youth, now sixteen years of age. At a dinner given at the State Fair for the benefit of "The Home for the Friendless," Chicago, October, 1866, as a boy trudged around with boxes of candy for sale, his face attracted me, and brought dim memories trooping round me. I was out of the city when he drifted to the rooms in Chicago, and had not seen the messenger-boy till that day. I found, upon inquiry, that the poor fellow still bore about a useless hand, that hung helplessly beside him, and his right limb dragged painfully, but by active perseverance he was able to earn his bread, although he had abandoned all hope of recovery. He was well clad, and as cheery as a robin, having, he said, "all he needed, and a mother's home to shelter him at night."

See page 48.

It is not a little gratifying to find the battle of Shiloh placed third on the list of the decisive battles of the war, by so able a historian as Swinton. This volume was written

months before the appearance of Swinton's twelve decisive battles of the war, and his view of its magnitude and importance is fully confirmed by those taking part in it. He writes:

"The Union forces, on their part, without seeking to conceal their chagrin over the first day's battle, justly claimed victory in the second. Accordingly, thanksgivings went up all over the North for the timely arrival of Buell, and his final repulse of the Confederate army; and never was gratitude for what seemed a providential interposition more fittingly rendered.

"It was not, however, until much later, that the true import of the battle of Shiloh was discovered, and it was found that the immediate revelations of the battle-field were of small consequence compared with subsequent developments. In order to comprehend the full significance of Shiloh, we must know, on the one hand, the great Confederate possibilities which were forever buried on that field, and, on the other hand, the great Union actualities which thence took rise and grew to maturity."

See page 429.

This statement concerning the battle of Mission Ridge is fully confirmed in Gen. Grant's official report, which says:

"These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge, like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment, until the whole were in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left, almost simultaneously, *following closely the retreating enemy without further orders.* They encountered a volley of grape

and canister, from near thirty pieces of artillery, and musketry from still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit of the ridge. Not a waver was seen in all that long line of brave men. Their progress was steadily onward, until the summit was in their possession."

Gen. Thomas, in his official report of the same battle, says:

"Our troops, advancing steadily in a continuous line, the enemy, seized with panic, abandoned the works at the foot of the hill, and retreated precipitately to the coast, whither they were followed by our troops, who, apparently inspired by the impulse of victory, carried the hill simultaneously at six different points, and so closely upon the heels of the enemy, that many of them were taken prisoners in the trenches. We captured all their cannon and ammunition before they could be removed or destroyed.

The following incident, so touchingly told by General Fisk, may with great propriety be introduced here, and is another proof of his Christian faithfulness, so illustrated in the White River expedition:

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

I remember one old lady in Illinois, how she gave all she had to the cause of the nation. When the call for troops came in 1861, when Massachusetts' blood had made red the pavements of Baltimore, when everybody rose up to go, on the banks of the Mississippi there lived an old widow woman. Her husband was in his grave. She had but one child in the world, a noble boy, sixteen years of age. She

took him from the plow and the harrow, and said to him, "You must go and fight for your country. This great river that flows by our farm must wash the shores of but one country on its pilgrimage to the sea."

The boy marched off to battle. He went with me through many a weary march, and bloody fight and skirmish. He was a Christian boy, reared in the Sunday School, and he always carried his Bible with him.

In one of our engagements he was wounded, and the surgeon told him he would die. Charley said he would like to see his mother, but he hadn't money enough to send for her. The soldier boys of my escort—and generous souls they were—gathered around him and made up a purse and sent away out in the State of Illinois for his mother to come and see him. I remember when she presented herself at my headquarters, cheerful and happy, with a Bible and a Methodist hymn-book in her satchel. I took her to the hospital. She took his hand, cheerfully thanking God that she saw him alive, and there she sat, day after day, watching all the child she had in the world—watching for him to die.

As I passed through that hospital one morning, looking at the cot of Charley, I saw the death-damp on his brow; his eye was dim, his pulse was getting slow. I took him by the hand, and said, "How is it this morning?" "General," said he, "I feel I am going to the front," and his eye brightened. His mother stood by him, singing—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She gave up her boy as cheerfully as you would give a dollar. We buried him in the swamp. She went to his funeral, and thanked God she had a son to give to the nation.

Such graves are scattered all over the country. They appeal to us to-day that we shall not let this Government of the people, for the people, and by the people, perish from the earth.

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouacs of the dead."

The following clipping from the *New York Observer*, and the pen of its editor, Dr. Prime, manifests the deep interest that the sanitary work in the army of the Republic is creating throughout the civilized world. So great has been the desire manifested to learn the modes of its benevolence, that Dr. Bellows has been extensively engaged, since the close of the war, in correspondence with philanthropists abroad seeking information, and has, in his able and happy manner, been educating large numbers of men and women in the principles and methods of "sanitary" prevention and cure. This is one secret of the establishment of this department in the Paris Exposition.

ALLEVIATIONS OF WAR.

The regret has been expressed by many that so much space in the Great Exposition, which ought to be a festival of peace, has been taken up with implements of war; but there is one department intimately connected with this which

can be contemplated by the philanthropist with no less gratification than those devoted exclusively to the arts of peace. Around the spacious building which the Imperial Minister of War has erected for the exhibition of the engines of war, is a group of tents filled with specimens of improved military surgery, and those many appliances which Christian kindness has devised for the mitigation of the evils of war. Among these the United States holds a foremost place. A letter to the *New York Observer*, from Dr. Prime, its editor, thus describes this very interesting feature of the Great Exhibition:

"Dr. Thomas Evans, a resident for many years of Paris, and a man of large wealth, has spent several thousands of dollars, and much time, in getting together a fair sample of what was done by the Government, the Sanitary and the Christian Commissions, and individuals, to save the lives and health and promote the well-being of our soldiers in the late civil war. The largest of these objects is a hospital railroad-car, modelled one-fourth of the size for use, showing the whole arrangement for the transport and care of sick and wounded soldiers by rail. Our ambulances are here. The improvements in hospital-beds are also shown. A travelling drug-shop is seen on wheels, so fitted up that a complete assortment of medicines and surgical tools is at hand and easily found. The various preparations of food, as condensed milk, meats and fruits, biscuits, etc., are admirably arranged. And not less interesting are the appliances of the Christian Commission, and a large library belonging to one of the regiments of Union cavalry, and actually transported with them wherever they went, excites the astonishment of

European officers, who did not know that the tastes of Yankee troopers required such an addition to the *impedimenta* of the army. Dr. Colton has a stand in one corner of this building, where he administers his anæsthetic gas to those who are disposed to make a trial of its virtues. The Empress took the pipe into her hands the other day, but did not inhale. If she had taken the gas, all the world of Paris ladies would have wanted some of the same sort.

"Near to this is the Italian tent, where the visitor remarks the heavy and cumbrous character of the ambulances, built as if for ages, and certainly requiring a strong team power to drag them, even empty, over fields or rough roads. Yet here and in the Prussian collection we are impressed deeply by the exceedingly comfortable and costly apparatus provided for the field and the hospital. Operating tables, made for use on the field, chairs and litters for transporting the wounded, beds with an ingenious but very expensive contrivance to raise the sufferer up and sustain him while any change is made, and a hundred other things equally important and interesting are exhibited, and give us a new idea of the progress which humanity is making in alleviating what Christianity and commerce have as yet been unable to arrest.

"Dr. Crane has the charge of our department, and was kind enough to explain to me many of these articles, which a man who uses the pen and not the sword would be unable to understand without a guide. I was easily led to notice the superior lightness, efficiency and facility for use of the appliances in our armies. They are made for present purposes, and cheaply, and answer the end well. Perhaps they do not break down or get out of order when they are subject

to rough treatment and exposed to weather and wear. But the European instruments for the wounded and the sick were strong, expensive, well made, durable, less liable to be knocked up. It is the same difference noticeable in all we and they do in our public works. When they build a railroad, it is built to last and wear. Ours are made to pay a big dividend next year. It is not likely that a higher degree of civilization or religious sentiment prompts one more than another of the nations here represented, in their preparations to assuage the sufferings of the victims of war, but it is a beautiful idea to spread out on this Champ de Mars these evidences of what has been made necessary by war, and what philanthropy has done to succor those who are made to suffer."

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

'Tis of a little drummer,
The story I shall tell;
Of how he marched to battle,
And all that there befell.
Out in the West with Lyon,
(For once the name was true,)
For whom the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

II.

Our army rose at midnight,
Ten thousand men as one,
Each slinging on his knapsack,
And snatching up his gun:
"*Forward!*" and off they started,
As all good soldiers do,
When the little drummer beats for them
The *rat-tat-too.*

III.

Across a rolling country,
  Where the mist began to rise;
Past many a blackened farm-house,
  Till the sun was in the skies:
Then we met the Rebel pickets,
  Who skirmished and withdrew,
While the little drummer beat and beat
  The *rat-tat-too.*

IV.

Along the wooden hollows
  The line of battle ran,
Our centre poured a volley,
  And the fight at once began;
For the Rebels answered shouting,
  And a shower of bullets flew;
But still the little drummer beat
  His *rat-tat-too.*

V.

He stood among his comrades,
  As they quickly formed the line,
And when they raised their muskets
  He watched the barrels shine!
When the volley rang, he started!
  For war to him was new;
But still the little drummer beat
  His *rat-tat-too.*

VI.

It was a sight to see them,
That early autumn day,
Our soldiers in their blue coats,
And the Rebel ranks in gray:
The smoke that rolled between them,
The balls that whistled through,
And the little drummer as he beat
His *rat-tat-too!*

VII.

His comrades dropped around him,—
By fives and tens they fell,
Some pierced by Minnie bullets,
Some torn by shot and shell;
They played against our cannon,
And a caisson's splinters flew;
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too!*

VIII.

The right, the left, the centre—
The fight was everywhere:
They pushed us here,—we wavered,—
We drove and broke them there.
The graybacks fixed their bayonets,
And charged the coats of blue,
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too!*

IX.

"Where is our little drummer?"
His nearest comrades say;
When the dreadful fight is over,
And the smoke has cleared away.
As the Rebel corps was scattering
He urged them to pursue,
So furiously he beat and beat
The *rat-tat-too!*

X.

He stood no more among them,
For a bullet as it sped
Had glanced and struck his ankle,
And stretched him with the dead!
He crawled behind a cannon,
And pale and paler grew:
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too!*

XI.

They bore him to the surgeon,
A busy man was he:
"A drummer boy—what ails him?"
His comrades answered, "See!"
As they took him from the stretcher,
A heavy breath he drew,
And his little fingers strove to beat
The *rat-tat-too!*

XII.

The ball had spent its fury:
"A scratch," the surgeon said,
As he wound the snowy bandage
Which the lint was staining red!
"I must leave you now, old fellow."
"Oh! take me back with you,
For I know the men are missing me,
And the *rat-tat-too!*"

XIII.

Upon his comrade's shoulder
They lifted him so grand,
With his dusty drum before him,
And his drum-sticks in his hand!
To the fiery front of battle,
That nearer, nearer drew,—
And evermore he beat and beat
His *rat-tat-too!*

XIV.

The wounded as he passed them
Looked up and gave a cheer:
And one in dying blessed him,
Between a smile and tear!
And the graybacks—they are flying
Before the coats of blue,
For whom the little drummer beats
His *rat-tat-too.*

XV.

When the west was red with sunset,
The last pursuit was o'er;
Brave Lyon rode the foremost,
And looked the name he bore!
And before him on his saddle,
As a weary child would do,
Sat the little drummer fast asleep,
With his *rat-tat-too*

MARCHING ALONG.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

The army is gathering from near and from far;
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
For Grant is our leader, he's gallant and strong,—
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along!

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor, and be marching along;
For Grant is our leader, he's gallant and strong;
For God and our Country we're marching along!

The foe is before us, in battle array;
But let us not waver, or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song;
With courage and faith, we are marching along!

Chorus.

We sigh for our Country, we mourn for our dead;
For them, now, our last drop of blood we will shed;
Our cause is the right one: our foe's in the wrong;
Then, gladly we'll sing as we're marching along!

Chorus.

Our wives and our children we leave in your care;
We know you will help them their sorrows to bear;
'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 't won't be long;
We'll keep up our hearts as we're marching along!

Chorus.

The Flag of our Country is floating on high;
We'll stand by that Flag till we conquer or die!
For Grant is our leader, he's gallant and strong;
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along!

Chorus.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JOHN BROWN'S SONG.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah,
Glory, halle—hallelujah,
Glory, halle—hallelujah,
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
His soul is marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah, &c.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back;
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back;
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back;
His soul is marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah, &c.

The pet lambs and angels will meet him on the way;
The pet lambs and angels will meet him on the way;
The pet lambs and angels will meet him on the way;
As they go marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah, &c.

We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree;
We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree;
We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree;
As we go marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah, &c.

Now three rousing cheers for the Union;
Now three rousing cheers for the Union;
Now three rousing cheers for the Union;
As we go marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah, &c.
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we 'll rally round the flag, boys,
We 'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hill-side,
We will rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the Traitors, up with the Stars;
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we 'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

We will welcome to our number
The loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And although he may be poor
He shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

We are springing to the call,
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we 'll hurl the Rebel crew
From the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union for ever, &c.

We are marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we 'll bear the glorious Stars
Of the Union and the Right,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

We 'll meet the Rebel host, boys,
With fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we 'll show what Uncle Sam
Has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

If we fail amid the fray, boys,
We will face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And our comrades brave shall hear us,
As we are rushing past,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

Yes, for Liberty and Union,
We are springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And the victory shall be ours,
Forever rising in our might,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

WRITTEN on the death of Colonel CHRISTIE, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and died at Winchester, Va. He longed to see his young wife, "his darling Lizzie," but before she reached Winchester he was dead.

I.

I am dying—is she coming? throw the window open wide.
Is she coming? Oh! I love her more than all the world beside.
In her young and tender beauty, must, oh! must she feel this loss?
Saviour, hear my poor petition; teach her how to bear this cross.

II.

Help her to be calm and patient, when I moulder in the dust;
Let her say and feel, my Father, that thy ways are true and just.
Is she coming? Go and listen; I would see her face once more,
I would hear her speaking to me, ere life's fevered dream is o'er.

III.

I would fold her to my bosom, look into her soft, bright eye;
I would tell her how I love her, kiss her once before I die.
Is she coming? Oh! 'tis evening, and my darling comes not still;
Lift the curtain—it grows darker; it is sunset on the hill.

IV.

All the evening dews are falling; I am cold—the light is gone.
Is she coming? Softly, softly come the silent footsteps on.
I am going; come and kiss me—kiss me for my darling wife;
Take for her my parting blessing—take the last warm kiss of life.

V.

Tell her I will wait to greet her where the good and lovely are:
In that home untouched by sorrow, tell her she must meet me there.
Is she coming? Lift the curtain—let me see the failing light;
Oh! I want to live to see her—surely she will come to-night.

VI.

Surely ere the daylight dieth, I will fold her to my breast;
With her head upon my bosom, calmly I could sink to rest.
It is hard to die without her. Look! I think she's coming now;
I can almost feel her kisses on my faded cheek and brow.

VII.

I can almost hear her whisper, feel her breath upon my cheek.
Hark! I hear the front door open—is she coming? did she speak?
No! Well, drop the curtain softly, I will see her face no more,
Till I see it smiling on me, on the bright and better shore.

VIII.

Tell her she must come and meet me in that Eden-land of light,
Tell her I'll be waiting for her where there is no death, no night;
Tell her that I called her darling, blessed her with my dying breath:
Come and kiss me for my Lizzie—tell her love outlived my death.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Great God! to whom our nation's woes,
Our dire distress, our angry foes,
In all their awful gloom are known,
We bow to thee, and thee alone.

We pray thee, mitigate this strife,
Attended by such waste of life,
Such wounds and anguish, groans and tears,
That fill our inmost hearts with fear.

Oh! darkly now the tempest rolls,
Wide o'er our desolate souls;
Yet, beaten downward to the dust,
In thy forgiveness still we trust.

We trust to thy protecting power
In this, our country's saddest hour.
And pray that thou wilt spread thy shield
Above us, in the camp and field.

O God of battles! let thy might
Protect our armies in the fight—
Till they shall win the victory,
And set the hapless bondmen free.

Till, guided by thy glorious hand,
Those armies reunite the land,
And North and South alike shall raise
To God their peaceful Hymns of Praise.

THE BOYS IN BLUE;

OR,

HEROES OF THE RANK AND FILE.

COMPRISING

Incidents and Reminiscences from Camp, Battle-field and Hospital, with Narratives of the Sacrifice, Sufferings and Triumphs of the

SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY

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With an INTRODUCTION by THOMAS M. EDDY, D.D.

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